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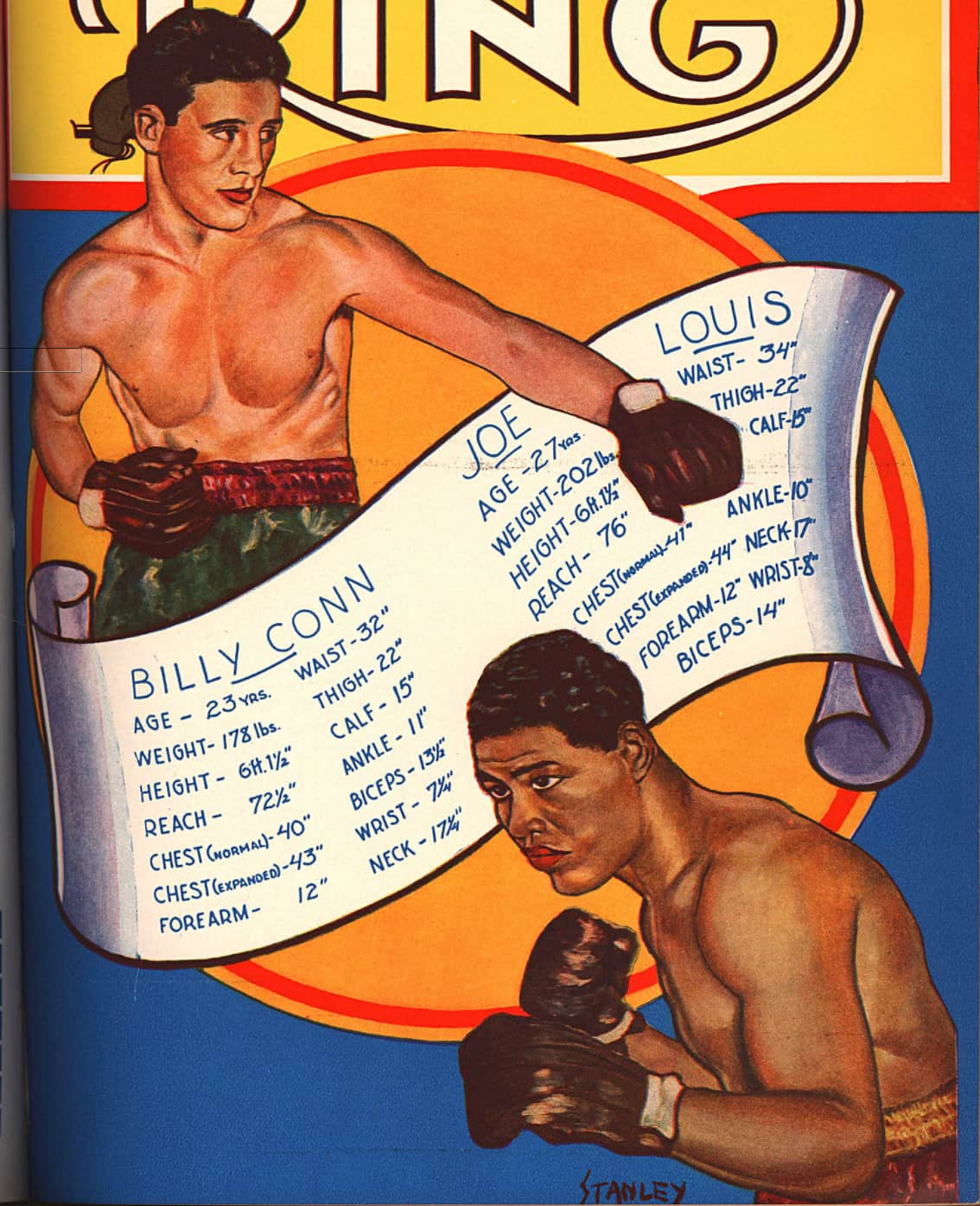

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The RING

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In Our Next Issue

The Louis-Conn battle for the world heavyweight championship is over. As this bout took place too late for our usual large photographic display and stories, the contest was covered as well as could be in this issue, but will be handled more elaborately in the September number.

—

Three or more full pages of pictures taken by our camera men and a follow up story of the outstanding heavyweight contest of this year.

—

What now among the heavyweights? What is likely to take place should Joe Louis and Billy Conn be drafted into the army? Hype Igoe will cover this phase of the boxing situation in his usually interesting style.

—

When old time fight enthusiasts get together, the subject of discussion usually hinges on "The Greatest" of all pugilists. Some give that honor to Bob Fitzsimmons; others, to Jim Jeffries or Jack Johnson. Many call Jack Dempsey tops while in New England the palm goes to John L. Sullivan. Seldom does the name of Tommy Ryan come to the front. Let Patsy Haley, veteran fighter and referee tell you why he thinks Tommy was the world's best.

—

In addition to the Review of Boxing and a story on SERVICE MEN by Daniel M. Daniel, whose articles on the subject have received much favorable comment, there will be up-to-the-minute news by Eddie Borden and stories and pictures on current important fights.

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COCKINESS COSTLY

With Title and Fortune in His Grip, Billy Conn, Too Game for His Own Good, Mixes It With Joe Louis With the Inevitable Result — Loses By a Knockout in Thrilling Contest at Polo Grounds Before Gathering of 54,487 Who Paid Almost Half Million Dollars

By NAT FLEISCHER

BILLY CONN almost turned the trick. The fast, clever, courageous Pittsburgher, who threatened to relieve Joe Louis of his crown, came close to doing it in their world heavyweight championship bout at the Polo Grounds of New York, where, on June 18, before a gathering of 54,487 persons, who paid $450,000, handsome Billy went down to defeat in 2.58 of the thirteenth round. It was an uphill battle in which Billy came along at an amazing rate of speed to take the play away from the champion, and had he been able to continue to the end of the fifteenth, the odds were in his favor that he would have annexed the title. He was too game for his own good. With the title in his mitts, he decided to mix it with Joe, with the inevitable result.

In closing the thriller that had the crowd on its feet in the final sessions, the lanky Pittsburgh light-heavyweight, scaling only 174 pounds to the Bomber's 199½, the fourth lowest weight for a contender in a heavyweight titular bout since the Marquis of Queensberry rules went into effect, proved that he was no man's set-up. Those who had ridiculed the match, with the contention that Billy was an unfit opponent for the title-holder, went home singing the praises of Willie, and predicting that in a return engagement Conn would carry off the honors. Our previous predictions in THE RING, that he had a chance, came true. He would have been champion had he not become overconfident.

Joe Louis testified that Conn was real opposition. In fact, the champion had to go out with everything he had in that thirteenth round to save himself from dethronement. He realized, as did his mentors, that Billy had caught up with him in points and that if Conn could hold on for two more rounds at the rate he was going, a new champion would be crowned.

But Billy couldn't hold out. The forceful drives to the midsection, the terrific, jolting uppercuts to the chin at close range, the wallops to the ribs, all took their toll, and with that, went his cockiness. As the fight progressed, Billy showed the effects of the bombardment, but he didn't give up without proving his gameness. He stood toe-to-toe and mixed it, and on occasions took the fight to Louis in a manner that made the Bomber wince.

Several times he shook Joe, and on one occasion, Billy gambled with all he had in an effort to turn the tide. He let go rights and lefts in the twelfth, and then shot home a powerful right to the chin that almost took Joe off his feet. It was the nearest to a knockdown scored by either fighter prior to the kayo, yet those who favored Louis figured that Conn's punches couldn't hurt Joe. He was hurt, all right. In fact, he was staggered, and lost complete control of his faculties for a few seconds.

* * *

THE performance of Conn was the most remarkable exhibition of gameness and courageousness seen in any of the bouts in which Louis has been called upon to defend his laurels. It was Joe's eighteenth successful defense of his championship and the one fight, more than any of the others, that satisfied even the Bomber's most ardent supporters that Louis has definitely slipped. He has passed his peak. The Conn fight proved that. The Bomber's punching, when he connected, was as powerful as ever, but he missed so frequently and was hit so often as to indicate the loss of much of his great fighting qualities.

His big, handsome kid opponent found his master in Louis, but carried on as he promised he would—like a true ring warrior. When stung hardest, he fought back viciously, exchanged punch for punch, and at times had the champion so flabbergasted that Joe scarcely got in a solid wallop while trying to defend himself.

Joe gained the victory, retained his title, but the honors for the night went to the young boy who was the victim. The huge gathering, the second largest since Louis' quick knockout of Max Schmeling, rose almost as one to cheer the boy who had thrilled them by his firm stand against great odds.

It was a sullen Louis who finally caught up with the speedy Conn in the thirteenth. As the Bomber said in his dressing room, "I figured I was losing. I knew I had to knock Billy out if I was to keep my title, so I jes' went out and did it."

In those simple words, the champion told the newspapermen how he retained the crown which Conn was trying to wrest from him, and then, queried further, Joe continued: "I had to gamble. I was hoping Billy would get too cocky and open up, and then I would get him. He did jes' that. I hooked him with a wide left, then I caught him with a right. He became helpless. I knew I had him then and the rest was easy—just finishing him off."

* * *

THAT tells the story of Billy Conn's defeat. Cockiness, extreme gameness, fearlessness in the face of heavy bombardment—true Irish fighting courage—they proved too much for Conn. Had he been more cautious and fought a clever battle instead of mixing it with so heavy a hitter as the bomber, the Pittsburgher would today be wearing the crown that adorned the heads of other great Irish battlers—John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett, Gene Tunney and Jimmy Braddock. That Conn himself realized the error was evident when he remarked in his dressing room, while tears were flowing down his cheeks and he tried desperately to hide them: "I had too much guts for him. I was too game and learned my lesson too late."

Just two rounds more and two seconds, and Conn might have reached the goal of his ambition.

The championship was within his grasp, but his spunky spirit got the better of him.

Just when things looked rosy for him and it appeared that his dream would come true, Billy succumbed to a terrific one-minute bombardment of every assortment of punches, the kind that leave one paralyzed as they did eventually leave Billy when he was sent to the canvas and couldn't rise before the fatal ten had been counted. He was on the verge of getting up when Referee Eddie Josephs drolled off the fatal ten. It was the only knockdown of the fight. Previously Billy had slipped twice to the canvas when his legs crossed in trying to avoid a barrage.

The stand of the skinny Pittsburgh lad amazed all, including Louis. Up to the time of the knockout, most of the scribes had Conn in the lead. My score card showed five rounds for each man, and two even, but on the scoring of points, I had Billy well in the lead as the rounds he had gained were all by very big margins.

The twelfth round in particular found Conn whacking Louis with enough punches to make Joe bleary-eyed. Billy landed with everything he had in a desperate attempt to clinch the laurels, and he came pretty near turning the trick. And not with the "powder-puff" punches the Louis supporters said he possessed! They were real wallops! Even *(Continued on page 47)*

TERROR THRILL for JOE

Louis' Crown Tottered in Balance When Buddy Baer's Dynamic Punch Drove Him Through the Ropes—Champion Lucky to Escape Disqualification When His Secretary Leaped Into Ring in Violation of Rules, While Bout Was Still On and Before Baer Struck the Canvas

By DICK COX

THERE was glory enough and to spare for victor and vanquished, when Joe Louis, defending his world's heavyweight title for the seventeenth time, defeated Buddy Baer in the Griffith Stadium, Washington, D. C., on May 23, when Referee Arthur Donovan disqualified Baer upon the refusal of Manager Ancil Hoffman to leave the ring, or allow Buddy to answer the bell for the seventh round. The preceding session supplied unlimited ammunition for future fistic gabfests. The boys will be wrangling endlessly, even as in the case of the historic Tunney-Dempsey "long count" battle, over Louis's wallop on the chin, that landed just after the bell in the sixth, and dumped Buddy for a third and final knockdown.

They'll wrangle, for that's the immemorial privilege and style of the fight fans, although the basic facts in that startlingly sensational encounter are sufficiently plain on the record.

Buddy Baer had twice gone to the floor under a fusillade of paralyzing punches. He got up the first time as the count of six was tolled off. After his second fall, Buddy scrambled up at "nine!" He was weak and staggering, practically out on his feet.

The uproar was terrific, with 23,912 frenzied spectators yelling in leather-lunged unison. Louis had walked calmly to a neutral corner. The instant Buddy was erect, the colored panther leaped forward and shot a right to the jaw that sent the big chap crashing to the canvas.

The gong had clanged three seconds before Louis blitzed into his savage attack, but, owing to the ear-splitting tumult that prevailed, the champion never heard it. Referee Donovan insisted that the Louis punch landed just as the gong signalled the end of the sixth round, but the consensus of opinion was that the punch thudded home right after the gong clanged, and the pictures prove that to be correct. There were absolutely no grounds for accusing Louis of a deliberate foul. The champion is far too cool-headed and fair in his ring tactics to be intentionally guilty of such an action. His past record as a clean, conscientious fighter speaks for itself. The fault rests on the official timer who should have banged away at the gong to call attention to the round's termination.

Manager Ancil Hoffman argued vehemently that Baer should be declared winner on a foul. Donovan promptly denied this plea. Ten seconds before the seventh round was due to start, Donovan told Hoffman and the Baer handlers to leave the ring. They didn't obey. The gong rang. Louis walked forward. The referee halted him. Donovan again instructed Hoffman and his colleagues to leave the ring. They refused, and then came the disqualification of Buddy Baer!

* * *

THE referee acted precisely as his official position gave him the right to do. Had Baer been able to respond to the gong for the seventh frame, one of two things must inevitably have happened. Either Donovan would have been compelled to stop the contest to save Buddy from further punishment, or he wouldn't have lasted any longer than it would have taken the cool, sharp-shooting champion to hang a final kayo on him, for the plucky young giant was hopelessly beaten.

It was a melodramatic curtain-fall on a battle radiating thrills. The first big nerve-shock occurred in the opening round, when Baer drove the spectators frantic with excitement by landing a beautifully timed, dynamic left hook to the jaw that spun the champion sprawling through the ropes. Joe slumped head outside, but got to his feet, and was inside the ring, punching back, at the count of "four!"

Naturally, the minds of those present who had seen Firpo smash Jack Dempsey through the ropes, and come within an ace of uncrowning the then king of the heavies, reverted to that memorable occasion. But there was a wide difference in contrasts. The badly hurt Manassa Mauler was only just able to stall through and recover, after weathering a storm of devastating punches.

Louis, though dazed, recuperated with extraordinary swiftness, and had the situation well in hand, almost before the crowd had ceased shouting wildly over Buddy's surprising feat.

For it was an astonishing exploit, when you figure that the young Californian was generally considered an easy target on whom Joe would score a quick bullseye. Joe himself conceded that the blow which dropped him was no fluke, but a potent wallop, cleanly delivered, and landing with stunning accuracy.

* * *

BUT the colored marvel never demonstrated more clearly his possession of that subtle quality known as "class," than he did in the way he coped with momentary disaster after a short curtailment of action by returning coolly to the fray, tearing into Buddy with both fists, yet never for an instant fighting wildly, or leaving himself open for another counter-thunderbolt.

Briefly, he was Joe Louis, supreme scientist, fighting with canny generalship one of the toughest battles of his career, and coming through with flying colors over a dangerous trail. For danger there was in plenty during this Homeric combat with a lusty young foeman, infinitely his superior in advantages of height, weight, reach, and equipped with punching power equal to the blasting vigor of the Brown Bomber's own deadly deliveries.

Buddy Baer was unquestionably great in the hour of defeat, greater than in any of his ring victories. The younger of the Baer brothers not only gave Louis a real battle, and stamped his trademark in crimson letters on the champion's visage, but made Joe extend himself to the limit in order to win. Also, Buddy erased what has always been a blot on his escutcheon, the memory of the night when he quit before Gunnar Barlund. That fateful incident had established the general belief that a yellow taint marred his pugilistic makeup.

But he no longer belongs in the doubtful class as regards either courage or ability. Between the Buddy Baer of the Barlund episode, and he of the Washington thrill-opus, there is assuredly "a great gulf fixed!" Buddy has struck his fistic stride, and improved amazingly.

* * *

THOSE who have been clamoring for the scalp of Referee Donovan should take into consideration that while the bell did sound prior to the final knockout blow that placed Baer flat on the canvas, Arthur should be given the benefit of the doubt when he says he did not hear it. The arguments I have heard are based on one point—that the third man in the ring should be on the alert and hear the gong. But if the gong is weak, as the Washington bell was, and many scribes failed to hear it signal the end of the round, doesn't it follow that the referee, likewise, might not have heard it?

The only point at issue, so far as I can see, is that concerning

a member of Joe Louis's staff, his secretary, Freddie Guinyard. By what authority did Freddie leap into the ring before any of the official seconds could get there! That has not yet been explained! The pictures clearly show that Freddie had heard the bell. He was in the ring even before Buddy Baer's big hulk had struck the canvas, and by his acts, had Donovan adhered to the letter of the code, Joe Louis could have been disqualified. Guinyard stood near the ropes and watched Joe land the final haymaker, thereby violating the rules.

Even though his motive was a good one, to call attention that the round had ended, he had no business within those ropes as he is not a second. But what he did adds to the accuracy of the claim that the bell had sounded, because the failure of the men to cease firing, is what caused Guinyard to jump into the ring as Baer was flopping to the canvas.

* * *

HERE are a few of the highlights of the fight:

1. Louis was forced to throw more punches and fight harder than in all of his previous sixteen championship bouts put together. He hit Baer with more than 100 wallops before he could floor Buddy.

2. The Brown Bomber carried a most worried look following the first round.

3. Baer never held. He fought courageously and gave the spectators one of the greatest battles seen in years. His was an exhibition of gameness such as few carry into the ring.

4. The contest saw Louis at his best despite the knockdown he suffered. He gave the finest exhibition of boxing and punching that he has ever displayed.

5. Joe Louis shed his first blood from a face wound. Except for an occasional spurt of crimson from his nose, Joe has never felt the steady flow of claret or required a surgeon's needle, not even when he was flogged by Max Schmeling in their first engagement.

6. The world heavyweight king has one drawback which Dempsey didn't have—a weak jaw. He cannot take a heavy wallop to the chin. Max Schmeling first brought that to the attention of the public; then came Tony Galento, and now Buddy Baer has made the argument convincing.

7. Buddy proved that he has a heart as big as a mountain and made many of the so-called wise guys of the writing profession, who always try to belittle a fighter by dubbing him a "bum," eat their words.

8. The bout, like the Dempsey-Firpo, the Dempsey-Tunney second fight, the Dempsey-Sharkey and Sharkey-Schmeling bouts, takes its place among the world's most controversial contests in ring history.

9. The sportsmanship of the Washington gathering was all that could be desired.

10. Baer was not deprived of a victory by that foul punch landed after the bell had sounded. He was all in and even his mentor, Ancil Hoffman, speaking to scribes after the fight, said he didn't think Buddy could have continued another round. Hence, while Baer was knocked dizzy after the round had been finished, he probably would have been knocked cold a few minutes later had the seventh round gotten under way.

11. Baer rearranged the spelling of the word "bum," so frequently used against him, to the word "bomb."

12. Arthur Donovan held Baer away from the befuddled champion when Joe scrambled back into the ring, and the champion profited by that most valuable time.

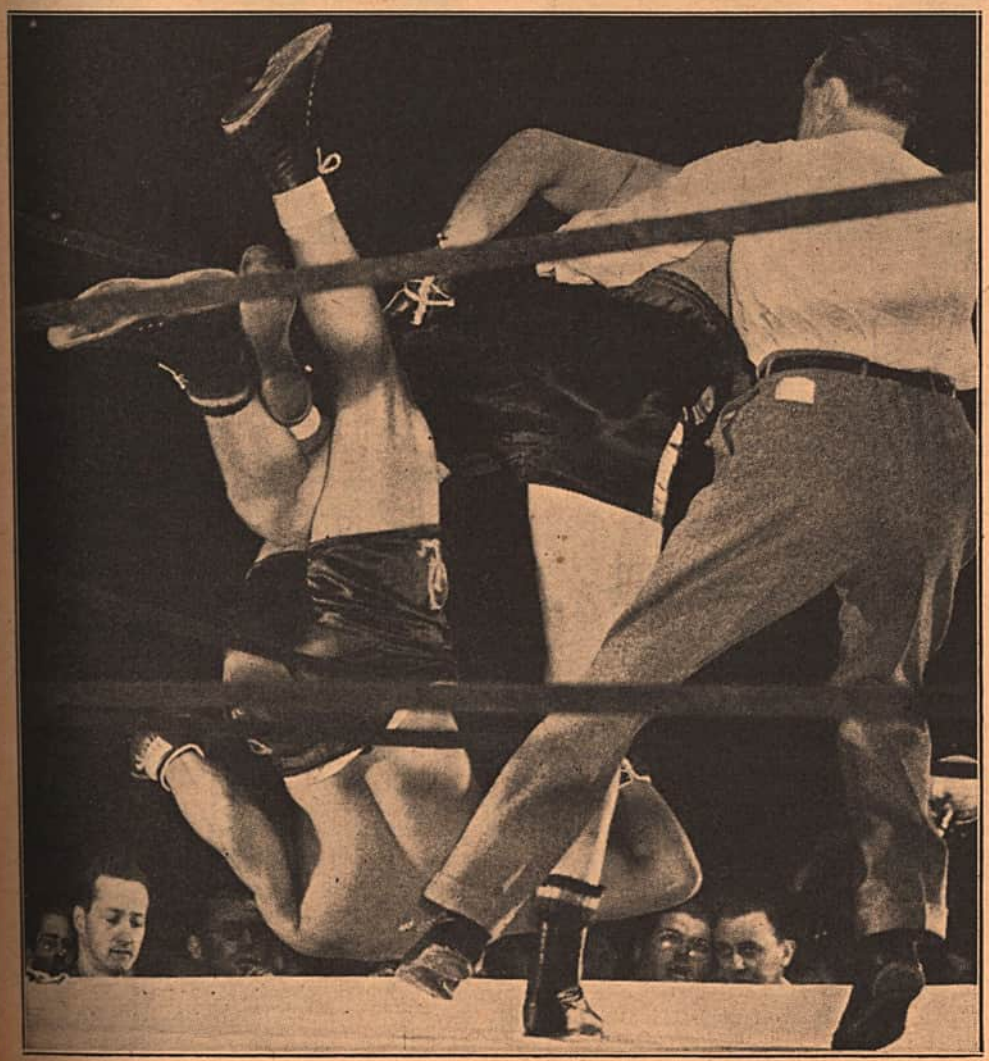
13. Donovan failed to shoo Louis to a neutral corner after he had dropped Baer in the sixth round. He permitted Joe to stand right over the stricken gladiator. There could be no doubt but that the famed New York official had lost control of the bout as it progressed, possibly because he was suffering pain from an injured ankle that bothered him considerably. He was not his usual self in this cyclonic affair.

* * *

AFTER the fight was over, Ancil Hoffman placed many charges against the arbiter, among them his failure to count over Louis in the first round.

That is not necessary. Under commission rules, where there is an official knockdown timer, the referee picks up the count at five or more—as soon as he has the situation under control, and in the meantime, the timing is done by the knockdown official. That's why he is appointed. As a matter of fact, the knockdown timer did a good job. Those around the ringside and those listening in over the radio could distinctly hear him. Louis used four seconds going out and coming back.

Baer absorbed an unbelievable amount of punishment that reached its culmination in the sixth round



Louis' gilded boxing crown came close to slipping from his kinky head as he did a back flip through the ropes when tagged by Buddy Baer's terrific left hook in the first round. The above was made as the champ's head hit the apron of the ring outside the ropes and Referee Donovan pulled back Baer who was entangled in Louis' legs. Fortunate for Joe this happened, as it offered him support.

when he was sent sprawling to the canvas three times, for a count of six, a nine count and for what spelled his doom—the blow that landed after the bell had sounded, ending the session.

* * *

THE gong-confusion that bewildered things considerably at the conclusion of the bout had an earlier inning at trouble-making. When Louis went into action again in the first session, after being propelled through the ropes, he and Buddy were mixing matters to the accompaniment of the steady roar of the crowd, when both scrappers thought they heard the gong clang. Simultaneously, they dropped their hands and began a retreat to their respective corners. Donovan was right on the job a few seconds later when he motioned them to continue hostilities. They did so with a vim, and shortly after the round ended with Louis scoring a terrific left hook to the head.

Whether Donovan can be blamed for that lull in action is problematical. It must be remembered that Louis was still dazed when he came back after that flop out of the ring and Buddy apparently was too amazed at his own feat to take advantage of his opportunity, sail in, and gamble on a few solid whacks to win the world crown. Whatever the reason for their temporary inactivity, they didn't seem to know whether to resume or to rest.

It was Buddy's great chance and he missed it by a mile. This is where Hoffman charges Donovan aided Louis, but that is highly debatable. Buddy was as much to blame for the lull as either Louis or Donovan.

* * *

A furious barrage sent Buddy to the canvas in the sixth round. Here is the first knockdown. Note Louis standing over Baer as did Dempsey over Willard. At the count of six Buddy got to his feet and the waiting champ tore into him to score the second knockdown.

BUDDY opened the second frame with a headlong charge at the champion. The younger Baer was chockful of confidence, inspired by the fact that he had absorbed many of Joe's potent sockdologers without going down, and had landed one of his own that opened the heavyweight monarch in truly undignified fashion. Buddy let go both hands for the body, but Joe straightened him up with three straight lefts to the face, and rocked him with a right to the head. Buddy was trying to get in close, and whenever they buckled into holds it was noticeable that he made good use of his superior bulk and height by leaning his weight on the champ as much as possible. The youngster was no longer a novice so far as ringcraft was concerned. But Louis changed his attack to the body, and the midsection battering checked Buddy's onset. Just as the bell sounded, Louis put a solid right to the head, but Baer stood up well under its impact.

Louis opened the third by shooting a hard left hook to the jaw. Buddy retreated, came in again, and drove a right to the ribs. Louis caught him with two more left hooks to the head, ducked a right return and missed with his own right. Joe tore in and drove in a volley of alternate rights and lefts to body and face. Buddy was taking punishment that would probably have stopped a fighter of less heart and stamina, but he stood to his guns gallantly, and clipped Louis with a right swing to the head at the close of the round.

When Louis came out for the fourth there was a perceptible swelling over his left eye. The champion set grimly to work, taking a left to the body, but snapping back Buddy's head with a straight left jab that had a lot of force behind it. Joe's trenchant jabs were landing frequently but Buddy kept pressing in. Louis switched to the body assault again, and they mixed with a will.

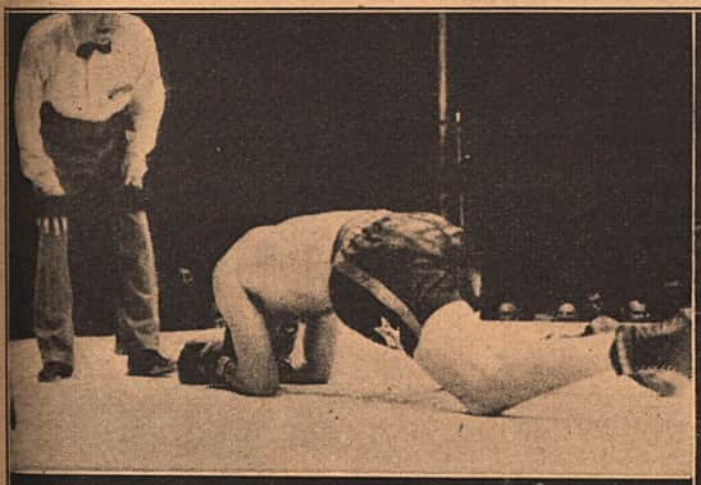
Louis was landing the cleaner punches, but Buddy mauled steadily away, and connected with a couple of stiff rights to the stomach. Joe slammed a hard right over on the jaw, and as Buddy reeled back, put in three sharp left jabs on the face. The pace was fast, and both men seemed a trifle tired, as well they might. At the bell, Louis again reached Buddy's face with two smart left jabs.

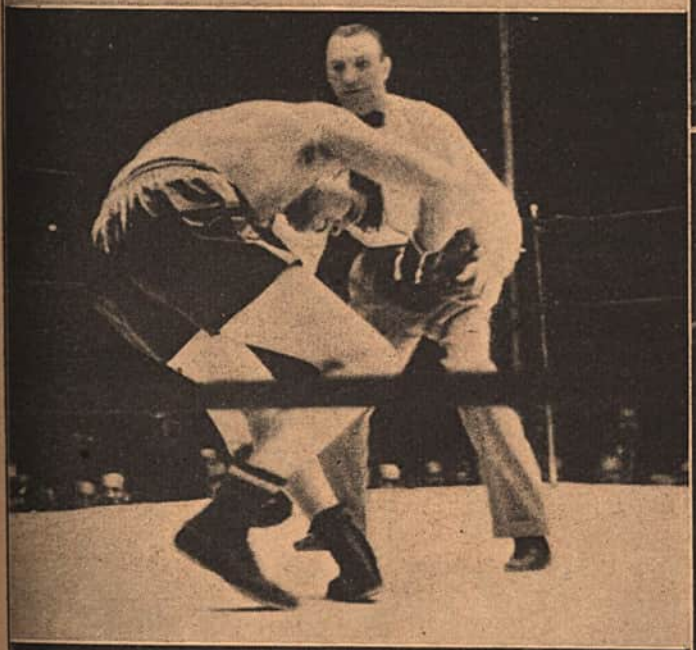
* * *

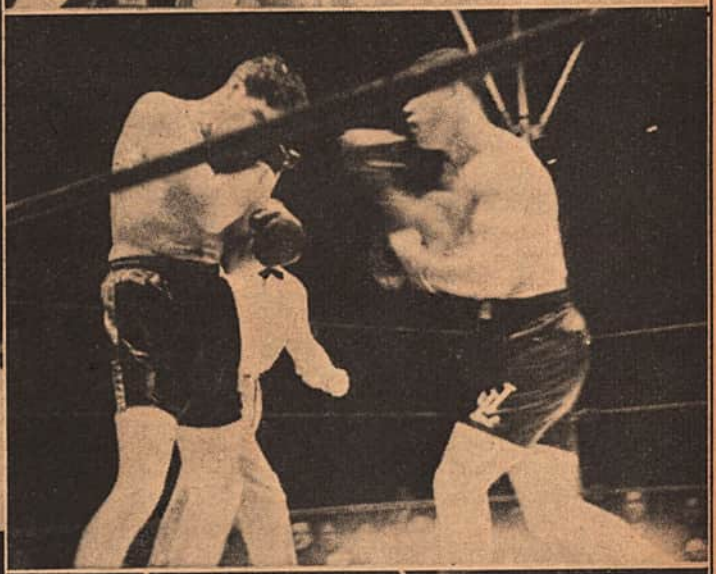
BOTH men seemed much refreshed by the minute's rest when they came up for the fifth, and a sizzling session followed. Joe batted Buddy with two furious left hooks to the jaw, but the youngster wouldn't retreat. Instead, he came in with a rush, and put a right cross on the jaw that made Louis clinch and hang on for a brief instant. Joe leaped in and sent a jolting left to the head. But a moment later Buddy smashed his own left twice in succession to Louis's puffed left eye.

These punches sliced the skin, and the crowd shouted madly, when a thin, crimson trickle of blood ebbed from the wound. This bothered the champion, and occasionally he rubbed the injured spot during the intervals when they boxed at long range.

The Punch After the Bell

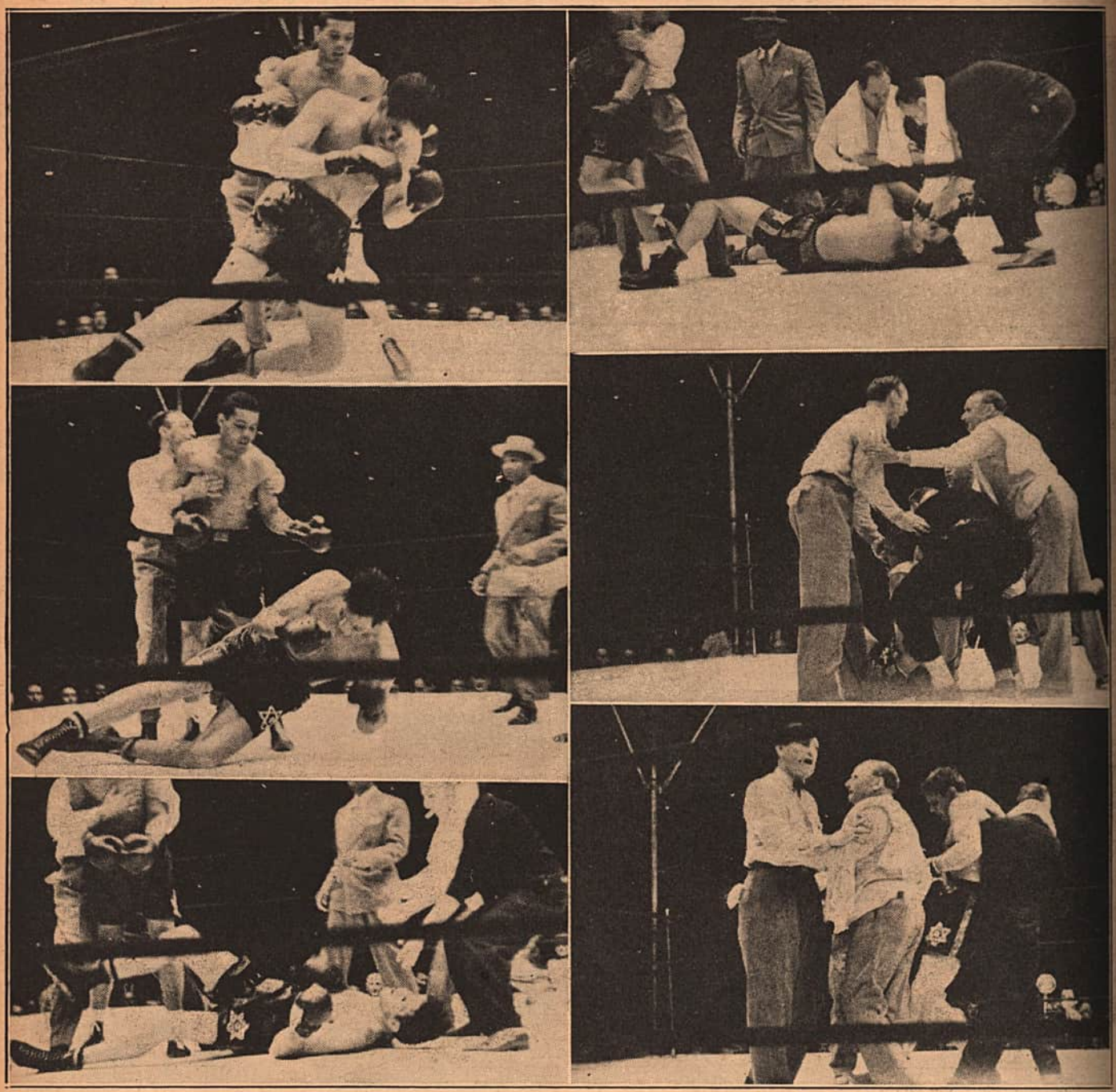






In the Magic Eye series presented above, we see the sequence in the fateful sixth round. First we see Buddy Baer down, resting on his elbows and knees for a count of nine. This is the second knockdown in that round. Going down the left side panel, in the center, we see Buddy rising, obviously groggy. The third picture sees Referee Donovan starting toward the leg weary youngster. Note the smile on Arthur's face. Now, in the right side panel, comes the story of the blow after the bell. First we see Louis rushing in for the kill. Next, while Buddy is covering up, Joe aims with his right for an uppercut. As Buddy swerves forward, the blow connects and Baer begins to topple. Now follow the sequence on the next page.

A FOUL IS CLAIMED



Here, note how Buddy falls to the canvas and Joe stands over him, watching eagerly. The center photo in the left panel shows that while the referee and Louis didn't hear the bell, Joe's secretary did, for he violates the rules by rushing into the ring, though not a second, to aid the champion. This, in itself, was sufficient cause for the disqualification of the title holder. The lower photo in the left panel shows the seconds of Baer rushing to his aid, while Donovan holds back Louis. Then comes the argument between Donovan and Ancil Hoffman, Baer's manager, who demanded the disqualification of Louis, first for hitting after the bell, and again because of the appearance in the ring of Louis' secretary, even before Buddy had struck the canvas.

Buddy ploughed his way into close quarters. There were a couple of clinches, and then Louis flamed into fighting fury. His gloves showered a perfect barrage of lefts and rights to body and head, blows that Baer didn't seem to be able to block or evade. The Californian swayed under the murderous assault, staggered, but didn't go down. Driven toward his own corner, Buddy rallied and was fighting back at the bell.

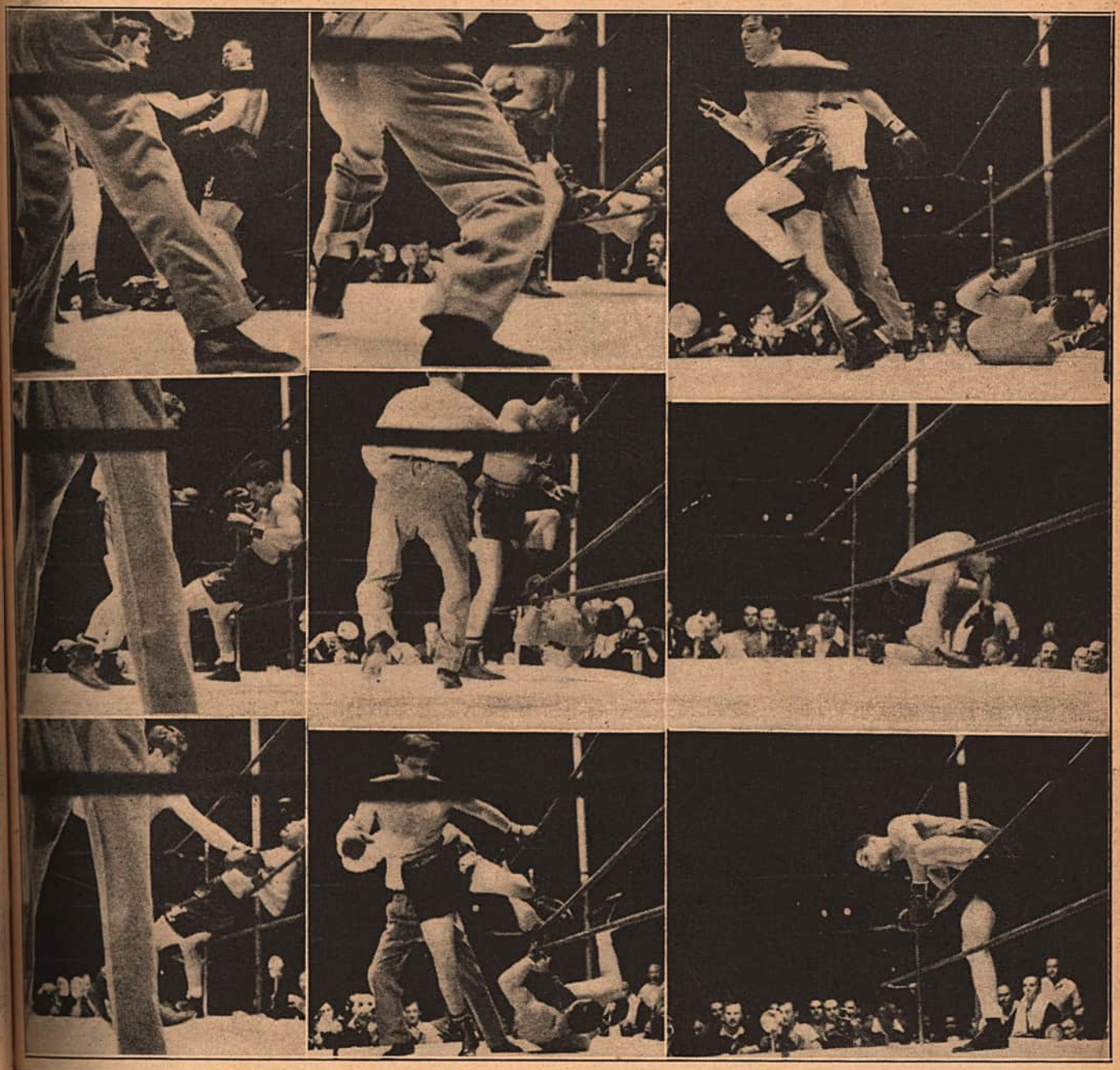
Then came the spectacular sixth round. It found Louis still boiling over with concentrated rage, though outwardly he preserved an icy calm. But behind that deceitful calm lurked the grimly determined spirit of Kipling's "first-class fighting man!" The champion rushed his opponent and nailed him with two vicious rights and lefts to the head. Young Baer didn't flinch. He came back aggressively and they traded punches rapidly.

Suddenly Joe saw the opening he had been scouting for. His right glove shot through his opponent's guard to the chin and toppled him for a short count. Game as they make 'em, Buddy regained his feet. Joe stalked him with vigilant care and landed with lightning lefts and rights to the head. They were blows that would have felled an ox, and the only wonder is that Buddy recovered sufficiently from their stunning force to again struggle to his feet. But he did, just as "nine" was counted off. Then—the bell—and Louis's final wallop that stretched Buddy on the canvas, as already described!

* * *

WELL, look at it any way you like, it was one whale of a scrap, and deserves an outstanding place in fistic annals. All the more so, because not one ring patron out of ten expected it to be anything but an exercise gallop for the champion.

DEMPSEY-FIRPO SCENE REVIVED



Buddy Baer, conceded one chance in ten to beat Joe Louis, uncorked a terrific left hook in the first round that dumped the champion over rope, to bounce on his shoulders on the canvas-covered apron, as did Dempsey in his fight with Firpo. Joe Louis took a count of four in returning to the ring, but gained an additional twenty-five seconds when both he and Baer thought the bell had sounded and ceased firing. Despite his auspicious start, Buddy found the going too tough and was hammered dizzy in the sixth, and disqualified in the seventh when he didn't answer the bell.

Mike Jacobs has said that Buddy Baer will be rematched with Louis at Washington, probably in July. It goes without saying that the California youngster has richly earned another shot at his conqueror. A second meeting between the pair is the sort of attraction bound to draw a bumper house. Buddy Baer will be on the short end of the betting again. But there'll be lots of folks willing to back his chances of worsting Louis next time.

This doesn't mean that I am of the opinion that Buddy can turn the tables on his conqueror. I still rate Joe Louis as the peer of any heavyweight, white or colored, in the universe. And Joe's Washington performance furnishes ample evidence that he has not retrograded.

But the old maxim to the effect that "anything can happen in a fight," is as true today as it was when the bareknuckle gladiators acknowledged its wisdom. Any boxer who has proved his ability to punch and "take it," as young Baer did, must be accorded a chance of whipping any adversary, no matter how formidable.

If at any stage in the Washington battle Buddy Baer had shown signs of fear, if he had ever abandoned his bold offensive in favor of a cautious defense, thousands of fans wouldn't be voicing his praises today. But the lad made good. He "stood the gaff" like a Trojan, and battled like a veritable Achilles!

The performance of Buddy and the commotion that followed as a result of the disqualification and the foul strike, made the Conn-Louis fight the financial success it was.

If there is one thing the fight fan appreciates, it's a game fighter, and Buddy Baer proved all of that. He certainly made the scribes eat their words. He took more abuse than most of the opponents who have faced Louis in recent months, and all because, at one stage of his career, in the Barlund fight which he entered ill, he quit under fire. Long after Louis and Buddy will have retired, the fight fans will discuss the knockdown of the Brown Bomber and the punch after the bell that raised a storm around the world.

EASTERN CANADA Back On Fistic Map

Al Delaney Defeats Tiger Warrington at Glace Bay to Win Heavyweight Championship of Dominion and "The Ring" Magazine Belt—Gussie MacLellan, Promoter, Revives Interest in Sport in Glace Bay

By "THE RING" EDITOR

Promoter Gussie MacLellan congratulates Al Delaney, winner of THE RING *belt and Canadian heavyweight title. Note the overcoats still in use at the popular fishing and mining city.*

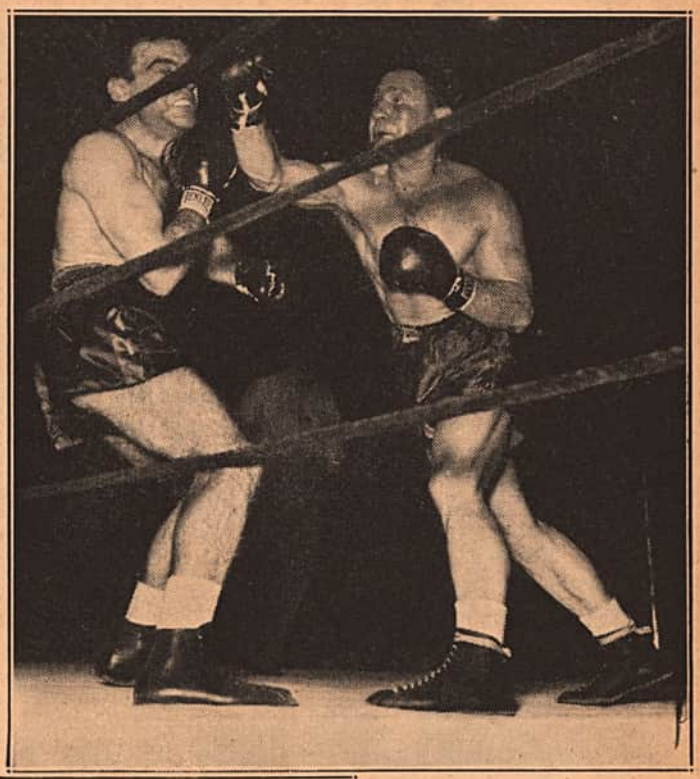
EASTERN CANADA, which was placed on the fistic map by such immortals as George Dixon, Sam Langford, Eddie Connolly and Mickey McIntyre among the old-timers, and in more recent years by a flock of excellent talent, got back into the pugilistic spotlight after a long hibernation the night following the Joe Louis-Buddy Baer fight. The occasion was the Canadian heavyweight championship bout between Tiger Warrington of Liverpool, N. S., and Al Delaney of Windsor, Ontario, and the scene, picturesque Glace Bay, home of the greatest coal mines in N. America. Delaney, coming through with the finest display of ring generalship and effective hitting since his start as a professional, carried off the laurels and with it the handsome Canadian heavyweight championship belt donated by THE RING Magazine. It was the 103rd belt presented since 1922.

It was the first time in the twenty years of THE RING's existence that a trophy of that kind had been offered for a Canadian contest in any class, and if the interest displayed by the fighters and the public at Glace Bay is a criterion, it won't be the last. Although I was slated to handle the watch as knockdown timer in the Louis-Baer mill at Washington, I decided that the Nova Scotia contest,

(Continued on page 45)

The huge glove, autographed by 42 present and past champions, presented by THE RING *Editor to the Canadian overseas Regiment. It was auctioned at a soccer match and brought in $420 to buy sports paraphernalia for the soldiers.*

CURRENT FIGHT SCENES



Upper left—Lew Jenkins, lightweight king, cringes against the ropes as Eddie Josephs, referee, tries to separate the Texan and Bob Montgomery from Philadelphia in Garden fight which Bob won handily.

Upper right—Gus Lesnevich of Cliffside, N. J., wins right to fight Jimmy Webb for light-heavyweight crown which Billy Conn vacated, by outpointing Anton Christoforidis, N.B.A. title-holder, in Garden mill.

Billy Conn had better not try this when he fights Joe Louis on June 18. Here Billy the Kid is teasing Buddy Knox—"try to land if you can." Billy had his last tune-up fight for the Brown Bomber by stopping Buddy in eighth round. Knox failed to come out for the round.

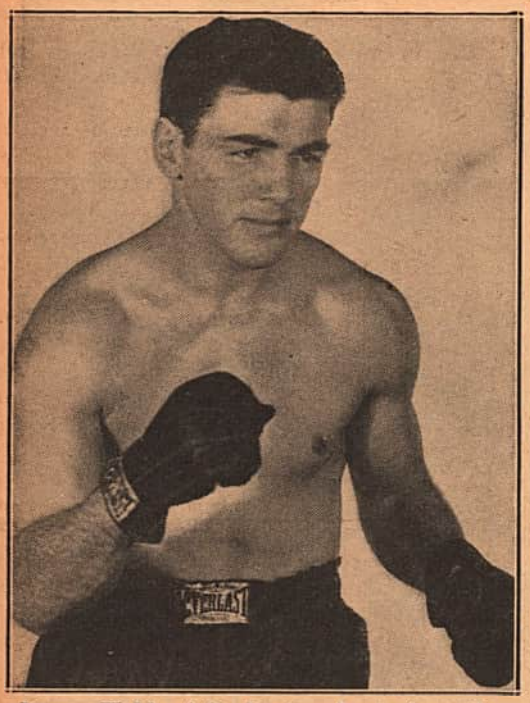
Webb vs. Lesnevich

Qualify for Final Round in Light-Heavyweight Elimination Tournament to Decide Successor to Billy Conn—Gus Beats Christoforidis

By HARVEY THORNE

THE victory of Gus Lesnevich over Anton Christoforidis in the semi-final of the elimination tournament staged in Madison Square Garden on May 22, by the National Boxing Association and the New York Boxing Commission to determine a successor to Billy Conn, has narrowed the field of championship contenders in the light-heavyweight division to Jimmy Webb and Lesnevich. When Webb defeated Tommy Tucker, and Christoforidis, the N.B.A. title holder, agreed to tackle Lesnevich, the winner to face Webb, both the National Boxing Association and the New York Board sanctioned the tourney with the result that when Webb and Lesnevich clash in a final, there will be no doubt as to the winner being the world title-holder, now that Conn has vacated the crown.

With Billy Conn out of the picture in order to compete among the heavyweights, and Len Harvey, the best of the British crop, in fistic idleness because of the war, the New York tournament will definitely settle the successor to Conn. Between them, Webb and Lesnevich have now gained the top flight of the division as the survivors of the national elimination in which, besides those already named, Melio Bettina and Jimmy Bivins made up the field.



Jimmy Webb of St. Louis, who is favored as successor to Billy Conn.

The contest between Lesnevich and Christoforidis, which was named by the N.B.A. as a championship affair and which the New York Commission correctly called only an elimination bout, from a point of view of competition and finances, was a huge flop. Gus clinched the victory by a healthy margin, in a contest that lacked enthusiasm, action and thrills. It was viewed by the smallest Garden gathering of the season, less than 3500.

Gus had a big edge right up to the fifth frame, when Anton made a desperate bid for victory. The Greek swung a powerful overhand right to the head that gave Gus the staggers momentarily, and followed up with a two-fisted assault that made his opponent back away. But it was only a flash in the pan, for Lesnevich took the play away from him again in the sixth, and Christo reverted to the unpleasing role of receiver-general.

Lesnevich had him groggy and bleeding in the seventh, eighth and ninth frames, but not even the indignant bleating of the patrons, who made up in noise what they lacked in number, could urge him toward a rapid completion of his job. Christo had his closest call in the fifteenth and final session. Gus nailed him with a right uppercut on the chin that sent the Greek hurtling against the ropes. The fan-chorus went into high, clamoring for a kayo. Lesnevich banged away with both hands at close quarters. But he punched himself out and couldn't connect with a decisive wallop. So the last bell found Anton Christo, in the ancient language of fisticuffs—"slightly disfigured, but still in the ring!"

The gate was less than $8,500.

* * *

AN old adage asserts sternly that—"comparisons are odious!" yet one cannot help reflecting upon the paucity of such receipts for a match between two leaders of the light-heavyweight division, and the generous "gate" attained when Jack Delaney and Paul Berlenbach played to a $450,000 house in their battle for the championship of that class, at Brooklyn, in 1926, which was won by the former in fifteen rounds.

That contest established the high water mark of financial achievement for the light-heavyweight grade, although other stars of the grade have packed the Garden to capacity on various occasions. On the whole, the class may be said to have maintained its popularity well through the passing years.

In this connection it may be mentioned that the generally accepted theory that the light-heavyweight division was founded in 1903, with George Gardner's seventeen-round kayo of Jack Root at Fort Erie on July 4 figuring as the first battle for the new title, is an error.

That's the way the record books put it, but the listing is wrong, as regards the initial contest, anyway. On April 22, 1903, Jack Root defeated Kid McCoy in ten rounds at Detroit, Michigan, winning a clean-cut decision. To the victor went the newly created title of light-heavyweight champion. Therefore, Root was the champion and Gardner the challenger in the Fort Erie affair.

Lou Houseman, Chicago sports editor and fistic impresario, was the man who conceived the idea of establishing a class in between the simon-pure

(*Continued on page* 46)

Gus Lesnevich of Cliffside, N. J., who will meet Webb for title.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Lew Jenkins Finds Pleasure-Thrills Very Costly

Service Men Vote Boxing Best Entertainment

Lights in Corners Check After Bell Fighting

THE age-old maxim that "history repeats itself," has never been better exemplified than in the case of world's lightweight champion, Lew Jenkins. The boy upon whom admiring press reporters have bestowed the complimentary soubriquet of a "Horatio Alger" hero, seems destined for a far different windup to his hitherto meteoric career than that which distinguished the ultimate life-triumphs of the lads who fought their devious ways to success in the world-famous Alger books.

That poor Texas youth, hitch-hiking, traveling in a broken-down Ford car, hitting city after city, pleading for a chance to show his pugilistic wares, finally gaining the Eastern goal, and winning the blue-ribbon title of the 135-pound class, loomed up on the fistic horizon as an amazing example of an ascent from "rags to riches!"

In an Alger fiction setting, a youngster, having attained the summit of his ambition by virtue of ceaseless toil and dogged determination, becomes a model for other lads to imitate, and finishes under fame's spotlight in an alluring blaze of glory!

Up to the time when Jenkins won the lightweight crown from Lew Ambers, the parallel between Lew's achievements and those of an Alger hero ran true to form. Here, at last, was a shining mark for ambitious aspirants for a "place in the sun" to shoot at!

But, unfortunately, the grand Jenkins climax has merged into the ugly clouds of an anti-climax. After all, it's an old, disastrous story.

Only too often has a young man, engaged in a gruelling struggle for the right to exist, suddenly found himself favored by the goddess of luck, accumulated wealth beyond his wildest dreams, and then, in the tersely descriptive language of modern slang —"gone clean haywire!"

There follows the subtle lure of night-life in a great city. The influences of common sense and the ability to conduct himself with due discretion in the midst of his new environment are cast aside. The training that enabled him to make the topmost grade from the humble novice level, becomes an irritating burden. Fervid excitement, the pleasure-thrills which gild the primrose path under the glowing bright-lights, work their fateful, Circe-like charm upon him. Transplanted from his old, wholesome, rugged surroundings to an exotic, unfamiliar atmosphere, he has failed to preserve the emotional balance which might have saved him from tragic downfall! Then—comes the day of reckoning!

In the bout with Bob Montgomery, Jenkins showed a distinct lack of championship form, due to his failure to condition himself properly. Too much of the playboy stuff has ruined him. If that fight was a sample of what we might expect of Lew in future contests, then it is a foregone conclusion that if he faces Montgomery again in a champion mill, he will be dethroned.

Lew looked like anything but the champ in that bout. He couldn't feint, couldn't box, missed often, and had absolutely no defense. Even his attack was practically nil. He lacked the wallop because he wasn't in fit fighting condition to face such a tough opponent as Montgomery.

When Lew's punch is gone, which it was in the Montgomery battle, he is lost. Everything went with the punch and he became a mark for a continuous assault. I awarded him two rounds, the first and the tenth and I called one, the third, even. That's a mighty poor showing for a lightweight king who possesses a nifty wallop.

It behooves the Texan to get down to earth again, forget Broadway life and his motorcycle and condition himself as is expected of a title holder before it is too late. Lew should let the playboys have Broadway. He should stick to the training grindstone and the old life to which he has been accustomed.

* * *

BILLY CONN'S eighth round victory over Buddy Knox in Pittsburgh, the youth's final tuneup before starting training for his world's heavyweight championship fight with Joe Louis, at the Polo Grounds on June 18, was an impressive one. It proved what the fans already know, that Billy so far outclasses all but possibly three of the heavyweight contenders, that he can take them on, one per week, without fear of losing a contest.

Billy dropped Knox in the seventh for counts of nine, eight, again nine, when the bell rang. After the rest, Knox failed to come out for the next round.

No matter what is said of the Pittsburgh speed-demon, no matter what the result of the Louis-Conn battle, they won't be able to tag Conn as a "bum!" Bill the Kid is the classiest heavyweight in boxing today!

The job that the boy with the classic profile did on Knox satisfied scribes, even those who gave Billy little chance against Louis, that he had earned the right to fight for the title. He is not a kayo artist, but for class, for scientific boxing, he rates with Jim Corbett and Tommy Loughran, and that's a mouthful!

Conn fought a clean, workmanlike battle against Knox, but he lacked stunning force in any of his punches, and Knox riled him repeatedly with right-hand wallops to the face. Until Billy put Knox down in the seventh, Conn took things easy. When Knox began to tag his opponent frequently with rights and lefts, the Pittsburgher got angry and cut loose with the manifest intention of ending the affair speedily.

It was an excellent workout for Conn, who, as we go to press, enters the final stages of training for the heavyweight championship bout, confident that nothing can halt him from repeating the feat of Gentleman Jim Corbett in defeating the mighty John L. Sullivan!

* * *

THAT boxing in most localities in New York State has slumped badly during the past few years, none will deny. In New York State practically no professional clubs are operating anywhere except in the Metropolitan area, where the game is as big as ever. Upstate and in the Southern tier, where amateur boxing shows formerly thrived, very few amateur shows have been conducted this season.

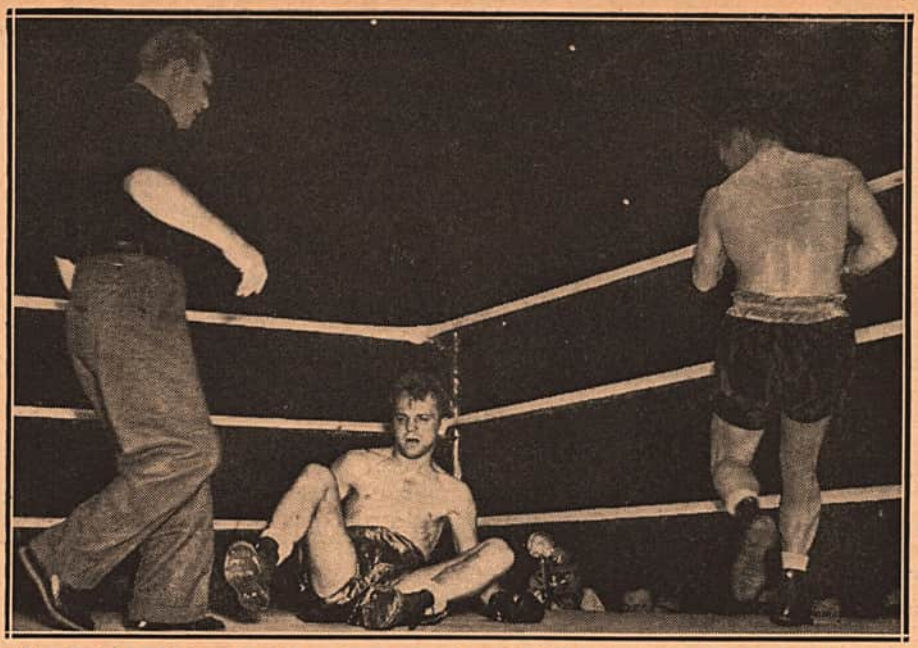
In Rochester, the Elks run weekly shows with fairly good results. In the same city, the annual championships of the Niagara district were scheduled and then cancelled, the result of which was that for the first time in twenty years or more, no Niagara district championships were held. The Endicott-Johnson Welfare Club in Endicott, N. Y., for many years conducted weekly amateur shows. This year they have run spasmodically.

The Orioles in Buffalo, conducted bimonthly shows for several years as did the Eagles, but this year the Orioles did not conduct any. The Eagles folded after running about three or four shows.

Golden Glove and Diamond Belt shows were successfully run, because they were sponsored by big daily newspapers. One or

two other amateur shows conducted by large organizations were successful only because they were backed by these organizations.

The failure in the Niagara district is generally attributed to the local governing body of the A.A.U., which last season placed a prohibitive cost for sanctions and officials' costs, so that it was impossible for small clubs to operate. The sanction fee was placed at from $25 to $50, and with a three percent tax of the gross receipts added, officials' cost ranged from $60 to $75 per show.



The final knockdown in the series in round two of fight between Al Hostak of Seattle and Tony Zale, N.B.A. middle champion. Note the expression on the beaten fighter. Zale floored his man eight times.

The past session of the State legislature had before it and passed an amendment to the boxing law which would have taken the control of amateur boxing out of the hands of the A.A.U., and given it to the State Athletic Commission. The Governor vetoed this amendment without comment. The veto doubtless was the result of pressure by those who opposed it.

We are not prepared to say just whether the amendment would have been an advantage or not, but certainly there should be some uniformity and control over any voluntary body to whom is given jurisdiction over a sport as big and popular as amateur boxing. No body of this sort should have the power to levy taxes, assess prohibitive sanction costs and force clubs to pay excessive prices to favored officials.

It would seem that if a local governing body is so short-sighted in a matter of this kind, then the national governing body should step in and put a stopper on the practice.

One whip that was used in the argument against the approval of the amendment referred to, was that, if it prevailed, no amateur boxer of New York state would be permitted to compete in any national events or any in which amateurs of other states were involved.

We cannot subscribe to that theory. First, we do not believe the legislature of the great Empire State would confess inferiority to the laws and rules of any voluntary body, which might affect the rights of its citizens.

Next, we do not think the national governing body of the A.A.U., would, even at the behest of one of its subordinate bodies, fly in the face of the popular approval of the public in a matter that would be bound to bring down on its head a most harmful reaction.

This situation ties in with our opening comment on the dearth of professional boxing throughout the State. Just as our big league ball players come from the sand lots, our most successful boxers in the professional ranks come from the amateurs, they must all creep before they walk. It must be perfectly clear that if no amateur shows can be conducted, then no professional boxers can be developed, and it follows naturally that the game will die off even to a greater extent than it has within the past few years. Our only interest is to see boxing regain its once popular place in the sun, and for this reason we hope the powers that be in the A.A.U. will attempt to revive the interest in boxing.

In connection with amateur boxing, there is one point missed badly that none seem to grasp. To illustrate this, we go back to the time of the adoption of the Walker boxing law. Then, as now, there were some opposed to placing a function of the State in the hands of a voluntary body. Answering one of these opponents, one of the proponents said:

"The purpose of placing control of amateur boxing in the hands of the A.A.U., is to keep amateur boxing a 'sport for sports' sake,' and so that it cannot be commercialized; the A.A.U. is interested only to the extent of maintaining amateur boxing as a sport."

If that really was the intention, and we have no reason to doubt that it was, at the time, then we can only say someone has changed the A.A.U. policy.

Among those in control of the A.A.U. there are many high-minded and thoroughly sincere persons, who are interested in amateur sports only as such. It would seem to us that there would be little or no difficulty ironing out this situation and weeding out those who either do not understand or do not care for sport from any viewpoint other than commercial.

Now that Governor Lehman has killed the measure that would have placed the A.A.U. sport under control of General Phelan, Col. Wear and Bill Brown, the officials of the A.A.U. should see the danger zone ahead if they persist in carrying on as now. The simon-pure part of the sport must be continued; sanitary conditions must be observed and the A.A.U. must eliminate the objectionable portion of its mandate which makes it so difficult for a bona fide club to stage shows as heretofore because of the tremendous financial burden. If the A.A.U. stands for "sports for sports' sake," then why not reduce the fee of its many officials to within reason?

Let the officials show true amateur spirit by their desire to help rather than kill the sport among the simon-pures!

* * *

THE National Boxing Association's best bet for undisputed world honors is Tony Zale, whose great performance against Al Hostak at Chicago was hailed by sports critics. Defending his N.B.A. middleweight crown, Tony stopped his man in 2:32 of the second round after having floored Hostak eight times in that stanza. It was Zale's third triumph over the Seattle fighter and showed Tony to be the hardest hitting middleweight in the division.

Zale has proved himself the best fighter at his weight west of the Mississippi and as Western leader and N.B.A. champion, he will be favored in a return engagement with Billy Soose, if and when they clash to decide the matter of world supremacy. Although Soose beat Tony in an over-the-weight match a year ago, he will now find Zale a much improved fighter and a harder hitter and whether Billy would be able to stand up against such tough opposition is problematical, judging by his performance in New York against the light-tapping Ken Overlin, over whom he won a disputed verdict.

As in almost all of his fights, Hostak came pretty close to scoring a knockout in the first round with a flurry of rights and lefts. He dropped the champ for a count of nine. Tony made up for this by tagging Hostak with a powerful right to the side a few seconds after the gong sent them out for the second frame, the blow putting the Seattle middleweight down for a count of nine. Al came back strong, landing a crashing right to Zale's jaw that staggered him, but a few seconds later a right to the chin dropped Hostak and thereafter it was a case of up and down until the end.

In their previous engagements, Zale won in 10 rounds via the decision route in Chicago, and later he stopped Hostak in 13 rounds in Seattle to win the N.B.A. crown. The fact that their latest bout drew $48,475, paid by 15,087 persons, indicates that a Soose-Zale bout in Chicago would draw beyond the $50,000 figures. Let's have it, boys. THE RING belt is awaiting the winner. Such a bout alone can decide world supremacy. Until the pair meet at the weight and for the title, neither is a world champion.

* * *

RAY ROBINSON, New York's lightweight threat who scored his fifteenth knockout in eighteen starts when he stopped Nick Castiglione in Philadelphia a few days before the Louis-Buddy Baer battle, looms at this writing as one of the strongest contenders for lightweight honors. Of the ten leading figures, two Negro lads, Ray and Bob Montgomery, look best to relieve Jenkins of his title.

Ray needs a little more schooling, but by degrees he is getting to the top. In a bout between him and Montgomery at this stage, Bob would be favored because of his experience, but while Montgomery is rapidly outgrowing the division, and even now can barely make the weight limit, Robinson will have no difficulty keeping in the class for some time. He is clever, can take and give a punch, and is as fast as a streak in his delivery. He is the nearest reminder to Kid Chocolate we have seen in the fight game for some time.

* * *

SO absorbed were the boxing writers of the country in the follow-up of the Louis-Baer fight, that what appears to this writer as the biggest news item of the month, pugilistically speaking, failed to obtain even a line in the majority of the papers. Only here and there was a wide-awake scribe on the job to report that in a poll taken at the army camps in a radius of 1000 miles, the boys voted four to one for boxing shows instead of theatrical entertainment. In an effort to guage the wishes of the soldiers, the query was asked:

"What kind of entertainment do you prefer at the camp—theatrical or sports?"

The popularity of boxing was shown by an overwhelming vote.

* * *

JOE TIPMAN, famous Baltimore featherweight of thirty-five years ago, the man who travels hundreds of miles to see every fight of importance in this country, has a novel idea regarding the bell at the ringside. Joe, who saw the Louis-Baer fight, says that the bell, like the horse and buggy, is antiquated and he offers an excellent substitute, something I hope some energetic engineer will work on and offer for sale. His letter, published by Rodger H. Pippin in the Baltimore *News-Post*, is worth repeating here:

"Let me advance a one-man opinion that might prevent similar occurrences in the future. From the beginning of boxing as a sport, a bell or gong has been used to denote the beginning and ending of rounds.

"Now in the old days, when fights only attracted a few hundreds or thousands of persons, there was not so much noise and hub-bub as is attendant at fights now that attract many thousands. And often, as you know, these fights are held in the open air, with no acoustics or sounding boards to centralize the echo of the gong.

"There is no doubt in my mind that, because of the uproar, Louis did not hear the bell. On the other hand, in another round where he was knocked outside the ropes, he returned and both he and Baer stopped fighting some twenty seconds before the end of a round, because they had heard a bell someone in the audience sounded. That made two errors due to the old-fashioned bell.

"My idea would be to have four electrically-controlled semaphores, one on each side of the ring, painted a glaring color that would immediately attract the attention of the fighters.

"The semaphores could be synchronized with an electric gong, and would be controlled only by the timekeeper. When he pressed a button denoting the end of a round, these arms or semaphores would jump into position and fighters, no matter in what part of the ring they were fighting, could stop on time."

A bully idea, Joe, but it is not much different from what the Boxing Commission in New York has adopted. In each corner in Madison Square Garden and at the ball park fights, a red light automatically goes on as the bell sounds, and thus, no matter in what part of the ring the fighters are, and even if they don't hear the gong, they can see the red light signifying the end of the round. Such lights, adopted at all shows, would prevent such a repetition of the Louis-Baer affair, but I like Joe Tipman's semaphore system even better.

* * *

THE recent Louis-Baer fight came up for discussion at Joe Louis' camp during his training session for the Conn fight and during the arguments, John Roxborough, manager of the Bomber, asked one of the Deputy Inspectors of boxing, whose count, the referee's or that of the knockdown timer, is the official count in New York State.

"I'm asking this," said Roxborough, "because of what happened in Washington and because, as a lawyer, I fail to find anything in the rule books of the state that clarifies the point. Under the rules in most states, the referee picks up the count of the knockdown timer and then counts in unison with him. But too often have I seen where the third man in the ring differs from the knockdown timekeeper, and as a result, when the boxer actually has been counted out by the timer, the referee still has one or two counts to spare. Now who is correct? On what count does a fighter have to depend?"

Roxborough's point is well taken. An elucidation is needed. The boxing commission should bring its officials into a conference and explain to them just what the proper procedure should be.

In Washington, the official knockdown timer declared that he had counted Baer out, yet Donovan, the referee, declared he had reached only nine when Baer got to his feet. According to Roxborough, the Commission's rules fail to cover the point. Here is the rule:

"When a contestant is down, the referee and time keeper shall at once commence calling off the seconds and indicating the count with a motion of the arm. If the contestant fails to rise before the count of ten, the referee shall declare him the loser."

"But what happens," asked Roxborough, "when the timer and referee fail to agree, when they are not together on the count?"

There should be no difficulty in ruling on this point. Under the rules of boxing as laid down by the various commissions, a knock down timer is officially the assistant to the referee, when it comes to counting over a boxer who is down. The referee must pick up his count and should at all times be together with the timer. If for any reason, the referee thinks that the count should be lengthened because of an infraction of the rules, such as when a fighter refuses to obey the command to go to a neutral corner, he should so notify the timer, so that the timer will begin the count over again or start where the referee chooses to begin.

If there is no infraction, then the referee should pick up the count from the timer and from that point, he and the timer should keep in unison. But, since the referee is in complete control, if he misses the count and is behind the timer, nothing can be done about it. It's too bad for the fighter scoring the knockdown!

I believe that the count of the knockdown timer should be made the official count, otherwise why have him at all? It seems to me that since most commissions have knockdown timers and referees, if both are on the alert, no difficulty should arise.

* * *

JOSEPH BURGER, famed all over the world for creating and designing Staturaid height-increasing shoes, now has a special shoe to make boxers taller. He calls them Boxeraids, and they are so cleverly constructed that, while they make the wearer 1¼ inches taller than he is in ordinary boxing shoes, they look the same on the outside as any other high grade boxing shoes. To the boxer, this added height is very important.

Burger used to be an amateur fighter some years ago. He is only thirty years old, but for a long time has been experimenting with Boxeraid shoes, since he realized from his ring contacts that many fighters can use an extra inch or more to bolster up their fighting stature.

The WAR BABIES

Likely Crop of Young Headliners in All Divisions Has Been Developed in Eastern Fistic Circles Despite War and Draft

By TED CARROLL

AGAINST a rumbling undertone of war, the boxing indoor season of 1940-41 faded into the past with the Lesnevich-Christoforidis match at the Garden on May 22, the night before the Buddy Baer-Joe Louis scramble. Happenings in the world of pugilism kept pace with the thunderous march of world events during the past six months, and the recently completed season was marked with many hectic developments. Most significant and important to the boxing game was the rush to the front of as likely a crop of young headliners as has appeared on the fistic horizon in a long time.

World shaking events both here and abroad failed to dim the interest of sports followers in the boxing business during the past winter and the season was a most successful one around the New York area and in other spots throughout the country such as Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Washington.

This quickening of public interest in pugilism, a phenomenon that always seems to occur when the war fever grips the world, hastened the development of many outstanding youngsters. Although the lads had to compete with terror-filled headlines from all over the world, they managed to command attention. While America still enjoys a dubious peace, the tenseness of the situation over here is greatly akin to that of a warring country and the progress made by the younger crop of pugs in spite of world conditions, speaks well for the durability of boxing as a part of the American scene.

* * *

IN and around New York, seat of the boxing industry, a bevy of boxers crashed their way through a welter of "air raid," "invasion," and "blitzkreig" headlines to force their way into the public eye.

One of the likeliest of these waited until the waning days of the season to drop into the laps of fans as a prospect of uncommon brightness. This young man's exhibition took considerable edge off the Billy Soose-Ken Overlin title struggle which followed his appearance in the semi-windup the night of May 9 in Madison Square Garden. The fighter in question was born Charles Constantino, picked up the childhood monicker of "Lulu" on the streets of New York's East Side, and he's been a real "lulu" in all of his 42 scraps as a pro.

On the day mentioned, he was opposed to the spirited gamester from New York's Bronx, Joey Iannotti, and the whirl the two put on was worthy of the main spot in New York's huge arena. Constantino won the decision in a smartly contested, spine-tingling scrap that had the crowd yelling for the entire eight rounds.

The 126-pound Lulu looks for all the world like a schoolboy in his street clothes. Built on the slender side, he is some ways from full maturity yet. He's of the boxer type, who punches sharply, and he should add dynamite to his wallops as his strength increases. Only 19 years old, he was a good amateur, hasn't been licked in 42 pro battles, and appears to be headed for a brilliant career in the ring.

* * *

NOTHING less than an invasion from Mars could have kept the incredible Ray Robinson out of the spotlight. If Ray does nothing else, his unbelievable stunt of winning 119 fights in a row will always be remembered. Born Walker Smith in New York's Harlem, Ray was a pugilistic prodigy at the age of 11. He was so good that by the time he was 13, he was slipping off upstate and boxing seasoned amateurs in the so-called bootleg clubs in upstate New York.

This is where the name changing came in. A tall kid, Ray used the card of an obscure amateur named Ray Robinson, and passed as 17 years of age.

He spun through a Golden Gloves career that made him the most widely publicized amateur in America. He was never beaten as a simon-pure, monopolizing the featherweight and lightweight titles in the Gloves in 1939 and 1940.

While an amateur, he picked up the nickname of "Sugar" that threatens to become as famous a fighting cognomen as "Brown Bomber." Up in Syracuse, a spectator shouted to Trainer George Gainford as he was leaving the ring with his charge after Robinson had flattened the local amateur champion:

"That's a mighty sweet looking boy you got there, pal."

"Yes, sir," was Gainford's rejoinder. "He's sweet as sugar."

Rabbit-eared pressmen heard the crack and since then Harlem's new hero has been "Sugar" to one and all.

As a pro, dancing, sharp shooting Ray has caused fans and writers to run out of superlatives in describing this new sensation. Opposed to seasoned fighters from the very first, he has been, if anything, even more devastating than in his amateur days.

Of his 18 pro rivals, only one, tough Bobby McIntyre, has even made it interesting. Jimmy Tygh, Vic Troise, Joe Ghnouly, Oliver White, Norment Quarles—all experienced ringmen—have been blasted out of the ring by his spectacular flurries.

Only three of his foes have heard the final bell. Less than nine months after his pro debut he is already matched to meet the N. B. A. lightweight title-holder, Sammy Angott, and he is mentioned as a likely foe for Lew Jenkins in the near future.

Tall for his weight, and still growing, Ray shouldn't remain a 135-pounder long, but whatever class he winds up in will be enriched with the most colorful fighter since Kid Chocolate.

* * *

IN answer to our query as to the most promising of the "War Babies," sockdom's sage, always obliging Dan Morgan, looked up from the latest bombing dispatches from Ulster county to orate thusly: "Tami Mauriello," expounded Daniel. "I call him the best young fighter to come up since Adolf started this shindig. He's the best punching young light-heavy or middleweight around today. Mauriello will never make a bad fight. He can't. He's always moving in with both hands firing. He throws punches under and over and he never stops. In two years, I give him a chance at the heavyweight title. He's the standout today, no doubt about it."

Quite a few others hold similar opinions about the black-haired 165-pound flash from Fordham. He has only been beaten once—by ring wise Billy Soose. Going like a house afire at the present moment, he has stopped his last five foes—Harry Ginsberg, Steve Belloise, Wildcat O'Connor, Jimmy O'Boyne and Hobo Williams.

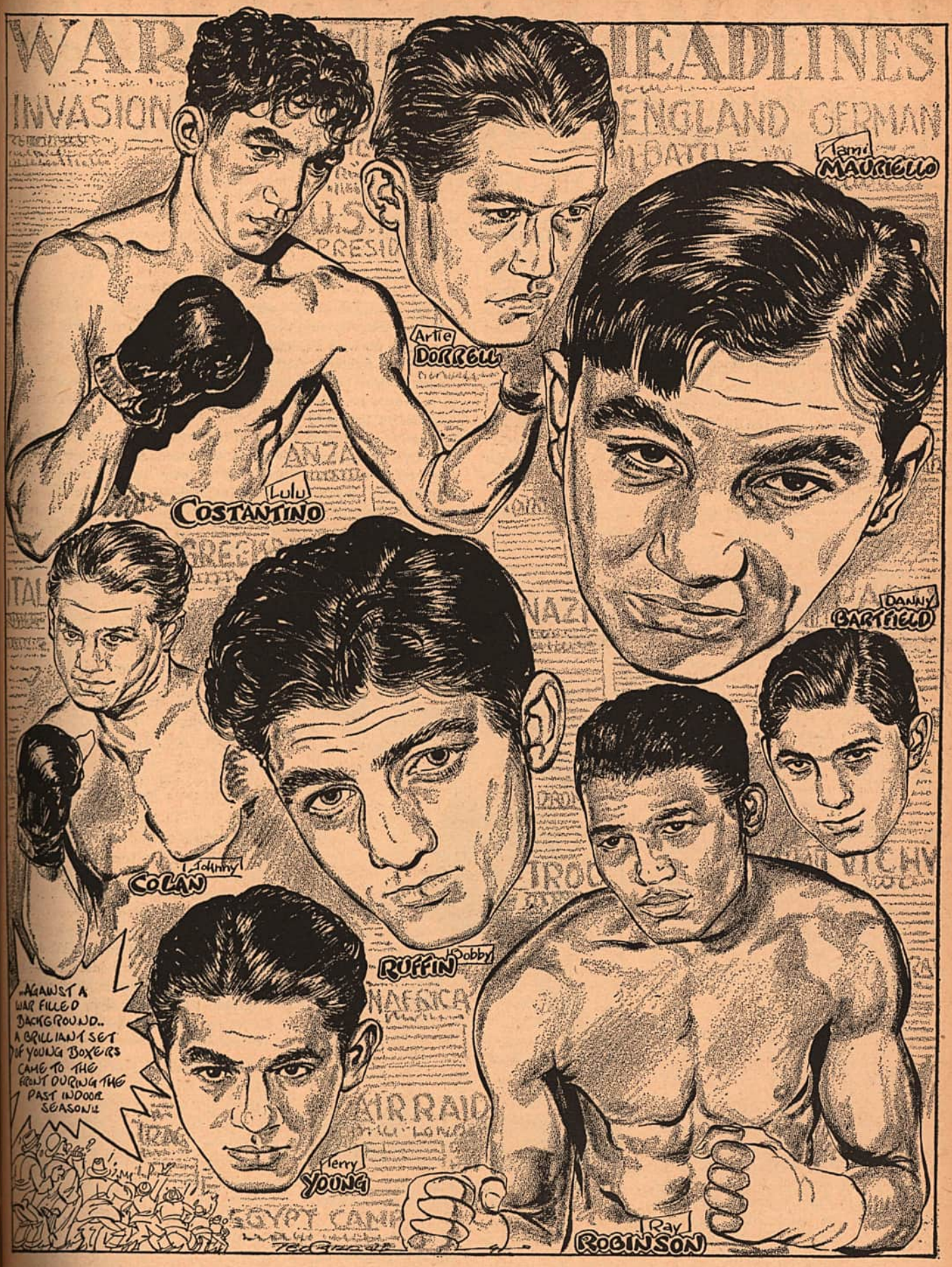
Like many another, he began his climb to fame in the Golden Gloves. His bout with Steve Belloise climaxed a bitter neighborhood feud that had been brewing for years, but which came to an end when Tami piled right into Stevie before he could get started, scoring a rapid-fire one-round kayo.

His crowd of rooters are as colorful as their idol. They call themselves the gang busters. They come to all his fights armed with cap pistols which they sound off during the evening at regular intervals.

* * *

TAKING a cue from the modern mode of waging war by propaganda, Maurie Waxman of New York City, who has few equals at ballyhooing a boxer, has blitz-gabbed Bobby Ruffin into a position of much prominence on the pugilistic horizon. Ruffin, son of one-time crack featherweight, Teddy Hubbs, has plenty of ability to back up Maurie's claims.

A spectacular performer inside the ropes, Ruffin has the happy



faculty of driving a crowd into hysteria. He blazes forth with blinding spurts of fighting during his bouts and this makes him one of the most exciting of the younger crop of pugilists. A handsome fellow, Jimmy Bronson remarked the first time he saw him: "So that's Ruffin. I thought he was one of those young actors who are always hanging

(Continued on page 58)

THE TEXAS TORNADO

Artie Dorrell, Former Amateur Champion of South, Makes Hit in Northern Campaign—Is One of the Nation's Best Welterweights

By MEYER ACKERMAN

THE combination of blue eyes and hair of golden hue is a great asset for a movie star, but somehow, you don't connect it up with the makeup of an athlete following the strenuous profession of leather-pushing. Yet these physical attributes haven't proved any more of a handicap to 22-years-old Arthur Dorrell, dynamic young welterweight contender, than did the possession of the good looks of a matinee idol to the late Jim Corbett in the slugging game of hit, get away and take it!

He's there, this Dorrell chap, with all that's needed for a fighter who's slamming his way toward the top of the heap, and rates right now, as one of the best among the aspiring youngsters battling within range of the 147 pound throne. You can set him down as a distinct threat to champion Fritzie Zivic, or whoever it is that may wear the welter crown before another year has passed.

The records do not lie!

Engaged in 24 professional bouts, this young, strong-boned Tyler, Texas Tornado, has left an unbroken skein of consecutive victories in the wake of his dynamite laden fists, and as we look back over the human wreckage he has piled along fistiana's rocky road on his climb to the top, 17 knockouts are counted in the columns of knockout disaster.

That's punching prowess, pure and simple, knockout potency, and it is on this blitzkreig campaign, that this observer is counting on the youngster from the Lone Star State to emulate the fistic deeds of his brother Texan—Lew Jenkins.

He is imbued with that much ability!

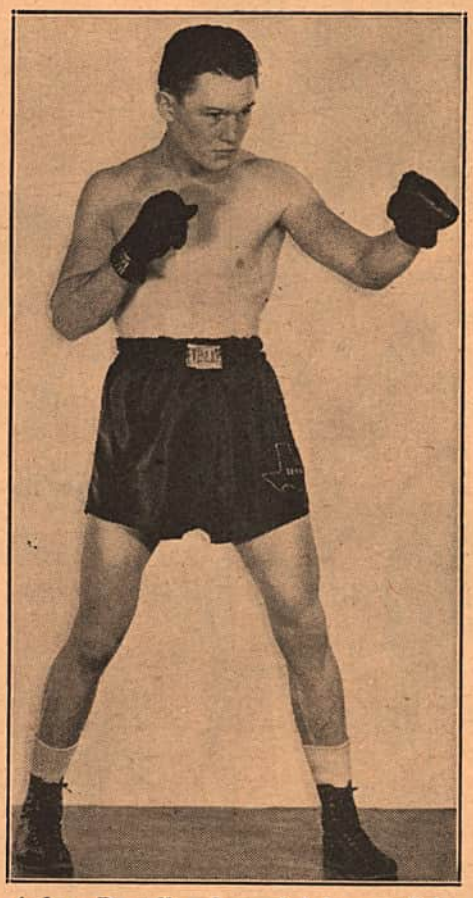
* * *

YOUNGEST of a family of five children that include twin brothers and two sisters, Arthur turned his back on scholarships to Southern Methodist and South Western Louisiana Institute after attending each school for a period of a year, so that he could devote his time to amateur fisticuffs, a pastime that was frowned upon by the high authorities of these Universities.

As a simon-pure, Dorrell engaged in 85 bouts, winning all but three, with 47 of the victories coming by the knockout route. It was at this stage of his budding ring career that Dorrell met Jenkins in Dallas, Texas and they boxed scores of times at the Dallas Athletic Club, creating such a rivalry that hordes of spectators stormed the club doors during their boxing-training sessions, to root for their favorite son. A local Texas sports writer has ventured the opinion that an overweight match between the pair in Dallas some time this summer would draw upwards of $25,000.

During his brilliant amateur career, Dorrell won the Diamond Belt, Golden Gloves, A.A.U. and International welterweight titles, with the latter crown being won in the Pan American games between teams representing the United States and South America.

Protege of Bob O'Donnell, Texas theatre magnate who sent him east to Eddie Walker, Dorrell has shown four times in Madison Square Garden where he scored three scintillating knockouts, and has boxed main events in New York's Ridgewood Grove, in Holyoke, Mass., and in several cities of the Skeeter State.



Arthur Dorrell, whose fighting qualities have gained for him a horde of admirers.

* * *

A LOVER of all sports, Dorrell is especially fond of ballroom dancing. He is not a jitterbug explaining "the time for me to go wild I guess is in the ring."

Like all fighters, Arthur also has an ambition, his being to return back to Dallas, retired, unbeaten world welterweight champion, where he would invest his money with Bob O'Donnell in the theatre business.

Dreams very often turn into nightmares and predictions are as senseless as an umbrella on a sunkissed summer afternoon, in this business of heartbreak and despair, but if Arthur Dorrell continues to sop up trainer Harry Gordon's boxing knowledge and sail smoothly along the course that has been so carefully mapped by manager Eddie Walker, he may yet have his dreams and ambitions realized.

He would make a colorful champion!

Since his arrival in New York, Dorrell has remained undefeated, although he has engaged in several draws. In 1940 he had the following bouts in the North:

Ziggie Lander, Jamaica, W. 6 rds.
Al Flora, New York City, D. 4 rds.
Bobby Stone, Baltimore, K.O. 3 rds.
Al Castonguay, Holyoke, K.O. 4 rds.
Doug Murchie, Holyoke, K.O. 4 rds.
Sean Haynes, New York City, K. O. 4.
Frankie Terranova, Holyoke, W. 8 rds.
Vic Finnazzo, Newark, K.O. 4 rds.
Mike Angieri, Long Island, K. O. 1 rd.
Ram Jackson, Hollywood, D. 6 rds.

This year, he has fought the following:
Manuel Rosa, Baltimore, K.O. 1 rd.
Charley Winkelreid, Elizabeth, K.O. 1.
Billy Duffy, New York City, K.O. 5 rds.
Phil McQuillan, Brooklyn, W. 8 rds.
Pete Muscanera, Brooklyn, W. 8 rds.
Pete Muscanera, Brooklyn, W. 8 rds.
Dave Chacon, Newark, W. 8 rds.
Frankie Velez, Brooklyn, K.O. 3 rds.
Norman Rahn, Holyoke, K.O. 2 rds.
Vinnie Rossano, W. 6 rds.

The fact that there is a scarcity of first class fistic talent makes Artie's chances of reaching the top brighter. Not in years has there been such a dearth of talent, and promoters from all over the country are bemoaning the fact that it is impossible to secure any top flight boys.

With Mike Jacobs tieing up every possible big name in boxing, it is understandable that such a situation exists. By the same token, it also gives the underdog the opportunity of revealing his wares, and if he can make the grade, he will be in line for more profitable engagements. The drafting situation has not relieved the shortage of talent but in the long run, boxing will benefit immeasurably, and many of the younger lads will turn to professional boxing when they are released from their government duties.

Louis' Dude Ranch SHOWS JOE AT HIS BEST

Champion Opens Up in Pleasant Atmosphere of His 450 Acre Layout at Utica, Michigan

By HYPE IGOE

AT UTICA, Michigan, twenty-two miles out of Detroit, there is a dude ranch. Were you to drop in you'd find that the gracious landlord is a fellow whom you couldn't push around. In fact, when it came time to pick up your check in the bar and grill room, it would be well to do so, because you might find Joe Louis looking right down the maw he has fed and libated.

Yes, indeed, Joe is the boss dude around that ranch, a sweeping place of four hundred and fifty acres. Joe put many thousands of the dollars he has earned in the ring into that place, with John Roxborough, one of his co-managers, as his partner.

Joe intends to make that ranch his magnum opus when he hangs up his fighting gloves for good and all. You'll find blooded, white-faced cattle on the ranch, prize hogs, game birds and chickens, trout in the stream which cuts through his grounds, and best of all, high stepping saddle horses. Some of the finest bridle-path stock in the country are stabled at the dude ranch which must become the most famous in the world when Louis finally settles down to the job of making it so.

There was a day in Joe's career when the suggestion that he take up the job of being a "greeter" at his own country club would have caused a universal giggle. When Joe came up from the Ford factory and began the career which eventually landed him on the heavyweight throne, to create the great interrogation as to whether or not he is the greatest heavyweight who ever lived, he was a hesitant conversationalist. He would answer interviewers with grunts, seldom looking up from the comic strips which fascinated him. Once I asked him which was his favorite comic and he replied:

"That Popeye. He sure is a man. An' ain't that Wimpy got some appetite. An' ain't that Olive Oil funny!"

* * *

HE would come into the now demolished Hippodrome, flop into one of Mike Jacobs' big leather chairs and reach for the comics. We used to think that Joe did this purposely to avoid direct chatter with us writers because he was fearful that the questions would hopelessly entangle him and that he would flop reaching for the answers.

It wasn't that. When Joe finally, verbally, was prodded into conversation, he knew the answers and had a quaint way of expressing them. When Joe first appeared, his broad Alabama drawl puzzled us greatly. Often we missed what he was saying. After a while we learned to catch his every expression. As time went on Louis became a pleasant conversationalist. Then, when Joe's fame mounted to astonishing heights, Louis became a personality. He entertained at his training cottages with stories, and when he made up golf foursomes, they were pleasant afternoons on the links.

Louis was a terrific driver off the tees. Playing with his bodyguard, Carl Nelson, as my partner, against Joe and his co-manager, Julian Black, we were about to drive off one of the tees at Lakewood, N. J., where he was training for the first Schmeling fight. It was Joe's honor and he took his stance. It happened that this particular hole was a dogleg, the putting green being hidden from view to the right, behind a stretch of high pine trees. The perfect shot was to drive straight out and the second shot was a brassie, to the right, to the green.

"I've never known whether Louis ever intended to drive as he did. His was an amazing shot. He didn't send the ball out on a line. Instead he lifted it with a mighty swing, over the top of the pine trees, and when the rest of us had driven, we walked out into the clear and to our astonishment, on the edge of the far distant hidden green, lay Louis' drive. They told us afterwards that the only man ever to duplicate that drive over the pines was Commander Rosendahl of the air force at Lakewood.

* * *

I BELIEVE that it was these friendly games, with the stakes never running more than a dollar a corner, that helped to bring Joe into the open as a friendly challenger and then champion.

The dude ranch at Utica, Michigan, will in the end bring Joe into contact with thousands of people who will want to meet him at close range. The dude ranch will become a show place. To the left of the ranch, as you enter the big club house, down in a sort of valley, is the parade grounds where horse shows will be held. The seats have been built, and ranging around the front are box seats where the more important visitors and exhibitors may get their close-ups.

It goes without saying that Joe will be an exhibitor in many of the classes, especially among the saddle horse contingent.

On the farm, under the care of a riding master, are some splendid high steppers. Joe himself has been riding these fine animals with the idea of riding his own stock for the blue ribbons.

He is a commanding figure on a horse and the riding master is seeing to it that Joe is learning every trick of the show ring, no mere child's play. Many of the best horses in saddle classes are beaten because the rider couldn't sit them so well as the pilot on a horse which deserved no better than a white ribbon.

Louis' saddle horses may become so celebrated that he will eventually ride them into the ring in Madison Square Garden, the top show spot of the world.

* * *

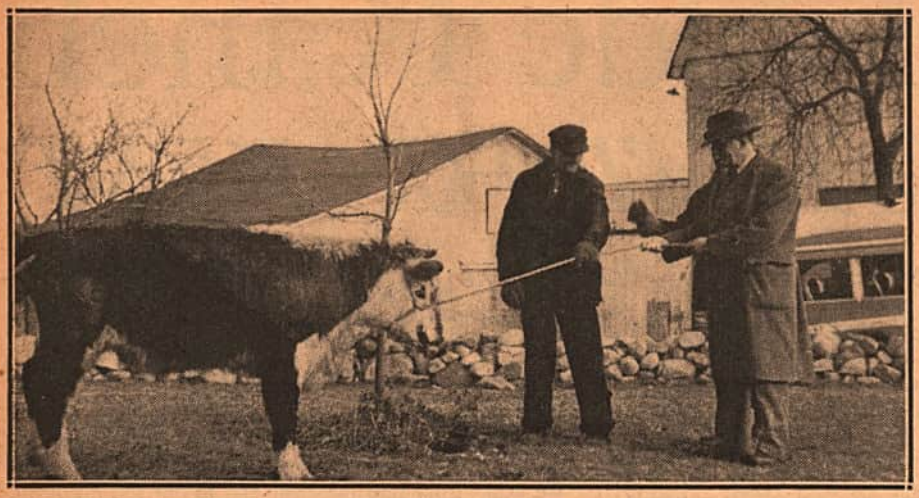
LOUIS "threw" a dinner party to the newspapermen at the ranch when they had gathered to report Joe's fight with big Abe Simon in Detroit. In the kitchen he has Bill Bottoms, a chef who has been with Joe from the time he first invaded New York.

On this occasion, Bottom's star item on the menu was squab chicken, stuffed with wild rice, the squabs coming from Joe's own flock. Joe had brought extra waiters in from Detroit to assist his own crew, but that didn't prevent Joe from pitching in and doing a little personal waiting on table. He wanted to be sure that every writer there got his stuffed squab. Personally he served three of them to Murray Lewin, boxing writer on the New York *Daily Mirror*, and Joe's laughter over the astounding appetite of Mister Lewin made the beams tremble.

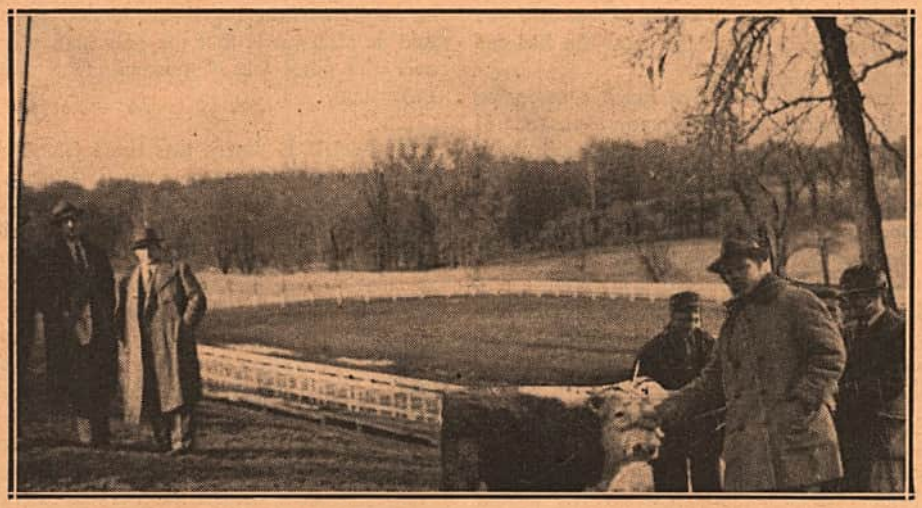
Joe moved in and around with the assurance and painstaking care of "Oscar" of the Waldorf. He served the foaming beer and helped shake the cocktails. He was playing host with a happy graciousness which made one marvel at how this one-time Alabama cotton picker had climbed up in the world.

To begin with, Mine Host Louis has a happy disposition. He is easy on the ears because he never boasts. I've yet to hear him tell me that he is going to annihilate the other fellow in the ring.

Among the guests at the dinner that day was James Joy



Mike Jacobs looks over one of Louis' prize cattle on Joe's ranch.



Newspapermen from New York, Caswell Adams and Murray Lewin, marvelling at the expanse of the Bomber's ranch on which Joe has erected a track for riding. On the right you see Louis and one of his prize cows, with "Uncle" Mike Jacobs, standing at Joe's side.

Johnston, manager of Abe Simon, who was going to fight Joe for the world's title the following night.

Johnston is a great "ribber." He deliberately sets out to nettle the opponents of his men. He tried it on Joe.

"My Abe is going to whip you tomorrow night, Joe," began Jimmy at one point. "He's going to paste the daylights out of you.

"You are supposed to fight my Bob Pastor in Los Angeles. I'm not so sure that you crave that third match with my Bob in view of the fact that he went a total of twenty-one rounds with you before you finally were able to tag him. Well, when Abe takes your title, I'm going to bring him out to Los Angeles to fight Pastor for the title which Simon is going to take away from you. It doesn't matter that I am the manager of both Pastor and Simon. They'll fight all the harder for it."

Louis listened respectfully, his dark eyes running all over Jimmy with a twinkle in them. Then Joe said:

"With yo' champion, Abe, in one corner and yo' challenger, Bob, in the other, you is going to be a mighty busy man, Mister Jim, running from one corner to the other between rounds!"

* * *

IT was a beautiful squelch and brought down the house about Johnston's ears. It took the play away from Jimmy and for once left him speechless, a miracle in itself.

Johnston didn't resume his badinage until we were all walking down the big front steps of the clubhouse, Mine Host Louis smiling and waving good-by from the porch.

Johnston turned as he reached the bottom step and yelling back to Louis, said:

"Well, so long, Joe Louis! My Abe and I will be seeing you a little after ten o'clock tomorrow night."

Quick as a flash, Mine Host came back with:

"That is, if yo' Abe and you is ABLE to see me a little after ten o'clock tomorrow night!"

Jimmy folded up like a gypsy's concertina. One of boxing's wittiest managers had been gaffed a second time by the brown giant from Alabama.

When Joe and Roxborough were looking over the 450 acres of land prior to purchasing it for $35,000, they came across a little old cabin in a wooded section of the property. An old couple were living in it. It had been their castle for many years. They explained that they sort of watched over the woods to see that forest fires never got any headway.

"We never paid any rent. We were always permitted to stay in this little shack as watchmen. If you are thinking of buying the property, I suppose that we will have to leave."

"We aims to buy the property, but we don't aim to make bother fo' you two people. You stay here as long as you like, as is," drawled Joe, and he watched their faces as fifty years of worry and toil seemed to fade away as they looked at the heavyweight champion of the world with swimming eyes, thanking him in voices that broke through sheer joy.

* * *

LOUIS and Roxbrough intend to make the dude ranch a place of recreation and happiness for all peoples. He wants to retire unbeaten as a champion and this will be his magnet. Because of his fairness and gentlemanly deportment in the ring, Joe Louis is popular, almost on a parity with Jack Dempsey. It will be an asset to the dude ranch, which must exist mainly through Joe's popularity. Of course, he is going into the breeding of cattle and hogs on a big scale.

This soon some of his beef and hogs have gone to market. The management of this department will be in capable hands. There will be the doubting Thomases, who will vow that Joe Louis never will make good as a dude ranchman. Why not? He is dead stuck on the plant. He likes The Roar Of The Crowd, as does every champion. He'll draw them to his place.

Jim Jeffries is a farmer, and a successful one. He keeps in touch with The Roar Of The Crowd at his ranch in Burbank, Cal., with his weekly amateur boxing bouts. He has his own arena, is his own referee, and his customers bring him in four or five hundred dollars a week in case there is a falling off in the price of alfalfa, a commodity for which the Jeffries ranch is famous. Jeff has taught his clients to be amateur-minded, Jim long ago having decided that the professional ranks are filled with a lot of palookas.

Perhaps Joe Louis, in the role of Mine Host, will rip a page from Jeffries' book and go in for amateur boxing shows at his ranch. He himself came from the simon-pure ranks, and his success and tremendous earning powers will inspire youngsters from all the races to enter the Joe Louis boxing tournaments at the dude ranch.

With this opportunity to learn the rudiments of the game, the chances are that Louis will be sending teams gleaned from his dude ranch to the big tournaments around the country, and they should be a convincing crowd. At least they'd have the Joe Louis fighting spirit back of them and would be factors in any man's tournament.

THERE has been a story creeping around the country this early that Louis is "broke" because he is "land poor." That is the silliest yarn which has been woven about Joe since he started on his skyrocketing to the moon. How in the world could a fighter who has cut up some $2,000,000 with his managers be broke in the first place, and how on earth could he possibly be "land poor" after throwing in his share of a $35,000 jackpot to buy 450 acres of dude ranch property?

I'd hate to have Joe Louis' bankroll in my eye overnight! Joe is not a chump with his money. He doesn't drink or smoke, and he is not hauling the night clubs out of "the red." He lives modestly, and he certainly fights often enough to keep the wolves away from his door, even if they're big, bad and hungry.

Joe never can be broke. The annuities he is accumulating will bring him comfort and a life of ease in the future, just as Max Baer is looking forward to his dividends which will give him $1,000 a month in a short time.

Louis ought to wind up being the richest heavyweight champion who ever lived, though nobody ever will find Gene Tunney passing the tin cup.

In the old days, a heavyweight champion usually followed the leader by opening a cafe. John L. Sullivan started the ball a-rolling by opening a gilded bar. John was his own best customer and the saloon, financially, crashed down upon his proud head.

Jim Corbett opened a famous place in Broadway where Sak's department store now stands at Thirty-fourth Street. Jim once told me that "Corbett's" was the first electric sign on the gay white way. It was a famous meeting place and Jim was a genial host. He had a way of making every customer who came in believe that he was his personal friend. It was in Corbett's place that Maurice Barrymore, father of the Royal Family, was stricken and removed to an asylum from which he never emerged. Barrymore was a great admirer of Corbett and whenever they met, it was always a battle of wits.

Here you see the expansive Mr. Louis breaking into a smile as he slices some turkey for Mike Jacobs and the newspapermen at his Michigan camp and tavern.

* * *

CORBETT found Barrymore in a booth, reciting lines he had used in a Lambs' Club gambol, over and over again, and instantly sensed that Barrymore's brilliant mind had collapsed. It was Corbett who gently assisted in having the great actor taken away.

Jeffries had a bar. So did Tom Sharkey, though he never was a champion. The old sailor made a fortune in the 14th Street place and blew it on the races and poor investments.

Jack Sharkey now has a tremendous bar in Boston, near the Boston Garden. He started out with his manager, Johnny Buckley, as his manager and after a while Jack bought Buckley's interest.

Jack Dempsey, perhaps, is the most successful of the pub hosts. He made a lot of money in the Jack Dempsey Restaurant in Eighth Avenue, across from Madison Square Garden. When business fell off there, Jack opened a cocktail bar and restaurant in Broadway at Forty-ninth Street, a meeting place of the world. Jack divides his time greeting his public and touring the country refereeing. He has an interest in hotels in Miami and Los Angeles.

Jim Braddock tried to parlay his popularity by opening a pub after he had been beaten by Joe Louis, yet it failed, and Jim, like Dempsey, is picking up soft money refereeing bouts around the circuit.

* * *

NATURALLY Louis will open a cafe in Detroit, where he is an idol. These places manage to run on their own momentum once the champion gets them going. Dempsey can remain away from his place for weeks at a time, yet a goodly crowd gathers there each night in the hope of seeing him in person and pinching his muscles to see if really he is human.

Dempsey, from a bashful boy from the "sticks," has become one of the best "greeters" in New York. He has learned the art of salving the customer, and often I sit with him in his Broadway place, at a side table, watching the endless queue of people moving toward his table to ask for his autograph. Jack pens them furiously with never a display of

(Continued on page 47)

MAKING THE GRADE

By FRED EISENSTADT

Danny Bartfield, a 140-pounder from New York's East Side who looms as a good prospect.

LIKE the fellow who engaged in a game of hide-and-go-seek all alone, Ted Christie easily succeeded in finding himself. Had he merely been victor over two or three mediocre boxers, the fact of his comeback would have gained little attention. It would have been just another effort of a veteran trying to recapture his vanished ring glory by defeating a few ambitious youngsters.

Now, while it is true that Ted Christie is a veteran and was knocked out by Tommy Cross at New Bedford recently in eight rounds, it is also true that he's far from being through as a fighter.

To prove it—here are the fighters Ted has polished off during the past year in which he staged his spectacular comeback: Curly St. Angelo, Tommy Forte, Bernie Manhoff, Morris Parker, Frankie Bove, Tony Brentz. He knocked out Norman Hi-Ho Silver, Tony Novello—and lightweights Al Mancini and Frankie Conn.

Beating such battlers can't be an accident. It shows that the rock-fisted Greek scrapper is still a threat to any man despite the fact that on April 22 he ran into a haymaker delivered by Cross.

"Good health," explained Christie, "has always been highly important to me. Even when I quit boxing two years ago, I still kept in good condition. You know—keeping good hours, eating wholesome food, exercising regularly. That's why, when I decided to take another fling at the fight game, I did well right at the start."

Al Barnett, his manager, takes the blame for Ted's first defeat in 15 contests prior to being stopped by Cross. It happened because Barnett is an honorable fellow. "I had agreed to permit Ted to box Freddie Archer in New Jersey—if Archer would weigh no more than 130 pounds," explained Al. "But when I saw Archer tip the beam at 142, while Christie weighed only 123, I declined to let Ted go through with the bout. But they went to work on me. They pointed out that they couldn't get a substitute; that I couldn't spoil the show by pulling Ted out. I agreed and Archer's weight and strength were too much for Ted. As for the Cross fight, Ted found his master in hitting power. Tommy caught Ted with a beauty to kayo my boy."

Ted Christie was born Miltiades Theodoros Christides in Corinth, Greece. He came to this country when 44 days old. Attended De Witt Clinton High School. Won 40 out of 43 amateur bouts, also Y. M. C. A., Metropolitan, City and State flyweight and bantamweight titles.

His father objected when he turned pro—insisting that Ted complete high school. So Christie left home to live at the Y. M. C. A. Finally reconciled to the fact that his son meant to continue as a professional prize-fighter, Mr. Christides became Ted's most ardent rooter.

During his fistic career, Ted has been victorious in 90 per cent of his battles. He has established a reputation in the Metropolitan area as being one of the best club fighters of present-day pugilists. Christie is billed: "The Greek Featherweight Champion." Ted's amazing string of consecutive victories over local-name fighters is bringing Al Barnett many offers from out-of-town promoters. Incidentally, Barnett was the original manager of former world's heavyweight champion James J. Braddock.

Norman, "Hi Ho" Silver, a sparkling East Side featherweight.

Ted Christie works as an auto mechanic. He takes time off to train when he has a fight. He is married and the proud father of a small daughter.

* * *

DANNY BARTFIELD

A NEWCOMER who boxes like an experienced fighter and has built a good following in New York, is Danny Bartfield, an East Side Hebrew, who hails from a district where many stars of the past have been developed. Danny, although beaten a few weeks ago in a thrilling battle with Monty Pignatore, a tough opponent for anyone, looms as one of New York's outstanding young prospects. Out of 26 fights at this writing, Danny has lost only two, the other being to Young Terry. When he recently fought the seasoned Joey Fontana in the Garden, Danny exhibited the brand of battling that brought him much applause

and favorable comment. His manager is Izzy Drucker, who feels certain that with another year's development, his boy will be ready for the top lads in his division.

Bartfield was born on January 14, 1920. He left fifth term high school at 17 and went to work packing tea balls. Whatever fistic ability he had acquired by the time he began to toss gloved fists as an amateur Diamond Belter, was in street battles as a public school youngster. Later he donned the padded mittens in backyard competition with neighborhood lads. Danny was 19 when, in the 135-pound class, he won six bouts, three by the kayo route.

A month later he turned pro under the guidance of Willie Harmon, good welterweight of some years back. Harmon drilled the intelligent youngster in the art of ring science—showed him the importance of stance, how to balance himself properly on his legs—a highly important matter to those who wish to become scientific boxers and not just plain sluggers. Danny was quick to pick up the finer points. Bartfield knocked out the rugged Joe Torres in the eighth round with a perfectly executed right to the chin. He also dropped Joey Fontana with his right. Other fighters who have sampled the power of Danny's wallop and dropped decisions to him are Jimmy Lancaster, Mickey LaMarr, "Texas" Lee Harper and Joe Echevarria.

It is not often that a youth with the natural ability that Danny possesses rises out of the ranks and makes such rapid headway as has Danny. He moves about the squared circle with ease and confidence, and he improves with every contest.

It must be remembered that Danny has had only 25 pro bouts in the year he has been boxing.

"I'm as serious about my boxing career as a man can be about his chosen profession," said the East Sider, sipping a glass of orange juice at the lunch counter in Stillman's gym during this interview. "So far, I have done rather well. My style of boxing seems to please those who patronize fights. I've got a fairly large following and not a bad reputation. Of course, I won't let it turn my head. Level-headedness, I understand, is a great essential in the sock exchange business."

Danny's manager, Izzy Drucker, then stepped in with a remark.

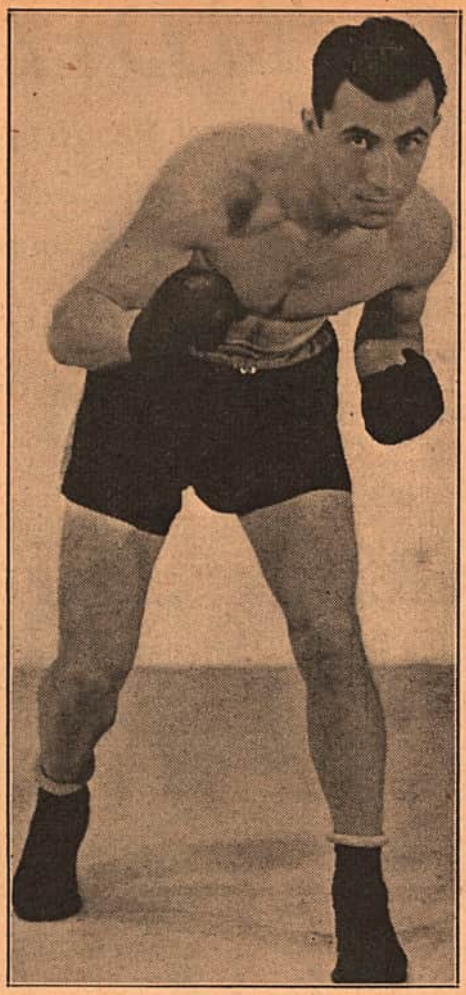
"I've been criticized for some of the matches I have made for Danny," he said. "First, many ring experts condemned me for rushing Bartfield. They thought he was not ready to fight eight rounds. They were wrong. Danny was more than ready, and proved it in all of his eight-rounders. I was in for a real roasting when I matched him with Joey Fontana. The Italian was too tough, too rugged, too experienced for Bartfield, they all said. But they seemed to forget that Danny was a clever boxer with a good punch."

Well, Bartfield won't let them forget it from now on.

* * *

NORMAN SILVERS

OF ever appearance belied ability, the handsome face and quiet manner of Norman Silvers—boxing under the colorful ring name of Norman "Hi-Ho" Silver—belies this. Even the closest scrutiny will fail to reveal any marks of the fighter on him. He is polite and soft-spoken, smooth-faced and gentle. But inside the squared ring, Norman becomes quite a different person. Calmly but deliberately he advances toward his foe and commences to batter him down to unconsciousness—or at least to batter out a victory over him. In his two years of professional boxing, Silvers has battered out victories over some up-and-coming youngsters, such as Aaron Seltzer, Joe Echevarria, Young Johnny Buff, Curly St. Angelo. Has held Charlie Costantino to a draw twice and Joey Iannotti, once. Beat Tony Brentz in eight rounds. Silver had 31 pro fights—lost but four.



Ted Christie, clever, hard hitting Greek. After many victories in comeback, he was stopped by Tommy Cross.

Norman was born on the East Side on November 21, 1919. He attended Textile High School. "Ever since I was a kid," related Silvers, "I had a desire to become a boxer. And strange as it may seem, I never got around to boxing until two years ago. I can't quite make out just why. Every time I saw a fight, I promised myself to start preparing for an entrance in the ring. Although I'd taken a commercial course at Textile and fully intended to follow that profession, I somehow started to work for my father as a soda jerker in his store at Elmhurst, Long Island, though my heart was set on boxing. Before that, my father had a collection agency—and I worked for him then, making use of my commercial course."

"How did you finally drift in the fighting business?" we inquired.

"It was funny—now that I think of it," smiled Silvers. "I got into an argument with some fresh guy. The truth is," he admitted, blushing, "the fellow called me a sissy—because of my clean-cut features and neat appearance. So I called him out into the street and there proceeded to convince him—with my fists—that he was wrong. Somebody who was acquainted with Phil Delmont, told him about my fighting ability and soon got us together. Phil lost no time in taking me in tow and instructing me in the science of boxing. That was what I'd been hungering for, and how I ate it up!"

In his three attempts as a simon-pure, Norman won two bouts and lost one. Then he began to battle as a pro. At first his efforts were crude—although earnest. Silver showed gameness and determination. Delmont, who was a crack lightweight some years back, worked with his protege. He was gentle with the kid, and patient; showed him how to jab and block jabs; how to shoot a right cross; how to punch swiftly without "telegraphing" the blow; how to fight in close or tie a man up; how to roll with a punch.

"I am patient," explained Phil, "because I know it takes longer to learn the science of boxing—the various moves and feints and ways to block—than the average person thinks it does. To become impatient is to confuse and befuddle a beginner so that his ability to learn is retarded. It's like training a thoroughbred race horse. No whip. No shouting. No abuse. A soft voice, sympathetic understanding and patient instructions can do more good in an hour than a week of abuse and hollering."

Asked if his father approves of his ring career, Norman said, "Yes—but he was opposed to it at first."

"Does he attend any of your fights?" we questioned.

"Practically every one of them," laughed the boy.

* * *

OF the three boys mentioned in this article, only two, Bartfield and Silvers are newcomers to the game. They are only a pair of many young lads in the metropolitan district who have come to the front in leaps and bounds during the past year.

Other New York boys who may shortly make the grade are Patsy Giovanelli, lightweight; Sonny Simon, lightweight; Ray Landis, lightweight; Joe Baksi and Charley Harvey, heavyweights; Hank Postaway, light-heavyweight, and Al Maggi, Greenwich Village middleweight.

Ray Robinson, who only a short time ago was listed in these columns as a prospect for making the grade, has now advanced to the front rank of contenders.

BOXERS AID MORALE

Granted Furloughs for Amateur and Pro Bouts, They Bring Publicity to the Army Service and Keep Up the Camp Interest — Fort Riley, Randolph Field, Fort Knox and Camp Blanding Have Good Talent

By ARTHUR THOMPSON

ALTHOUGH Army and Navy officials are frowning on a general practice of releasing on furlough boxers who want to engage in professional bouts, here and there exceptions are being made. It is entirely up to the commander whether such furloughs are granted, and in most cases, they are given only when the officials feel that the appearances in a pro fight of boxers stationed at their camp are beneficial to the service through the publicity obtained or because a portion of the receipts are given over to the welfare fund.

Since Al "Bummy" Davis has been shown such courtesy, the requests by others for similar favors has been high. Down at Randolph Field in Texas, one of the air stations, there are a large number of mid-western amateur boxers, and in their case the commander is using these boys to good advantage by their appearance in shows that had helped the recruiting. A half dozen of Randolph Field's best simon-pure battlers are shown on this page. The outstanding boy is James Clasby, a middleweight from Kansas, Mo., who would rather don the mitts for an amateur bout than eat. He is one of the most consistent winners on the Field's boxing team and had quite a record before he joined the service. Sam Combs, a well-built featherweight from Combs, Kentucky, is another boy who could make good as a pro if he decided to turn to the money chasers.

* * *

THE Cavalry Replacement Training Center at Fort Riley, Kansas, is another camp where a number of good boxers are stationed. Among the best of the crew is Private Michael Paulucci, known to New Yorkers as Mickey Paul, a lad who, prior to enlistment, saw action against the cream of the lightweights. He was regarded as a good trial horse for the stars.

Among the international figures who were his opponents were Bat Battalino, Lou Ambers, and Fritzie Zivic. He now scales about 150 pounds and fights in both welter and middleweight classes.

The routine at the cantonment and the regularity of outdoor drilling have done him much good. He hopes that his life in the "hoss" division and his regular hours and drills will make it possible for him to meet Al Davis for the welterweight championship of the army.

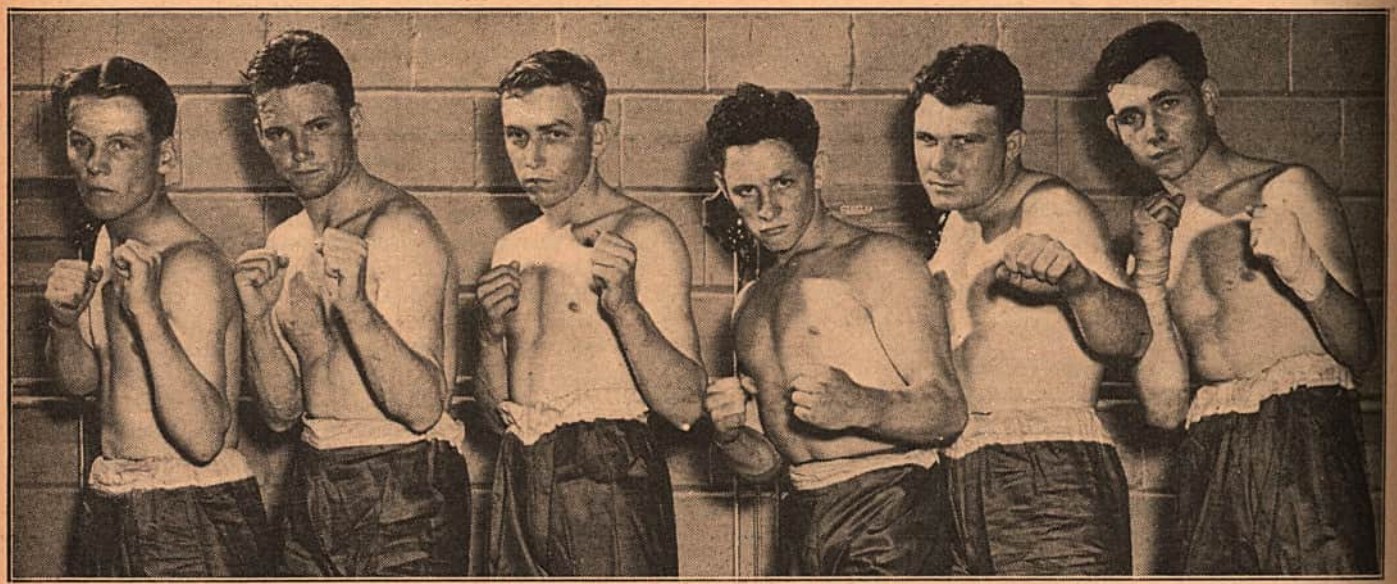
He is one of 5275 buddies who are spending their time at Fort Riley learning the fine points of modern cavalry warfare and how to sling hot lead that's even worse than the wicked left he has developed. "The fast moving cavalry tactics correspond to speedy punches," says Mickey.

Al Davis, the outstanding pro fighter in army service.

* * *

AT Fort Knox in Kentucky they have a star featherweight in Mike Raffa, a corporal who seeks a featherweight championship fight. Mike was released for a few days to enable him to box Billy Speary of Nanticoke, and in a thrilling twelve-rounder that was witnessed by 3500 fans who paid $4,100, Mike came through with a stirring victory. It was a sensational battle between two outstanding contenders and now the soldiers at Fort Knox are willing to bet their last copper that if Mike gets a chance at Champion Archibald, the camp will have its first army world title holder in its midst.

The bout was close from the viewpoint of the officials. Referee Leo Houck, Penn State boxing coach, gave each fighter five rounds, and in two he gave Raffa an edge for his aggressiveness. Judge Hugh Brislin gave each boy six rounds, and called the bout a draw, and Mike Bernstein gave Raffa seven rounds, Speary



Six of the outstanding boxers of Randolph Field, Texas. Left to right—Stanley R. White, feather; J. Sudan, Texas featherweight; Ray Rudd, Springville, Arizona, welter; Gerald Buckley, Marietta, Oklahoma, feather; Sam Combs, Combs, Kentucky, feather; James Clasby, Kansas City, Mo., middleweight, and Carlton Holler, Wichita Falls, Texas, welter.

Private Mickey Paul of Cavalry Replacement Center, Fort Riley, Kansas, a former Brooklyn, N. Y. lightweight.

three and called two rounds even.

It was also close from the spectators' viewpoint, but the fans who favored Speary were probably partisan. The *Times-Leader Evening News* sports editor gave Raffa eight rounds and gave Speary four. It was the third meeting of the featherweight rivals.

* * *

AT Camp Blanding, a former world champion, Petey Sarron, is teaching the boys how to box and, incidentally, how to use the bayonet. Petey, who held the featherweight title, which he lost to Henry Armstrong, has a bunch of boys under him who he thinks could make a cleanup against any other Eastern camp boxing team. In speaking of his work as instructor, Petey says:

"Get a man who knows how to handle himself in a boxing ring and you have a man with a pretty good foundation for bayonet work."

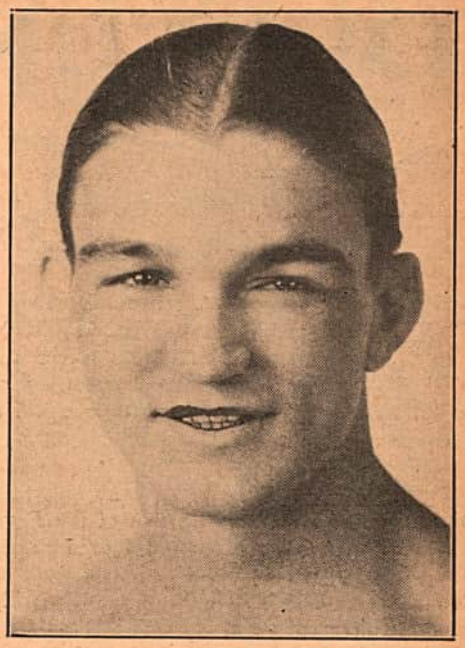
He's a corporal in the 167th Infantry with which he enlisted before the National Guard was mobilized. So well does Petey handle himself with the bayonet that he was pressed into service as an instructor and is doing commendable work.

"You take the same stance for bayonet drill as you do for boxing," says Pete, "and you come to guard with the bayonet about the same as when you face your opponent in the ring. That's why it is so easy for one who knows how to box, to become proficient in bayonet work."

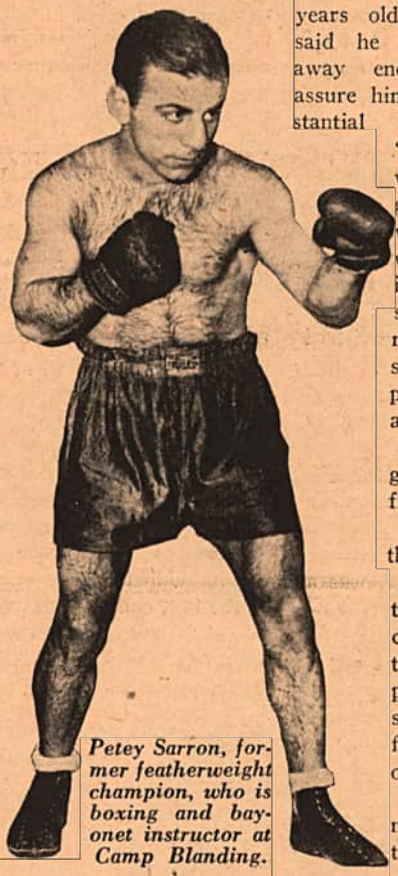
In addition to giving bayonet instruction, Petey takes his turn at the other routine workaday tasks and after hours serves as boxing instructor and matchmaker for the 31st Division.

Petey won his featherweight title in May of 1936 from Freddie Miller and defended it four times, losing the crown to Henry Armstrong in 1937. He quit boxing entirely a year ago and turned to running his health club at Birmingham, Ala.

Eddie Anderson, a star of the old school who is teaching boxing to Mid-west army men.



Now only 33 years old, Sarron said he had put away enough to assure him a substantial income, "and I wanted to get out while I was still in full possession of my faculties." At that, he fought for 17 years and in some 200 bouts, "and I was lucky in getting good purses—I made $60,000 on my tour through Australia and New Zealand alone."



Petey Sarron, former featherweight champion, who is boxing and bayonet instructor at Camp Blanding.

Petey expects the army's training program to do great things for boixng by uncovering new prospects from all parts of the country.

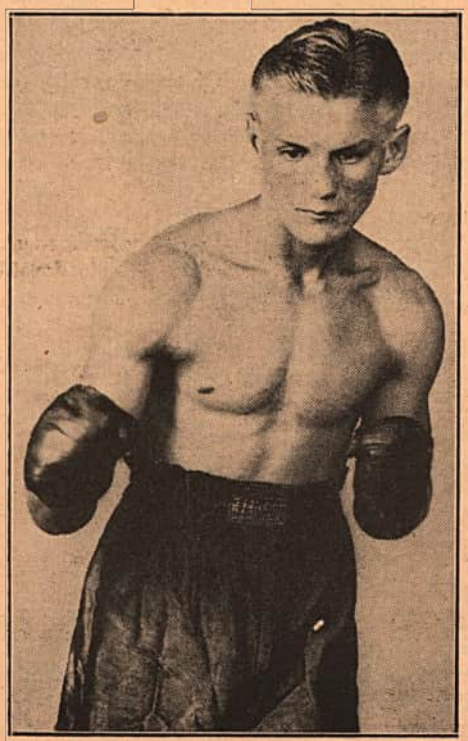
"Some of these boys are natural fighters, although they've never been in the ring before," he declared.

He pointed out that there was plenty of opportunity to discover good fighters, with the 31st Division alone conducting eight bouts weekly in each of 10 rings—a total of 80 per week. They fight for company championships, regiment championships, brigade championships and the division title. After that, they'll start fighting it out with other divisions and other branches of the service.

The smell of leather is sweet music to the ears of most service men. Somehow, there is no sport I can think of that carries such a big appeal to the boys as does boxing. Boys who never had a glove on their hands go out for boxing when the call for volunteers for amateur shows is made. Particularly true is this at the flying fields where boxing has become a regular routine of physical training. The reason for that is obvious—in no branch of the service is perfect condition so essential as in the air service and the instructors work accordingly.

Winding up his interview, Pete paid high tribute to THE RING Magazine.

"It is the boys' bible. How they eat that book up when it reaches camp. THE RING is one magazine which should be stacked at each camp post library. It is the kind of magazine that affords the type of reading the boys in camp love best."



Mike Raffa, Fort Knox featherweight, who hopes to get a crack at Champion Joey Archibald.

BOXING *in the* NAVY

Inter-Ship and Inter-Divisional Smokers Develop Good Talent in the Hawaii Fleet—Bud Adams of Battleship Mississippi, All-Navy Champion, Is a Versatile Athlete

By HARRY DWYER

THE latest ring events in Navy circles which have been crowding the fistic horizon of the forces afloat around Hawaii are the inter-ship and inter-division smokers, first of which was held by the cruiser *Concord* and the battleship *Pennsylvania*. The big ship took four out of the seven bouts carded for the evening.

In the 135-pound class, Jappy Mendez of the *Concord* took a close decision from Bud Laydon of the *Pennsylvania*. "Bamma" Pratt of the *Concord* bumped into a hard slugger in Georgie Lesich of the *Pennsylvania* and took a lot of punishment before the bout ended. Bob Roberts of the battleship and Lefty Fassett of the cruiser put on a whale of a scrap for the spectators, with the battleship entry stopped in the second heat.

Nellie Nelson of the *Pennsylvania* stopped Blackie Leavitt of the *Concord* after he had prodded the cruiser boy's midriff with stiff lefts. Just before the bell sounded for the close of the second round, Leavitt couldn't make the grade and the bout went to Nelson. Big Boy Cummings, heavyweight from the cruiser, rained terrific rights and lefts all over Howard Goerndt of the *Pennsylvania* and took aim in the second heat for what proved to be the final sock of the bout. Cummings stopped his man.

The main event between Billy Miller, 130, from the *Pennsylvania* and Kid Thompson at the same weight from the cruiser, was a honey from start to finish. Both boys cut loose with a fine array of wallops and had the 2,000 fans shouting themselves hoarse. The first and second heats were close, but Miller turned on the steam in the third and staggered his opponent several times. Like a wounded animal fighting for life, Miller unleashed a fusillade of clouts and copped the unanimous decision.

* * *

ANOTHER inter-ship smoker which drew a lot of fans was the battle of leather between the stables of the battleship *Nevada* and the aircraft carrier *Lexington*. More than 2,000 fight fans turned out to see the big carrier's knights of the gloves take four out of the six bouts.

Phil Nagel, 126-pounder from the carrier, and Wooly Wolfe of the *Nevada* opened the festivities and stepped through three fast rounds, with Nagel copping the duke. Little Barney of the *Lex* and Pat Reid of the battleship went at it hammer and tongs in the 140-pound affair, with the decision going to Reid when the last bell sounded.

Pat Boyle of the carrier easily outpointed his rival, Sum Summers of the battleship *Arizona*, in the 135-pound setto. Boyle, using a neat little bag of fistic tricks, climbed all over his opponent and at no time was there any doubt as to what the outcome would be.

David Davidson, a rangy colored lad from the carrier, and Sim Simpson of the battleship drew plenty of applause for their fine contest. The superiority of the colored scrapper was easily seen. The fans kept hollering for the kill which never came.

The heavyweight tussle between Mac McCool of the *Lexington* and Lovy Loviss of the battleship proved to be a battle of touch-and-go, with the battleship boy having the better of the argument.

In the final event between a pair of shifty heavyweights, Charley Jacobson of the carrier, and Pru Pruner of the battleship, the unorthodox style of the battleship entry had the carrier lad fooled for a time. However, he solved it and let fly a flock of potent punches which seemed to put the big ship lad on the street that leans toward dizzy alley. Pruner amassed enough points to easily be declared the winner.

ONE of the most versatile of the present Navy scrappers is Bud Adams of the battleship *Mississippi* and present All-Navy champion in the middleweight division. Bud follows all the sports, and is just as adept in slinging leather as he is in getting a half-nelson on an opponent. Baseball, basketball and rowing were his big events in former years, and his title of being the present middleweight and light-heavyweight wrestler on the *Mississippi* still stands.

At the present time, Adams is handling the *Mississippi's* boxing stable and has made quite a name for himself as a coach. In the recent amateur tournaments at Honolulu, two of Adams' boys went as far as the finals, with one of them, Hurricane Lewis, a lightweight, romping home with the award for aggressiveness.

Getting under way shortly will be the inter-division bouts between members of the crew of the flagship *Pennsylvania*. At least twenty teams have been entered and the affair has all the prospects of being a humdinger.

The bouts are all run according to the A.A.U. rules as to weights and time of bouts, but the selections for the fights between the divisions will be drawn according to the Golden Gloves arrangement, with each division's number being pulled out of the well-known hat on the day of the smokers.

Prizes are to be awarded to the winning division and also to the individual fighter who becomes champion of his class. One of the best opportunities for a youngster to show his wares inside the roped square is through the smokers as no person who has fought on the ship's boxing team in the past year is allowed to take part in the bouts.

* * *

IN accordance with arrangements completed before they joined the Naval Aviation Corps at Jacksonville, Florida, Cal Cagni, Steve Belloise, Georgie Abrams and others who enlisted for the duration of the emergency have been given furloughs to permit them to engage in professional bouts. The only member of the Army who has been given this privilege to date is Al "Bummy" Davis, who has been granted one month off to train for his return engagement with Fritzie Zivic.

Whether the furlough plan will be extended to include any other boys in the service remains to be seen. With the Navy in need for more men, and the emergency demanding all the time of the boys, the opinion in naval circles is that the special privileges granted boxers will soon be taboo through executive orders.

The ships operating about Hawaii have by far the best allotment of boxers in the naval forces. If those who don the mitts were placed in a tournament with the average fighters appearing in professional clubs, the Navy lads would have plenty of backing to carry off the major portion of the honors.

Boxing is the leading line of sports activity in the Navy. The boys, in a recent vote, decided on boxing as the form of entertainment the boys like best.

In the Navy, all that is needed to get the boys on the job is for an announcement to be made that a special boxing show will be staged, and there is a big response. Not only do the fighters answer the call in numbers, but the fans are not difficult to get. The boys in the Navy love a good scrap and you just can't keep them away when fights are in progress.

The Navy always has looked ahead when it came to training the gobs in fisticuffs. Its officers have ever been on the alert, knowing the value of boxing to the service, and that's why the Navy boasts of far more and better scrappers than does the Army. There isn't a ship afloat that hasn't a boxing team, and how the boys do scrap when once the gong sends them on their way. There'll be a big boom in pugilism when this emergency is over.

Peter Maher Best

Excelled All Claimants of Irish Heavyweight Title Who Came to America

By CLARENCE GILLESPIE

CONSIDERING the size of the Emerald Isle, it has given birth to a large number of heavyweight champion pugilists, and very many of them have come to America to show their strength and skill. For an extended period of time, every Irish heavyweight who landed on these shores related with more or less emphasis the details of how he won the heavyweight title of the Old Sod. In every truth many of these champions never won any title at all, and their performances in this country indicated clearly that they lacked championship class.

At the same time it is pertinent to call attention to the fact that many bona fide Irish champions never came across the ocean at all, and confined their fisticuffs to Ireland and England. Take for example Jack Langan, Irish champion from 1819 to 1824, who died in 1846, aged 47 years. Like nearly all title holders, he met his Waterloo late in his career. He was twice beaten by Tom Spring, the English champion, once in 77 rounds and again in 76 rounds. More than 50,000 persons attended the first meeting at Worcester, and 30,000 the final clash.

Then there was Dan Donnelly, born in Dublin in 1788. In his match with Tom Oliver at Crawley Hurst, England, July 21, 1819, Donnelly won in 34 rounds, and $500,000 was wagered on the result. The matches in which Langan and Donnelly took part were genuine Dempsey-Tunney bouts as regarded attendance and money wagered.

* * *

OF the many so-called champions of Ireland who came to America in quest of fame and dollars, a large majority were far from championship calibre, and they received little except a string of drubbings in return for their long, tiresome journeys and expenditures.

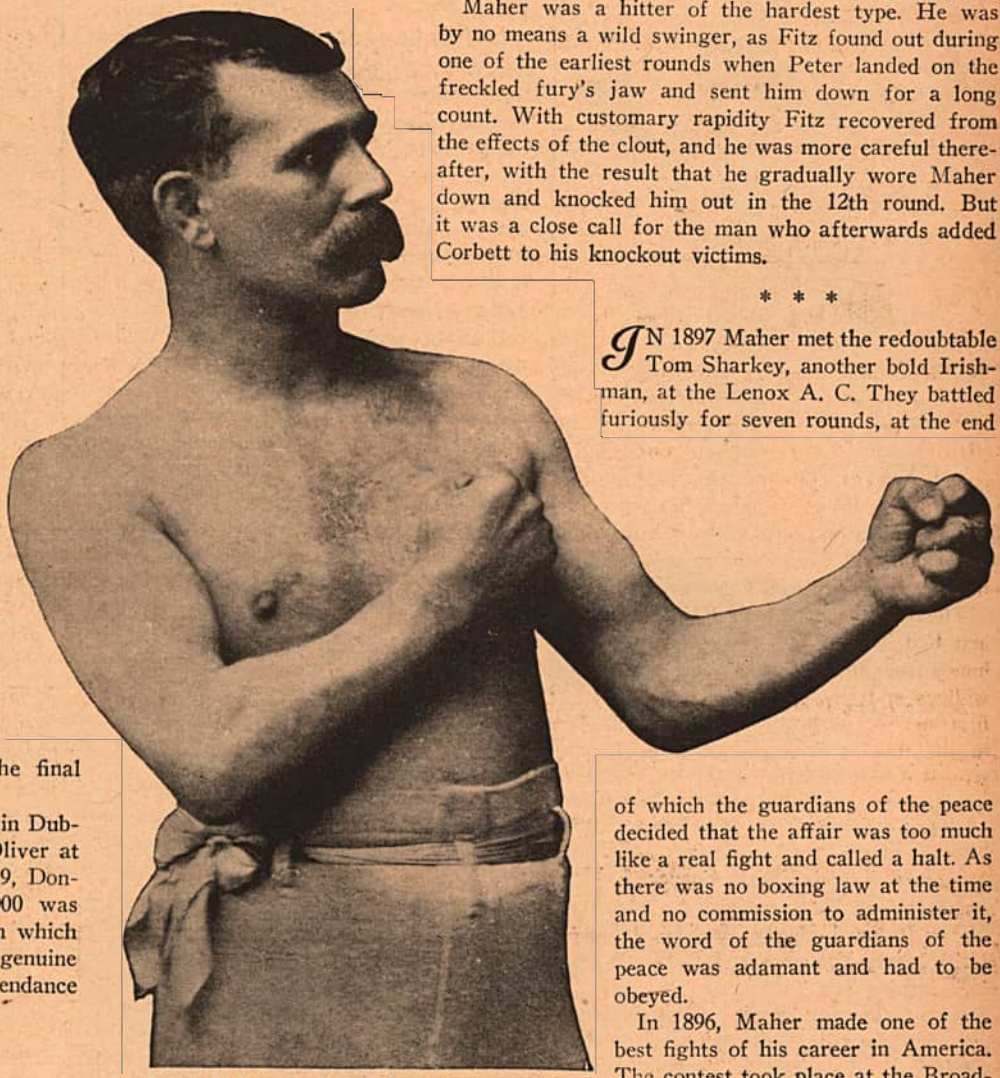
Yet there was one champion of Ireland whose title could not be questioned, and who also knocked loudly and threateningly at the doors of the American titleholders. Peter Maher, who was born at Galway, Ireland, March 16, 1869, and died in Baltimore on July 28, 1940, is the man referred to. It is questionable if Ireland ever sent to America a more formidable fighter than the tall, black mustached, and belligerent Maher. It has always been claimed by Maher's admirers that, had he been born on March seventeen, instead of sixteen, nothing could possibly have prevented him winning the world's heavyweight championship.

It probably was an unfortunate thing for Maher that his first important fight in America should have brought him into the ring with the greatest hitter of the heavyweight division at the time—Robert Fitzsimmons. On March 2, 1892, and just one year from the time he landed in New York, Maher got into the ring with the freckled Fitz at New Orleans. It was also the same year in which Corbett took the title from Sullivan.

Maher was a hitter of the hardest type. He was by no means a wild swinger, as Fitz found out during one of the earliest rounds when Peter landed on the freckled fury's jaw and sent him down for a long count. With customary rapidity Fitz recovered from the effects of the clout, and he was more careful thereafter, with the result that he gradually wore Maher down and knocked him out in the 12th round. But it was a close call for the man who afterwards added Corbett to his knockout victims.

* * *

IN 1897 Maher met the redoubtable Tom Sharkey, another bold Irishman, at the Lenox A. C. They battled furiously for seven rounds, at the end of which the guardians of the peace decided that the affair was too much like a real fight and called a halt. As there was no boxing law at the time and no commission to administer it, the word of the guardians of the peace was adamant and had to be obeyed.



Peter Maher as he looked at the height of his career.

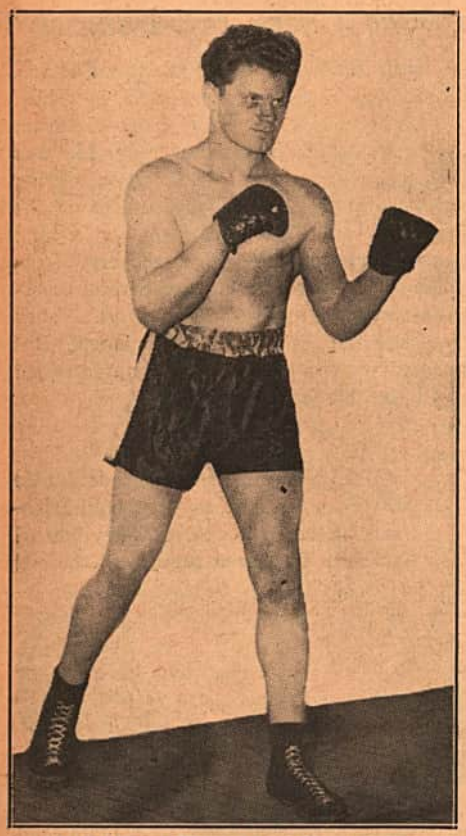
In 1896, Maher made one of the best fights of his career in America. The contest took place at the Broadway A. C. His opponent was Joe Choynski, at the time one of the best boxers and most punishing hitters in the heavyweight division. For five rounds Maher was a punching bag for Choynski, the latter using a straight left to the face with telling effect. The late Parson Davies was handling Choynski in that fight and at the close of the fifth round he told Choynski he was doing fine, and to keep right on jabbing until he had his man weak. "Then you can finish him," said Davies.

Choynski came out for the sixth round and began his jabbing tactics and Maher soon started to show signs of extreme weariness, although he kept shooting rights and lefts that the elusive Choynski ducked and sidestepped with the greatest ease. Suddenly Choynski got the idea that Maher was quite ready for the deciding punch, and he stepped in to deliver it. It was what Maher had been waiting for, and as soon as Choynski stepped in to mix it, Maher cut loose with a left hook that caught Choynski on the right jaw, and followed it with a right that crashed the left section of the jaw. Choynski went up in the air, and then he hit the floor, out for 20 seconds. Up to that time the great Choynski had a big margin on his Irish opponent. Joe was flabbergasted at the sad turn of affairs.

(Continued on page 47)

NEW FACES

By RIGHT CROSS



Maxie Katz, Waterbury, Conn., middleweight.

MAXIE KATZ

ONLY a few fighters are equally efficient in a strenuous sport other than boxing. One of these is Maxie "Red" Katz, hard fighting Waterbury, Conn., middleweight. Maxie is also a marathon runner. In addition to having won 15 marathon races, he holds the world's endurance marathon record of 44 miles. He is considering running from Waterbury to New York City advertising a food product.

In the ring, Maxie is a good two-fisted fighter. He boxes fairly well and punches with dynamite in both mitts. He kayoed eight of his twelve opponents in the amateurs and defeated the others to remain undefeated before turning pro. Some of the boys he has kayoed in the pro ranks are: Billy Conklin, 5; Frankie Roberts, 2; Tommy McGuire, 4; Romeo Ducharme, 3, and Johnny Cooper, 1. He has decisioned Tony Gillo, Rex Johnson, Johnny Leonard, Benny Maximo, Johnny Craig, Harry Brewster, and Billy Taylor, since turning pro.

Out of the ring, he is a quiet young man. He likes to fight and has to be watched in the gym to prevent overtraining. He was born January 2nd, 1919. He is managed by Ralph Gold of New York.

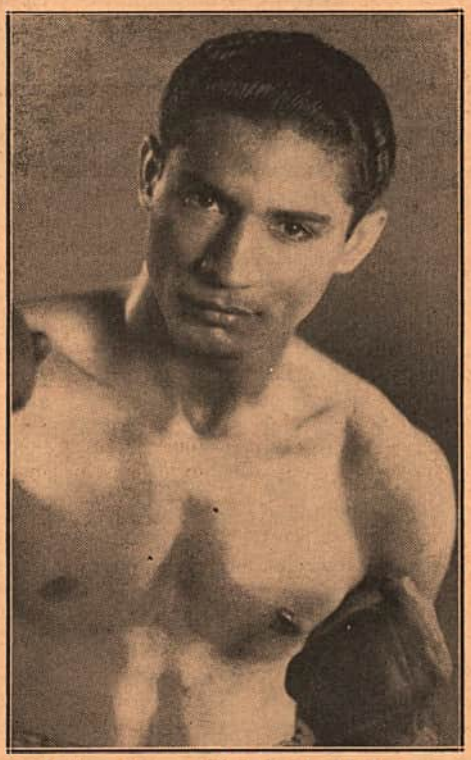
* * *

INDIAN GOMEZ

CUBA has a hard hitting middleweight in Indian Gomez, who is one of the best drawing cards on the Island. Gomez has been coming along in rapid strides and hopes soon to be fighting for the Cuban middleweight crown.

Gomez, like most of the Cuban lads, has been developed among the amateurs. He is well built, a sturdy fellow who carries a good sock and can take it. He is fearless and a fine club fighter. If it can be arranged, he hopes to make his New York debut next fall, when several other boys from the Island will be shipped north.

He is 20 years old, and since turning pro has had fourteen fights and won them all. He is managed by Manolo Fernandez, Cuba's former middleweight king. Gomez was runner up for the middleweight honors in Cuba's 1939 Golden Gloves tournament. He also was winner of one of THE RING'S belts. He is an aggressive fighter.

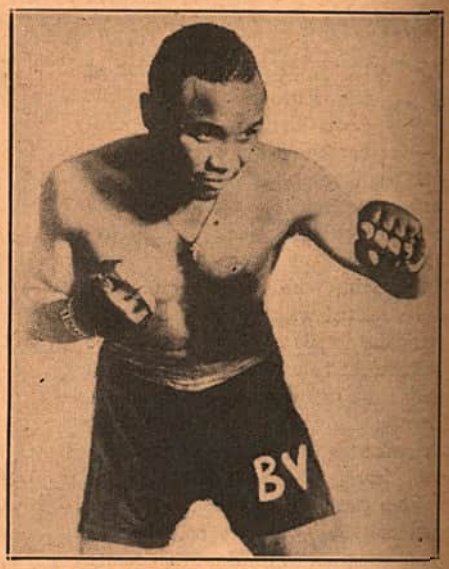


Indian Gomez, Cuba's hard hitting middleweight.

* * *

BABE VERILA

CAMP EDWARDS, Massachusetts, has a number of former boxers from New England, but one of the best is Babe Verila, former champion of that sector. Babe, who has been drafted, expects to don the mitts for his camp in army tournaments if plans that are on foot should materialize.



Babe Verila, a New Englander now in the Army.

Verila is a good club fighter, with a pleasing style and is a pretty good hitter. He was a popular boxer in New England, where he is being missed in the clubs that usually billed him. Babe is helping instruct the boys in boxing during his spare time.

* * *

PRIVATE BILLY ECK

THAT the army is an excellent training place for boxers, especially those who want to build themselves up, is evident from the report of Private Billy Eck of Camp Shelby, Mississippi. Eck, when he left Allentown where he boxed as a pro, scaled 170 pounds, yet six weeks after getting to camp, he writes that he has put on twelve pounds and now is a full fledged heavyweight.

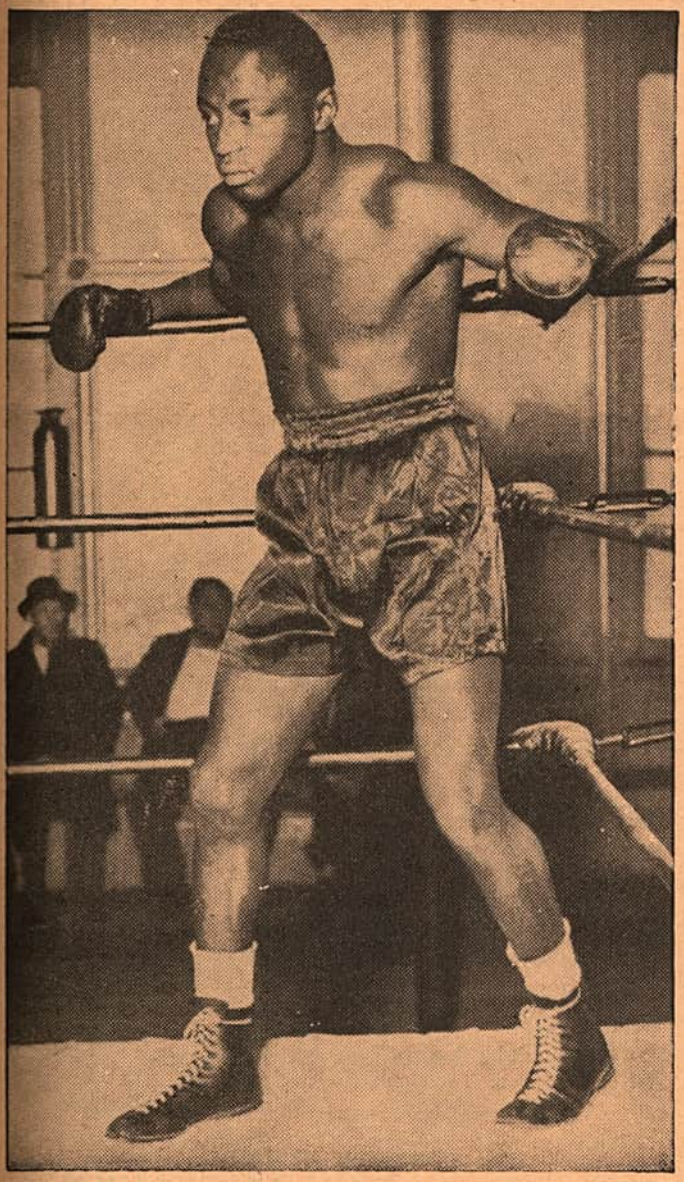
Billy, before going south, was seen in New York rings. He appeared against Charley Harvey at the Coliseum and against Hank Postaway at White Plains. He is doing quite a bit of boxing at camp, where he hopes some day to be placed as an instructor. He writes that when he gets out of the service and comes to New York again, he will have the veteran Billy Roche handle him.

* * *

RAY PRICE

ONE of the best featherweights on the Pacific Coast is Ray Price, a lad who has tackled the best and come through with many victories. At this writing, Ray has been whipped only once this year, by Larry Cisneros, in a ten-rounder at the Hollywood Club, and has won five fights. Earlier this year, he drew with Cisneros in six rounds. Then he stopped Mickey Willis in four; Lew Feldman in nine and Nick Peters in three. In his last fight on May 5, he knocked out Memo Llanos in five rounds.

The Ring Presents to Its Readers Short Biographical Sketches of Boys Who Are Making Good—Some Are Veterans, Others Novices



Ray Price, a hard hitting featherweight from California.

Ray is managed by Tommy Farmer and Johnnie Rogers. He has boxed a ten-round draw with George Latka, and among his victims are Harold Hoshino, Joey Ponce, Kent Maryinez and Joe Peralta, each of whom he beat via the decision route.

* * *

"DUSTY" BROWN

GEORGE BROWN, known as "Dusty," hails from Bethlehem, Pa. He is a featherweight with a good record. Born on April 3, 1919, he started his amateur boxing career in 1936. When he was an amateur, "Dusty" held the Third Area Corps, C.C.C., championship and in 1939 he won the Lehigh Valley title and then turned pro and has been doing well since. At one time he was rated by THE RING the best featherweight prospect.

Brown has been fighting in Pennsylvania, New England and in New York. He is a good club fighter, clever and once the battle begins, he doesn't know when to stop. He has been knocked out but once out of forty-seven fights. He is trying to get Bill Speary, conqueror of Harry Jeffra, to meet him

He is a member of the Bethlehem Boys' Club and is managed by George Sheppard.

SAMMY MAMMOME

SAMMY MAMMOME of Stamford is Connecticut's bid for fistic fame. Sammy is 21 years old and has already won the approval of the fans in southern Connecticut by the convincing style he has won his bouts. He has scored 14 wins in 17 professional bouts to date.

He has beaten Frankie Terranova, Andre Sarilla, Connie Savoy, Mickey Rand, Billy Marcus, Joe Brass, Fred DeJesus (twice), Frankie Scarfani (twice), Johnny King, and Al Holman, among others. He has been beaten by Joe Ianno, Chico Hernandez and Jackie Harris.

Private Billy Eck, a heavyweight who is at Camp Shelby, Miss.

Sammy started boxing as an amateur at the age of 16 years. He fought Joey Iannotti, whom he kayoed; Angelo Rodano, Allie Stolz, Mickey Williams, Billy and Joey Marcus, Johnny DeVore, Jimmy McBurney, Georgie Stone, and many others. He kayoed Stone, who was then the state amateur bantamweight champion, and broke his arm in the fight. He won the state bantamweight title, and also won the Westchester County Diamond Gloves championship for two consecutive years, 1937-38.

He is a very modest kid and a good golfer. He steadily shoots in the 70's and has a standing offer with the Greenwich Country Club to take a job as assistant pro when he quits fighting.

In the ring he has a savage, two-fisted attack, that always pleases the customers. He is managed by his pal, former amateur boxer Homer Foglio. Foglio, who now runs a liquor store in Stamford, played minor league ball and is a former collegiate trackman. He has great confidence that his fighter will be the third Connecticut fighter to hold the world's featherweight championship.

* * *

BAXLEY HARDY

MOVE over, fellow welterweights, and make room for the most promising fighter the commonwealth of Georgia has produced since the late W. L. Stribling was on the scene. He is 25-year-old Baxley Hardy, a southpaw with a Stuka punch, who soon will depart his native Augusta for a sojourn in Eastern rings. And, once he has landed in New York under the guidance of Manager Jimmie Calamas, Hardy is determined to go in quest of employment against the best welters the promoters have around. If, as most employers require, references are needed, Hardy will tender among others:

From W. D. McMillan's column in the Savannah (Ga.) *Morning News* (March 23rd, 1941):

"Maybe the fighter local promoters have been looking for is Baxley Hardy, who as a substitute, flattened the party named Tom Sharkey, Jr., the other night . . . . Baxley is a protege of Pinky May . . . . is a 1941 version of May, the lithe, but hard-muscled youngster the late Ed Alexander brought down from Augusta . . . . The main point of difference is that Pinky probably was a faster killer."

(Continued on page 47)

The Ring Boxing Records

By "STANLEY"

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GUS LESNEVICH

Height 5 ft. 6½ in. Light-heavyweight. Color, white.
Nationality, Polish-American.
Manager, Joe Vella.

1933—Golden Gloves Sub-Novice Champion
1934—Golden Gloves Inter-City Champion

Date		Opponent	Place	Result
		1934		
May	5	Justin Hoffman	Brooklyn	T.K.O. 2 rds.
May	19	Sid Cohen	Brooklyn	T.K.O. 3 rds.
May	29	Jimmy Calabrese	Ft. Lee	K.O. 1 rd.
June	9	Willie Klein	Brooklyn	W. 6 rds.
June	23	Roy Frisco	Brooklyn	W. 6 rds.
July	23	Tony Klaib	Jersey City	K.O. 2 rds.
Sept.	13	Nicky Williams	Jersey City	W. 6 rds.
Sept.	22	Charlie Weise	Brooklyn	W. 6 rds.
Oct.	3	Mark Hough	Brooklyn	W. 6 rds.
Nov.	3	Tom Chester	Brooklyn	W. 6 rds.
Nov.	24	Jackie Aldare	Brooklyn	L. 6 rds.
Dec.	8	Stan Willardson	Brooklyn	W. 6 rds.
Dec.	29	Jackie Aldare	Brooklyn	W. 8 rds.
		1935		
Jan.	12	Bucky Lawless	Brooklyn	K.O. 2 rds.
Feb.	2	Jackie Aldare	Brooklyn	W. 8 rds.
Mar.	2	John Anderson	Brooklyn	W. 8 rds.
Mar.	22	John Anderson	New York	D. 8 rds.
Apr.	12	Mark Hough	Brooklyn	W. 8 rds.
May	2	Charley Weise	Brooklyn	W. 8 rds.
May	25	Tony Celli	Brooklyn	W. 8 rds.
Dec.	17	Butch Lynch	Newark	W. 10 rds.
		1936		
Feb.	4	Eddie Kid Whalen	New Jersey	K.O. 5 rds.
Mar.	16	Frankie Caris	Newark	D. 10 rds.
Apr.	13	Frankie Caris	Newark	W. 10 rds.
May	12	Sammy Christian	Los Angeles	W. 6 rds.
May	30	Lou Rogers	Hollywood	K.O. 1 rd.
Aug.	21	Ray Actis	Hollywood	W. 10 rds.
Oct.	9	Carmen Barth	Hollywood	W. 10 rds.
Oct.	23	Marty Simmons	Hollywood	D. 10 rds.
Nov.	4	Young Stuhley	San Francisco	K.O. 9 rds.
Nov.	17	Freddie Steele	Los Angeles	K.O. by 2 rds.
		1937		
Feb.	20	Tony Celli	New York	W. 8 rds.
Mar.	12	Young Corbett	San Francisco	K.O. by 5 rds.
June	22	Young Stuhley	Los Angeles	W. 10 rds.
Aug.	24	Attilio Sabatino	San Francisco	W. 10 rds.
Sept.	3	Alabama Kid	San Francisco	W. 10 rds.
Oct.	5	Allan Matthews	Seattle	D. 10 rds.
Nov.	19	Herbie Katz	New York	W. 10 rds.
		1938		
Jan.	7	Joey Parks	St. Louis	D. 10 rds.
Feb.	8	Ben Brown	Miami Beach	W. 10 rds.
Feb.	24	Jack Kirkland	Miami Beach	K.O. 1 rd.
Mar.	23	Lou Brouillard	New York City	W. 10 rds.
June	1	Buddy Ryan	West New York	W. 10 rds.
June	16	Stanley Hasrato	West New York	K.O. 1 rd.
Nov.	3	Ron Richards	Sydney, Aust.	L. 15 rds.
Dec.	15	Ambrose Palmer	Sydney, Aust.	W. 15 rds.
		1939		
Jan.	19	Alabama Kid	Sydney, Aust.	K.O. 9 rds.
Feb.	2	Bob Olin	Sydney, Aust.	W. 12 rds.
May	15	Larry Lane	Trenton, N. J.	W. 10 rds.
June	22	Dave Clark	Nutley, N. J.	K.O. 1 rd.
Nov.	17	Billy Conn	New York City	L. 15 rds.
		(For Light-heavyweight Title)		
		1940		
Jan.	1	**Dave Clark**	Detroit	W. 10 rds.
June	5	Billy Conn	Detroit	L. 15 rds.
		(For Light-heavyweight Title)		
July	22	Wally Sears	Garfield, N. J.	W. 10 rds.
Sept.	5	Henry Cooper	Garfield, N. J.	K.O. 5 rds.
Nov.	23	Al Delaney	Brooklyn	L. 8 rds.
Dec.	16	Jack Marshall	Newark	K.O. 4 rds.
		1941		
Feb.	27	Nathan Mann	Detroit	W. 10 rds.
May	22	Ant. Christoforidis	New York City	W. 15 rds.
		(For N.B.A. Light-heavyweight Title)		

JIMMY BIVINS

Cleveland, Ohio. Weight, 172 pounds.
Managed by Charles Shane, Jr.

		1940		
Jan.	15	Emory Morgan	Cleveland	K.O. 1 rd.
Feb.	12	Tito Taylor	Chicago	W. 6 rds.
Feb.	26	Joe Sutka	Chicago	W. 8 rds.
Mar.	18	Joe Sutka	Chicago	W. 8 rds.
Mar.	27	Tiger Flowers, Jr.	Cleveland	K.O. 3 rds.
Apr.	8	Nate Bolden	Chicago	W. 8 rds.
Apr.	15	Johnny Dean	Cleveland	K.O. 3 rds.
Apr.	25	Enzo Iannozzi	Cleveland	K.O. 1 rd.
May	13	Paul Frazier	Chicago	K.O. 1 rd.
June	13	Homer Jackson	Pittsburgh	K.O. 1 rd.
June	24	Frankie Hughes	Chicago	W. 8 rds.
July	1	Mose Brown	Pittburgh	W. 6 rds.
July	15	Paul Frazier	Chicago	W. 8 rds.
Aug.	5	Johnny Barbara	Chicago	K.O. 2 rds.
Sept.	3	Charley Burley	Pittsburgh	W. 10 rds.
Sept.	9	Johnny Barbara	Chicago	K.O. 7 rds.
Sept.	23	Larry Kellum	Pittsburgh	K.O. 1 rd.
Oct.	22	Vince Pimpinella	Cleveland	W. 10 rds.
Nov.	15	A. Christoforidis	Cleveland	W. 10 rds.
Dec.	2	A. Christoforidis	Cleveland	L. 10 rds.
		1941		
Mar.	5	Teddy Yarosz	Cleveland	W. 10 rds.
Mar.	23	Pete Tamalonis	Cleveland	K.O. 1 rd.
Apr.	2	Buddy Knox	Cleveland	W. 10 rds.

MARTY SERVO

Born November 9, 1919, Schenectady, N. Y.
Nationality, Italian-American
(Cousin of Lou Ambers)
Managed by Al Weill. Weight, 140 pounds

		1938		
Jan.	8	George Hall	Washington	W. 6 rds.
Feb.	12	Eddy Voccia	Brooklyn	K.O. 2 rds.
Feb.	29	Joe Coskey	Amsterdam	K.O. 2 rds.
Apr.	17	Monty Pignatore	New York City	W. 6 rds.
May	27	Eddy Voccia	Brooklyn	K.O. 1 rd.
June	29	Al Ragone	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Aug.	12	Tommy Fontana	New York City	W. 6 rds.
		1939		
Jan.	3	Vince DeMarco	New York City	K.O. 3 rds.
Jan.	10	Eddie Barton	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Jan.	16	Joe Sole	Washington	K.O. 4 rds.
Feb.	6	Martin Riley	Providence	W. 6 rds.
Feb.	14	Tommy Fontana	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Feb.	21	Frankie Parcia	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Mar.	14	Joe Garvey	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Mar.	24	Tony Giello	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Apr.	20	Lloyd Lasky	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Apr.	25	Lloyd Lasky	Queens, N. Y.	K.O. 1 rd.
May	2	Al Gillette	Hartford	K.O. 2 rds.

Date	Opponent	Place	Result
May 8	Frankie Rayo	Brooklyn	W. 6 rds.
May 12	Frankie Rayo	Brooklyn	W. 6 rds.
May 16	Mike Angeri	Hartford	K.O. 5 rds.
July 7	Larry Esposito	Kingston	W. 6 rds.
July 11	Geo. Dusty Brown	Hartford	W. 8 rds.
July 25	Young Chappie	Hartford	W. 8 rds.
Aug. 8	George Salamone	Hartford	W. 8 rds.
Aug. 15	Martin Reilly	Hartford	W. 8 rds.
Sept. 12	Bobby Ivy	Hartford	W. 8 rds.
Oct. 10	Jerry Zulu	Hartford	W. 8 rds.
Dec. 1	Joe Torre	Madison Garden	D. 6 rds.
	1940		
Jan. 16	Joe Marcenti	Hartford	K.O. 3 rds.
Jan. 24	Lenny Mancini	Garden	D. 6 rds.
Apr. 15	Willie Andrews	Holyoke	W. 8 rds.
Apr. 26	Don De Santis	Boston	W. 6 rds.
May 10	Maurice Arnault	Garden	W. 6 rds.
July 25	Eddie Zivic	Hartford	K.O. 6 rds.
Sept. 16	Lou Fortuna	Philadelphia	W. 8 rds.
Oct. 21	Billy Maher	Philadelphia	W. 10 rds.
	1941		
Feb. 14	Mistos Grispos	Hartford	W. 10 rds.
Feb. 28	Freddie Archer	Garden	W. 6 rds.
Mar. 3	Billy Bullock	Philadelphia	K.O. 4 rds.
Apr. 14	Danny Falco	Philadelphia	W. 8 rds.
Apr. 22	Bill Duffy	Hartford	W. 8 rds.
May 29	Billy Davis	Philadelphia	W. 10 rds.

JIMMY LETO

Born in Bayonne, N. J., Nov. 27, 1912.
Height 5 ft. 5½ in.; Weight, welter.
Manager, Al Weill.

	1931		
Aug. 1	Eddie Bond	Tampa	K.O. 2 rds.
Aug. 9	Mickey Fowles	Miami	K.O. 8 rds.
Sept. 9	Joe Rodriguez	Tampa	K.O. 1 rd.
Sept. 16	Joe Plescis	Tampa	K.O. 2 rds.
Sept. 25	Kid Ronca	Tampa	K.O. 1 rd.
Oct. 1	George Brown	Tampa	K.O. 1 rd.
Oct. 14	Saturnina Tiberin	Tampa	W. 8 rds.
Nov. 11	Eddie Mitchell	St. Petersburg	W. 8 rds.
Dec. 4	Charlie Webber	St. Petersburg	W. 8 rds.
Dec. 18	Cliff Greenwood	Tampa	W. 6 rds.
	1932		
Jan. 15	Cliff Greenwood	Tampa	K.O. 2 rds.
Mar. 1	Billy Hood	St. Petersburg	K.O. 6 rds.
Mar. 21	Charlie Webber	Sarasota	D. 10 rds.
Apr. 8	George Harman	Tampa	K.O. 2 rds.
Apr. 21	Jackie Davis	Miami	L. 10 rds.
	(Only Loss)		
May 22	Eddie Mitchell	Miami	K.O. 4 rds.
June 24	Gus Campbell	Jacksonville	W. 10 rds.
July 19	Jackie Mason	Tampa	W. 10 rds.
Aug. 11	Ramon Perez	St. Petersburg	W. 10 rds.
Sept. 6	Tommy Jones	Tampa	W. 10 rds.
Sept. 21	Tod Smith	St. Petersburg	K.O. 4 rds.
Sept. 27	Tommy Jones	Tampa	W. 10 rds.
Oct. 22	Florenzo Baeza	Tampa	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 7	Stan Loayza	Miami	W. 10 rds.
Dec. 9	Gus Campbell	Miami	W. 10 rds.
Dec. 20	Tommy Beck	Miami	K.O. 4 rds.
	1933		
Jan. 23	Marty Hauk	Tampa	K.O. 7 rds.
	(First Fight in North)		
Feb. 27	Baby Jack Renault	Holyoke	D. 8 rds.
Mar. 6	Pancho Villa	Holyoke	W. 10 rds.
Mar. 20	Georgie Salvadore	Holyoke	W. 10 rds.
Mar. 27	Solly Ritz	Holyoke	K.O. 2 rds.
Apr. 10	Victor Lotti	Holyoke	W. 10 rds.
Apr. 24	Frankie Carlton	Holyoke	W. 10 rds.
May 8	Cocoa Kid	Holyoke	W. 10 rds.
June 5	Paris Apice	West Springfield	W. 10 rds.
July 10	Stan Loayza	West Springfield	W. 10 rds.
July 17	Herman Perlick	Hartford	W. 10 rds.
July 25	Wesley Ramey	Hartford	D. 10 rds.
Aug. 25	Steve Halaiko	West Springfield	W. 10 rds.
Oct. 2	Steve Halaiko	Holyoke	K.O. 7 rds.
	1934		
Jan. 19	Johnny Lucas	Miami	L. 10 rds.
Feb. 5	Johnny Jadick	Holyoke	W. 10 rds.
Mar. 26	Lou Raymond	Holyoke	W. 10 rds.
Apr. 9	Benny Bass	Philadelphia	K.O. by 3 rds.
June 18	Lou Ambers	Hartford	D. 10 rds.
July 11	Harry Dublinsky	Brooklyn	L. 10 rds.
Aug. 21	Jackie Davis	Hartford	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 26	Bat Battalino	Hartford	W. 10 rds.
	1935		
Feb. 4	Fritzie Zivic	Holyoke	W. 10 rds.
Feb. 25	Billy McMahon	Holyoke	W. 10 rds.
Apr. 25	Cocoa Kid	New Haven	W. 10 rds.
May 20	Lou Lombardi	Holyoke	W. 10 rds.
July 29	Benny Bass	Hartford	W. 10 rds.
Aug. 19	Izzy Jannazzo	Brooklyn	W. 10 rds.
Aug. 27	Irish Eddie Brink	Holyoke	W. 10 rds.
Sept. 10	Joe Rossi	Brooklyn	W. 10 rds.
Sept. 30	Harry Dublinsky	New York City	W. 10 rds.
	1936		
Feb. 24	Mickey Makar	Miami Beach	W. 10 rds.
Apr. 3	Baby Miller	Tampa	W. 10 rds.
June 29	Caspar La Rosa	Hartford	W. 10 rds.
July 13	Mike Barto	Pittsburgh	K.O. 1 rd.
July 22	Cleto Locatelli	Brooklyn	W. 10 rds.
Aug. 12	Gustave Eder	Brooklyn	K.O. by 9 rds.
Sept. 14	Phil Furr	Washington	W. 10 rds.
Oct. 19	Johnny Jadick	Washington	W. 10 rds.
Oct. 29	Johnny Bellus	Miami	D. 10 rds.
Nov. 13	Saverio Turiello	New York City	W. 8 rds.
	1937		
Mar. 30	Jack Carroll	Australia	L. 15 rds.
Apr. 22	Alf Blatch	Sydney	L. 5 rds.
Aug. 2	Midget Mexico	Philadelphia	K.O. 4 rds.
Oct. 29	Frankie Blair	New York City	L. 8 rds.
	1938		
Jan. 19	Jack Carroll	Sydney, Aust.	L. 15 rds.
Feb. 22	Jack Carroll	Melbourne, Aust.	L. 15 rds.
Apr. 26	Jack McNamee	Sydney, Aust.	W. 10 rds.
May 5	Darky Abbott	Newtown, Aust.	K.O. 6 rds.
May 9	Johnny Foster	Auburn, Aust.	K.O. 4 rds.
Aug. 19	Yg. Peter Jackson	Hollywood	W. 10 rds.
Oct. 21	Mickey Makar	Holyoke	K.O. 5 rds.
Nov. 14	Phil Furr	Holyoke	W. 10 rds.
Dec. 12	Mickey Makar	Holyoke	L. 10 rds.
	1939		
Jan. 23	Mickey Makar	Holyoke	K.O. 3 rds.
Feb. 13	Tommy Bland	Holyoke	D. 10 rds.
Feb. 17	Mike Kaplan	Boston	L. 10 rds.
Mar. 31	Ralph Zannelli	Boston	W. 10 rds.
May 22	Tommy Bland	Holyoke	K.O. 3 rds.
June 20	Charley Burley	Pittsburgh	W. 10 rds.
Aug. 28	Charley Burley	Pittsburgh	L. 10 rds.
Oct. 9	Al Gauthier	Holyoke	K.O. 8 rds.
Oct. 17	Milo Theodorescu	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Nov. 27	Dem Wakerlis	Holyoke	D. 10 rds.
Dec. 11	Frankie Cavanna	Holyoke	W. 10 rds.
	1940		
Jan. 22	Danny Devlin	Holyoke	W. 10 rds.
Feb. 8	George Martin	Boston	K.O. 6 rds.
Mar. 18	Milo Theodorescu	Hartford	W. 10 rds.
May 27	Frankie Terry	Holyoke	K.O. 6 rds.
June 13	Saverio Turiello	Hartford	W. 10 rds.
July 8	Cocoa Kid	Baltimore	L. 10 rds.
Oct. 3	Eddie Dolan	Waterbury	L. 10 rds.
Nov. 11	Cocoa Kid	Baltimore	K.O. 3 rds.
Dec. 9	Chalky Wright	Baltimore	W. 10 rds.
	1941		
Jan. 20	Georgie Abrams	Baltimore	L. 10 rds.
Apr. 2	Billy Connerty	Bridgeport	K.O. 5 rds.
Apr. 14	Izzy Jannazzo	Baltimore	L. 15 rds.
May 6	Wicky Harkins	Hartford	L. 10 rds.
May 23	Holman Williams	Washington	L. 6 rds.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

I GOT quite a kick out of Ted Carroll's article on the science of punching. Jack Johnson tickles me silly with his constant screaming about stance. I notice that in this issue he offers the theory that one must have the right foot pointed away from the body, at right angle to the left foot, in order to box properly. I wish I were as old as Jack, because I'll bet dollars to doughnuts that, if I had seen Bob Fitzsimmons box, I'd be able to tell Johnson that Fitz never stood that way.

If he had, he'd never have been the right hand puncher they say he was. I defy Jack Johnson or anyone else to get any ginger into a right cross without getting that right foot around where some driving power can be had from it. The right foot, say I, (and I admit I am a mere Johnny Come Lately), must be pointed almost directly forward for the maximum leverage in a right hand smash.

I will admit that it is possible to stand *a la* Johnson and still be a good right hand puncher, though. All you have to do is turn that foot around and redistribute your balance before you hit. But that is an utter waste of time, and, as you know, it is fatal to waste time in the ring.

Many great right hand punchers get a slight pivot into their right foot as they punch, but, to begin with, the foot is only at about a 30 degree angle. You show me a fellow who stands with his right foot at right angle to his left and I'll show you a "cutie" with a fine left hand, a good short right uppercut, and no right cross. From what I have heard of Johnson, that describes him well.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed. If you have a letter of general interest, send it along and we will publish it under your name in "Letters from Our Readers." Don't hesitate. Write now.

Barney Ross used to carry his right foot like that, and you know he never could knock your hat off with a right hand, but had a swell left hook. Benny Leonard was a great two fisted puncher because—as Johnson even says in this article—he was well balanced, on the balls of his feet for maximum leverage, and because his right foot was pointed ahead, and left foot likewise.

Look at your good right hand punchers today—Lem Franklin, Joe Louis, Lew Jenkins, Cleveland Jackie Wilson. Do they have that right foot stuck out toward the right?

Still pursuing Mr. Johnson—I insist that every really fine orthodox boxer I have seen in my brief ten or fifteen years around boxing kept his right foot pointed ahead, or at a slight angle. The right-foot-out boys are the cuties. But the fine boxers, the really fine boxers like Al Nettlow, Holman Williams, California Jackie Wilson, Chalky Wright, Allan Matthews, Lou Salica, and that breed, keep the right foot where it belongs, so that they can move in and out. They are not the grabbers, the tier-uppers, the clinchers, the cuties. They are the boys who hit cleanly and move nicely. Am I right?

Joe Louis throws his punches perfectly. He has the greatest left hooks I have ever seen. His right cross is almost perfect. But I bet he couldn't explain one of those punches. Young Griffo was supposed to have been the greatest defensive boxer of all time. I wonder if he knew why, or how come? He just DID those things because he came by them naturally.

Yessir, give me a nice young boxer who hits sharply and cleanly and moves nicely and knows something about opening a man up; let me heed Jack Johnson's advice and make that young boxer turn his right foot outward and I promise you I'll cut down on that fighter's speed at least 50%, will ruin that nice right cross he had, and will generally hurt his prospects.

Or, on the other hand, give me a fair young fighter who complains that he can't get out of his own way and has a devil of a time trying to throw a right hand, and I'll show you that his trouble lies right in his feet, and most usually in his right foot.

Anyhow, I want to compliment you on the article, as it might help dispel the false theory that punchers are born and cannot be made. Maybe Jack Johnson was all wet, and maybe he was not, but he at least raised several questions which might lead a thinking man to a rediscovery of the long-buried fact that, if a fighter is properly balanced, and has his feet correctly aligned, he is well on his way to becoming a puncher.

We should run more of that kind of article, Nat. One of the main troubles with boxing today, I believe, is lack of proper instruction.

DICK CARTER,
Kansas City, Kansas.

* * *

IN a recent issue you were quite emphatic in describing Harry Greb as one of the world's greatest. I'll go along with you on that. I knew Greb when he was a kid living up on "Garfield Hill" in Pittsburgh.

Now, let's consider Greb in connection with Joe Louis' future reputation. On the basis of Greb's past, Joe Louis ought to become a legend; a sort of combination of Gargantua, Paul Bunyan, John L. Sullivan and Genghis Khan.

I remember many of Pittsburgh's fight "experts" who derided Greb and considered him a joke fighter. In those early days, Greb would fight two and three times a week. He and a fighter named Whitey Wenzel used to meet on an average of once a month. All the local critics who suggested a successful future for "Ickey," as Greb was known to his pals, were laughed at. So when the "experts" of today run down and belittle Joe Louis, there's no use of getting excited. Greb's most stalwart booster could never claim Greb was as great a performer as Joe Louis, although we all know Harry was mighty good. Such being the case, Joe Louis, with his amazing string of knockouts against the whole field certainly ought to loom large in the future, when one considers how Greb now rates. Best regards.

L. D. B.,
Bethlehem, Pa.

* * *

I WAS very sorry I did not get to see you before you left Wichita. Most of the fans I talked to, stated you were tops as a referee. Nat, I want you to know that your presence in Wichita certainly helped boxing in a big way. I also want you to know that you made a host of new friends and new readers for your great magazine, and I feel certain that you will always be welcomed back to Wichita.

Nat, I am sending you a few gold nuggets I picked up on my vacation last summer. Put them away with your collection of watches. Good luck and continued success.

DICK RUSSELL,
Denver, Colorado.

* * *

I AM 18 years old and up until 3 months ago I had never witnessed a boxing bout. Since that time, however, I have been to see 14 bouts, including two trips to Madison Square Garden.

I attribute this interest to THE RING Magazine which has kept me informed on fights and fighters for the past two months. I am sorry that I hadn't bought RING Magazine before this time. However, through your two latest magazines I am able to talk with older people about all men in the fight game.

I look forward to each new magazine and use them for reference. I find that your magazine is very useful in the many arguments we have about boxing in general.

I liked the stories on Frawley Law fighters and Walker Law. I also like Eddie Borden's "Corner in the Fistic Market" and look forward to his monthly selection. All in all, I think that THE RING is the best publication on boxing.

HERB POSTEL,
Kearny, N. J.

I LIKE boxing and to me THE RING is the best magazine I have ever read. It certainly is very welcome up here. But now to get to the point. In your May issue you printed a letter from Mr. Vincent Woodbury of San Antonio, Texas. Mr. Woodbury seems to think that Louis ranks just about at the peak of heavyweights, past and present. Perhaps he is the best of today, but I fail to see how any stretch of imagination can possibly rank him above such men as Corbett, Jeffries, Johnson, etc. Jeffries is pictured as "slow and plodding." I believe that the "Boilermaker" was quite fast. There is no doubt as to his ability to take a punch, and he was a very solid hitter.

Mr. Woodbury thinks that Corbett, the boxer, would have stood little chance against the champion. Well, Jim was the cleverest fighter in the history of boxing. A fast, elusive man he was, and Louis would have little idea what was going on.

Fitz is called slow. True it is that his punch was his chief asset, but the old fellow could really move when the occasion arose, and it is my belief that he could hit fully as hard.

Perhaps all Dempsey did know was a rushing, slam-bang type of battle. He wasn't the greatest defensive fighter in the world but he took punishment well, his recuperative powers were amazing and his punch, well, everybody knows about that. In his own words "he would have rushed Louis off his feet, never once letting him get set."

Well, I've never thought highly of Joe as a champion. His power is well known; he's a good defensive boxer and he's game enough; but those things alone will not make a fighter great. Louis is magnificent against the man who stands up to him toe to toe and slugs it out. At present there is no man living who can beat Louis at that game. As soon, however, as he faces a crafty, cunning opponent who knows there is more to fighting than just swinging, he gets into trouble. Yes, he wins, but does he look impressive? Joe is a willing fighter. They all look alike to him and he doesn't mind facing any one. But look at the ones he has met and compare them with those whom Dempsey and others had faced in their fighting careers.

Such immortals as Fitz, Dempsey, Corbett, Peter Jackson, Sam Langford, among others, would have taken Joe into camp. At least that is my opinion. Then how about Kid McCoy and Stanley Ketchel? McCoy would have made Joe miss by a mile every time the Bomber would have attempted to toss his Sunday punch, and as for Ketchel, look how he fought Jack Johnson, and surely Jack was a better all around man than Louis. Mr. Woodbury knows his boxing. No doubt about that. But I think he overrates Joe and has slipped up considerably in his rating of the past masters of the art.

KENNETH SNOW,
Marine Detachment, Naval Air Station,
Argentia, Newfoundland.

* * *

YOUR article in the latest issue of THE RING, concerning amateur boxing in Kansas and in the National tourney at Boston, is sickening. It proves what I and a number of my friends have known about you for a long time—you are a Negro admirer. You just love the Negro race. Have you no pride?

I and my large group of men who read your book in Cleveland, have vowed that the last copy of THE RING is the very last we'll ever look at. We are through with you and your publication. For every colored reader you gain through your articles on the Negroes and your praise of them, you will lose six times as many of the white race. I have been following boxing for many years, but never have I known a white man to kowtow in his writing to the colored race as you do. Shame on you!

As for the success of your tournaments, ask Archie Ward what he said when Cleveland sent four Negroes to his Chicago tournament and Detroit had eight entered. Of course, you won't dare print this letter. You're afraid it might hurt your prestige with the Negroes and the whites will quit reading your book.

M. R. A., a White reader,
Cleveland, O.

(Thanks, old pal. Whenever I'm dared, I usually take up that dare, because it is the coward who attacks me as you have in the filthy portions of your letter that I have deleted to enable this book to reach the tables of those who love fair play and sportsmanship, who is afraid to write his name and give his address so that I can write to him personally, and perhaps, turn his dirty, gutter talk over to the Postal authorities for action. I favor no race. I am for all. We open THE RING *columns to every deserving fighter no matter what race, color or creed. It is men of your low type, ill-bred, ill-mannered, men with vile tongues and contempt in their hearts for their fellow men, who have brought woe to this world.)*—EDITOR'S NOTE.

* * *

THE last edition of THE RING was swell, but where, oh where, were the questions from the readers? I learn a lot from that section of your wonderful edition. Do not discontinue it.

You have always regretted the lack of public recognition of Joe Louis as a great champion. Here is my idea on the whole thing: Sports columnists and story writers are always referring to some phase of the fight game as not being as honest as could be. Sports writers stress bygone instances where there possibly was some pre-arrangement made before the contestants entered the ring.

With such reading as that to fill their minds, and with mediocre contenders being ballyhooed to the high heavens, only to be flattened at will when they meet any real opposition, is it any wonder that the public is a little skeptical? They are fooled so much that they have a hard time recognizing the "real McCoy."

Now that I've had my say about the fight game, let me say your bookstore gives the promptest service I have ever received anywhere. I have sent three orders, received two with the return mail and my money was promptly refunded on what you did not have on hand.

Has Pedro Montanez retired? What became of Joe Walcott and Battling Nelson?

What was your biggest disappointment and biggest thrill in seeing a fight?

Best wishes, "the butcher boy."

AUBRY MAYSE,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

* * *

I AM enclosing fifty cents for which please send me a copy of your latest book, "The Flaming Ben Hogan." I am resting assured that it is a fine volume. I have never yet been disappointed in any of your books. I have quite a collection of biography by some of the world's foremost biographers. Yet, the most inspiring biography ever written, in my opinion, is your own "Gene Tunney." Whenever I feel ready to give up I consult this little book. It always seems to inspire me to keep trying just as Tunney did. Every boy should own and read this book, in order to get a real understanding of Gene Tunney and such inspiration as no other biography can give. The Dempsey biography is beyond doubt the greatest ever written on a boxer's life.

Well, at last Nat, we have developed the successor to Joe Louis. Lou Nova cannot help but become the next heavyweight champion of the world. His victory over Max Baer has shown that. As for Baer, his colorful career has come to a close so far as being a contender for the crown. In my somewhat biased opinion Baer was, in his prime, the hardest punching heavyweight ever to draw on a glove. Had he been a serious, determined fighter, Jim Braddock would never have become champion. And the Joe Louis of 1935 would never have whipped him.

Just as Wills became Dempsey's nemesis, so Max Baer was to Louis. He earned the chance to fight Joe a hundred times but was shunted aside. Perhaps it was just as well at this date. Max had started to slip as far back as 1935. The man who went out before the jabs of Lou Nova was only a tired, weary wreck of what was once a great champion.

If Nova should whip Louis, it won't be much of an upset. But if Billy Conn should turn the trick, every sports writer in the country would be forced to hide his face in shame. It is doubtful that Conn ever wins the title. It will be another Carpentier-Dempsey bout, perhaps a little more one-sided.

VERNAL R. HUTCHINSON,
Stonington, Maine.

I AM a farm boy living on the prairie near the Saskatchewan border, half way between Calgary and Edmonton. Due to an illness, I am a little lame, and my right hand doesn't work very well. That doesn't keep me from being a lover of sports.

I must tell you that I like your magazine very much. I like to read the stories of the old fights and see the pictures of the new ones. Through the help of your magazine, your country will carry on boxing and other sports until we in the British Empire knock out Hitler. The British Empire is in a "knock-down" round fight to the bitter end, and we shall win, never fear, with the great help of the United States.

Last fall when I was in British Columbia I went to the Exhibition Gardens in Vancouver to see the first fight of the Golden Gloves tournament, sponsored by the Vancouver *Sun*. There were some fast fights. The boys did not hit hard but they had good defense. There was one two-round T.K.O. in eight fights, that being in the heavyweight class. A splendid crowd was there to cheer on the boxers.

I think Lou Nova has a chance with Joe Louis. My reasons are that he is bigger than Joe; he is younger, and the Baer fight shows he can take it and give it, too.

HOWARD SCOTT,
Cadogan, Alberta, Can.

* * *

LIEUTENANT COLONEL HARVEY L. MILLER, U. S. Marine Corps, head coach of boxing at the University of Maryland, was asked by one of the faculty: "In your opinion, is boxing justified as part of the college athletic curriculum and, if so, why?"

Miller's reply was a classic. Here it is:

"Boxing is the world's oldest combative sport. It has lived through many vicissitudes. It must have had plenty of reasons for surviving, since it *did* survive.

"In ANY ring encounter, when those house lights dim out and the overhead ring lights come on, it is just you and that other fellow alone in the world. You might as well be on some prehistoric hilltop by the light of a pale half moon. It's up to YOU and you alone. No one to pass the ball to if the "tackling" gets rough. No one will advance you to second base on a sacrifice. There are two courses for you and only two. You fight or you quit.

"No man is totally without fear. No man, on the other hand, likes to be a coward. Boxing will give you the score on *yourself* in that premise.

"When that cool, white feeling starts creeping up a man's backbone the game man fights it off. The quitter folds up. When that feeling starts in the ring you may fool the audience; you may fool your seconds; you may fool the referee; you may fool your opponent. But you can bet all the whiskers in Santa Claus' beard that YOU'LL NEVER FOOL YOURSELF!

"That fact ALONE makes boxing worth including in the collegiate sports program.

"Like no other sport it provides, to your own satisfaction or dismay, the true test of personal courage. And the man who fights on and on in the ring is the same fellow who'll fight on and on in any line of endeavor."

EMERY JACKSON,
Charleston, South Carolina.

* * *

I HAVE been reading THE RING for the last two years and think it is a wonderful magazine. I know of no better way to spend an evening than to read about fighters—old timers and new ones—and about the latest fights in THE RING Magazine.

In a recent issue I read a very interesting article by Daniel M. Daniel about Mike Jacobs' plans for the year 1941. I was especially interested in what Mike Jacobs had to say about Max Baer. He stated that he didn't believe that Baer wanted to fight anybody and that he is using his ring connections for nothing more than publicity. I believe that Mr. Jacobs is absolutely right, that all Baer cares about is publicity and money. In my opinion Uncle Mike could have added another paragraph concerning Mr. Baer. Something like this:

Max Baer will not fight Joe Louis because he is afraid of him. He remembers the shellacking Louis gave him a few years ago and he wants nothing more to do with the champion. He will only agree to fight Billy Conn. Why? Simply because he thinks that Conn cannot hit hard enough to hurt him much, and that it would be an easy matter for him to beat the Pittsburgh fighter. If I gave him a fight with Conn and he won it he still wouldn't fight Joe Louis because he would still be afraid of him.

Before I close I would like to say a word or two about Joe Louis. I think he is a great fighter, one of the greatest heavyweights that ever lived. I think that he is even better than Jack Dempsey was, because Louis can box as well as hit, and from all the stories I have read and all I've ever heard about Dempsey, he was nothing more than a slam-bang, rip-roaring fighter, one who could hit a terrific punch with either hand, but who knew very little about boxing. What I mean is that Joe Louis is a boxer-fighter, whereas Dempsey was only a fighter—a slugger. However, great as Louis is I think there was one fighter who if in his prime and fighting today could knock out Joe Louis. That man was Joe Choynski. Do you remember when he fought Jack Johnson in 1905. He knocked him out in the second round.

During his career he fought many top-notch fighters. Among the many great fighters he met were Jim Jeffries, Jim Corbett, Kid McCoy, Tom Sharkey and Jack Johnson. His fight with Jim Jeffries ended in a twenty-round draw. That fight alone was enough to show what a great fighter Joe Choynski was. If he was able to fight a twenty-round draw with the great Jim Jeffries and knock out Jack Johnson, couldn't he have beaten Joe Louis?

ENSLEY GAVEL,
Southville, Digby Co., Nova Scotia.

* * *

MANY thanks for your prompt and generous response to my request for THE RING on credit till *après la guerre*. Following closely on your letter, the January, February and March numbers reached me last week. They are being eagerly read by my circle of boxing friends here and will shortly be mailed to one of our pals with the N. Z. expeditionary force in Egypt, where they will circulate again.

I inquired this week about sending you some new issue New Zealand stamps for THE RING collection, but find I am barred there also by war regulations. However, I shall save the stamps, especially the war issues, and ship them when the war is over.

Personally I was very interested in THE RING'S account of the history and working of the Frawley and Walker Laws. It was a splendid series and I congratulate you on your thoughtfulness in getting up such timely articles. If you care to print them, I am preparing a series on New Zealand boxing, showing how it is controlled, etc., and this might be of interest to your readers.

TOM BOYCE,
Auckland, New Zealand.

* * *

I READ what Mr. Vincent Woodbury from Texas had to say about our old school of fighters. I can't see where he can say that Louis is a superman and could beat all of the former ring greats of the old days. I don't think there ever were any greater fighters than Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Sullivan and Tom Sharkey. I don't believe Joe Louis in his prime could even go twenty rounds, much less forty, as those old fellows did. I personally believe that Jack Dempsey, the toughest man who ever laced on a glove, could have beaten Louis even in shorter time than Jack did Firpo.

Jeffries wasn't afraid of Johnson. On the contrary, it was Jack who feared Jeff. Jeff offered to fight Johnson for a side bet of $5,000, winner take all, but Johnson refused. Let's not go haywire over Louis. He's a good fighter, but doesn't compare to the great white men who preceded him as champion. They fought at a time when there was real opposition, not the flub-dub kind we now get for the champ. Let Mr. Woodbury look into his records, study them carefully, and I'm sure he will change his mind about Louis being better than men like Jeff, Corbett, Dempsey and Fitz.

HENRY B. DOLEMAN,
Arlington, Va.

KEN BOOMS BOXING

Lindsay, Canadian Bantam King, Gives Vancouver Promoters Chance to Get Out of the Red—Popular Young Fighter Seeks Match With Lou Salica for World Championship

By VAL J. ROCHE

"WHO is this Kenny Lindsay?"

The above is a question that has been asked frequently of late. Since Lindsay, having beaten Tony Olivera in a rousing bout at Vancouver, British Columbia, recently, is a strong contender for the world's bantamweight title, fight fans all over the continent will be wanting to know more about the fair-haired, good-looking Canadian-born youngster, who, in four years, has risen from obscurity to championship contender in his class. He is rated No. 4 in THE RING.

Stu Keate, writing in the Toronto *Star Weekly*, correctly stated things when he said, "the town which produced such good ring craftsmen as McLarnin, Vic Foley, Billy Townsend, among others, has discovered another championship contender and it is on his youthful shoulders that the boy hopes to ride gleefully into the folding money. His name is Kenny Lindsay. In his last two appearances in Vancouver against Jackie Jurich and Tony Olivera, he has succeeded in putting the promoters back into the black ink, something of which they had only the dimmest recollections."

And what Keate wrote for the Toronto *Star Weekly*, is what every scribe here thinks of Lindsay and his aid to the uplift of the sport in Vancouver.

When Ken fought Olivera, the promoters announced the fight as for the world bantam crown, because it was understood that Olivera was the holder of the championship, though since then, by contacting the Editor of THE RING, it was learned that Olivera held no title at the time. He had been whipped previously by Salica and in Hawaii, and that put him out of the running. Lindsay is now on the trail of Lou Salica for a shot at the crown, which THE RING says Lou has won. If such a fight can be arranged, it will draw well in western Canada.

Kenny beat Olivera in 10 rounds, and was heartbroken when he learned that he had not been fighting for a championship. He feels confident he can gain the laurels if given a chance and there are many in Vancouver who will back him in such a fight.

* * *

THERE'S a spice of romance about Kenny and his mentor, Arnold Bertram—the background sports writers love; for, in 1936, nothing was farther from Bertram's mind than guiding the destinies of a young fighter destined to be a champion even of Canada, although Bertram himself had a solid grounding in the fight game. He boxed professionally against such good ones as Jimmy McLarnin, Mickey Gill and others.

By trade, Manager Bertram is a watchmaker and jeweler. In 1936 he operated a small business of his own in Grandview, a thriving Vancouver suburb. Back of his store, with just enough room to accommodate a ring, and a heavy and light punching bag, this fight enthusiast founded the Grandview Boxing Club, and Vancouver's present boxing boom dates from that time.

Kenny Lindsay, who will be twenty years of age in August, was born in Edmonton, Alberta, the gate to Canada's Northland. He comes of good Irish-Canadian stock and came with his family to Vancouver when he was ten years old. Like his famous predecessor, friend and former world-champion, Jimmy McLarnin, Kenny started to box in his fifteenth year, and was soon making his mark in amateur shows, winning his first amateur title in 1937, when he won the British Columbia flyweight championship. He retained his crown during the years 1938 and 1939. Competing in the Seattle Golden Gloves competition, he won in 1937, 1938 and 1939, and won the United States national flyweight championship in January 1940, at San Francisco.

Kenny's professional career started in Vancouver with a bout against a good fighter, Tony Olivera, which the former won easily. Since that time, advancing to the bantam class, he has won against such clever exponents as Elwood Romano, and dropped a very close decision to Little Dado.

Kenny Lindsay, bantam champion of Western Canada.

* * *

LINDSAY is a pretty boxer to watch, lightning fast, with a dynamic right, and a left that keeps opponents busily engaged. Faithful as regards training, he has a sense of obligation to patrons of the sport who make professional boxing possible that is rare in a youngster; and his endurance and stamina are such as to arouse the enthusiasm of any student of the game with whom he comes in contact. He neither smokes nor drinks, keeps regular hours, has no time for girls, and is a modest and religious boy. He loves fighting and that's why he attends strictly to business. He says the goal of his ambition is to bring to Canada another world championship as did his friend, Jimmy McLarnin.

For the third time, Kenny Lindsay tangled with Jackie Jurich at Vancouver, B. C., on Wednesday, May 22, and the result, after ten rounds of bang-up milling, was a draw—which makes the count between these two, a win for Jurich, and two draws. Lindsay had to come from behind in this last scrap, the opening rounds being all Jurich.

Right now Lindsay has offers to meet Little Dado, to whom he lost a close decision, in the south, and still another to go to Toronto and fight under Jack Allen's promotion. Manager Bertram seems to lean towards the South—and when the twain move east it will more than likely be to the Mecca of boxing—New York.

Zelezniak Wins Crown

Russian Carries Off South American Championship by Defeating Dick Shikat in Argentine Tournament Staged by Pace and Lecourte—Pinetzki, Among Those Who Will Appear Here Next Fall

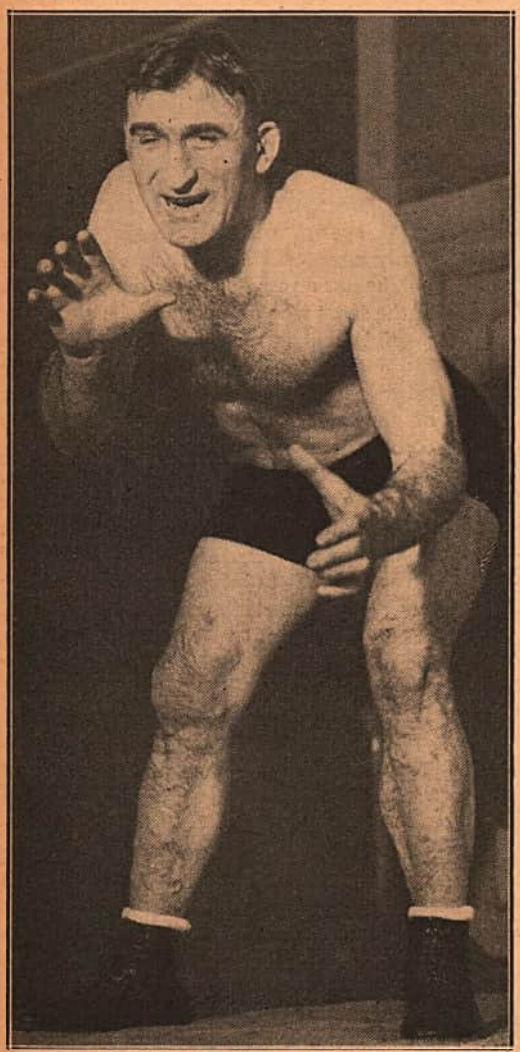
By AL MAYER

JACK PFEFFER, New York's ace promoter, has decided to give the sport a rest during the summer months and has closed all of his clubs, leaving the field open to Rudy Dusek for his promotions. Pfeffer declares that the fans prefer to keep their eyes off the behemoths during the hot spell so that they can better enjoy the game when the indoor season opens, and because of that, he has gone to the mountains to await the October campaign. Jack has just completed his eighteenth year as a wrestling promoter, during which time he has had the cream of the world's talent under his supervision.

To keep up with the times, the New York promoter has lined up new talent from various sections, and in addition, he has added to the list of those who will be seen under his banner, several veterans who have been competing during the past few months in South America, among them Ivan Zelezniak and Leo Pinetzki.

Many fans remember Zelezniak, the bearded Russian Cossack, a giant of a man, always rated with the best, but who somehow never seemed able to break through to the headlines in the States. Zelezniak is a tremendous fellow, weighs around 275 pounds, stands six feet two inches, is as strong as a bull, and a very colorful wrestler. Six months ago he received an offer to go to South America—to Buenos Aires. They were recruiting mat talent in Argentina at that time for the opening of the International Wrestling Tournament, always a big event in the Argentine.

Farmer Jack Odell, the Oklahoma giant.



Leo Pinetzki, Polish giant, who has signed with Pfeffer.

So one fine morning Ivan, beard and all, arrived in the South American metropolis. It was his first trip, and almost from the day he landed he was tagged El Hombre Montana—Man Mountain to you. Do not imagine for a second that the South American tournament doesn't include first rate wrestlers. As a matter of fact, it generally enrolls the best men from all over the world and for the last tourney, Dick Shikat, three times world's champion, was one of its stars set to win the rich prize which goes to the winner.

Shikat, however, reckoned without Zelezniak. Under the southern skies, and in a different atmosphere, Zelezniak found his true stride and was invincible. He was responsible for drawing the largest gates ever known in wrestling in South America, crowds of ten to fifteen thousand attending every time he wrestled.

For six months the tourney went on, with Zelezniak lionized by the hospitable Argentinians, who saw in the good-natured giant, a real colorful athlete who made a distinct appeal to them. The climax of El hombre Montana's sojourn in the Argentine was the final match for the South American title recognized by the Argentine solons. This brought him against Dick Shikat. It attracted a vast crowd, estimated at over fifteen thousand persons, which packed the great Luna Park, Buenos Aires' equivalent to Madison Square Garden, to the doors.

It took Zelezniak barely twenty minutes to defeat the former world's champion, Dick Shikat, and knock him out of the lucrative

Ivan Zelezniak, bearded Russian Cossack.

prize which he felt he had as good as won. Zelezniak became a national hero. He was feted, wined and dined, and showered with presents. Just before he sailed for New York, an enterprising firm paid him a thousand dollars to take moving pictures to shave and remove the face foliage with one of its products.

Ivan Zelezniak, the man who at last found his true self, will be seen here early next season. Later he will return to South America to defend his title. Incidentally, Zelezniak received his first start in wrestling when Jack Pfeffer brought him to this country.

* * *

TO continue with the foreign matmen who so far have been signed up by Jack, we come to another favorite who was here several years ago. He is:

LEO PINETZKI. Here we have the biggest Polish wrestler in the world, if not the biggest among all wrestlers. Just take a peek at his size—he is six feet eight inches, weighs 282 pounds, and has a reach of eight feet, or ninety-six inches! And that it quite a man!

Yet, in spite of his vast proportions, Pinetzki is a first class wrestler. That is, he doesn't depend entirely on his weight and size. He knows wrestling holds and complexities, and when he steps on the mat and starts to make use of his assortment of grips, he is something worth going a long way to see. Big men in wrestling are plentiful, men famed for their strength, but an all-around giant like Leo Pinetzki is one man in a thousand.

Sandor Vary, Hungarian Adonis.

* * *

SANDOR VARY, the Hungarian Adonis, 26 years old, weighs 215 pounds. The list of stars wouldn't be complete without a wrestler from Hungary. We know that some of the most colorful wrestlers have come from there, and Sandor Vary is regarded as one of their best men.

Hungary is one of the few countries which has a real school of wrestling. It believes in starting its men in the amateur ranks, where they stay for several years until they have shown sufficient ability to graduate with the professionals.

It often happens that men never qualify for professional ranks, and in that case, they are never admitted with the pros, at least not in their native land. When the embryo wrestler has terminated his schooling with the simon-pures, he then is entered in minor tournaments, and if he makes good he then graduates to the more important meets.

That is the reason why Hungarian wrestlers who come to this country are always tip-top athletes. They have gone through the hard school of knocks and are ready for our best men. Sandor Vary is the best man developed in a good many years, according to his advance notices. He was the big star in Hungarian tourneys and his beautiful build and ring experience won him more followers than any other Hungarian wrestler in years.

* * *

GIUSEPPE MAZZA, Italian-American, 200 pounds, 25 years old. Mazza fits in well in the picture of mat stars. He belongs strictly to the ultra-modern school of wrestling, that is, he makes use of speed, tricks and a varied style which means action from the moment he steps on the mat. Men of the type of Mazza have revolutionized wrestling.

Mazza is an all-around athlete. He played football, baseball, is a good swimmer and long distance runner. These sports helped to develop his stamina and keep up his terrific pace.

And now we go to Texas and Oklahoma for the big fellows who will be called upon to stem the foreign invasion. The first is:

JACK ROBERTS, Texas cowboy, 235 pounds. Wrestlers from the West are always different from those who come from the East. They are more rugged, and if sometimes their mat work is not so finished as that of their co-workers, it is nevertheless colorful and embodies the qualities of men who are used to outdoor life and learn their wrestling in a tough school. Jack Roberts, like most wrestlers from Texas, was raised on a farm.

He learned the rudiments of the game by first wrestling with boys his own age and later with semi-pros and pros. In these early days, the idea of taking up wrestling professionally as a career never dawned on him. Satisfied with his way of living, the great outdoor life, he might never have turned pro if a sense of superiority had not gotten the better of him and he decided to take a hand with the many professionals who wrestle in his native state.

Roberts made good from the start. He wrestled in Texas for many seasons before he came further north and we find him later in Chicago for quite a spell. At the close of last winter season he was signed by Jack Pfeffer to come here and try his

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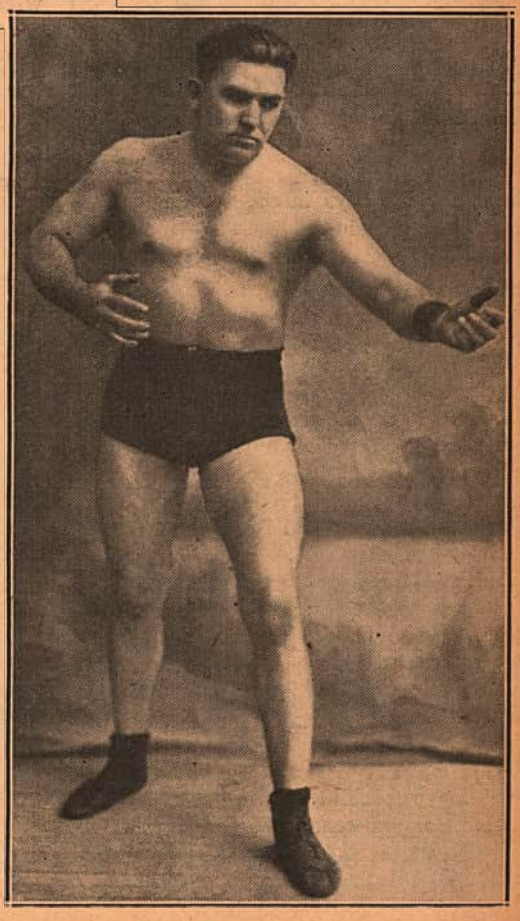
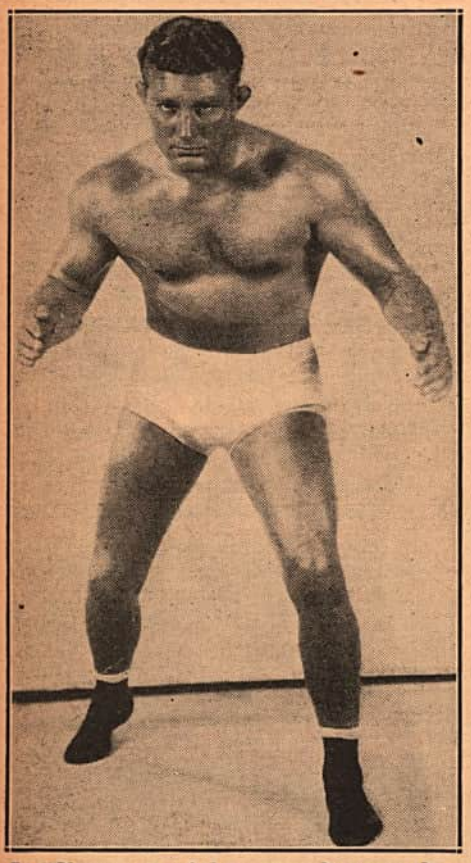


Jack Roberts, Texas cowboy.

DUSEKS PLAN CAMP APPEARANCES

By SAM SIEGEL



Leo Numa, one of the outstanding wrestlers of the past season.

WITH the winter season over, Rudy Dusek, who heads the famous clan that bears his name, and who also is booking agent for a string of heavyweights who rate among the best in the country, is planning a campaign for his men that should take them around every Eastern army camp within 500 miles of New York.

It all depends on how the army officials take to the plan Rudy has for providing special wrestling entertainment for the boys in the service. If acceptable, then in addition to individual matches, Rudy expects to put on team matches and battle royals.

* * *

THAT the mat game is still a hazardous one is evidenced by the fact that Warren Bockwinkel, one of the leading wrestlers, suffered a terrible ear injury which required nineteen stitches. This happened recently in a match at Columbia Park, New Jersey, and Bockwinkel is now convalescing at his home in St. Louis, Mo. Paul Boesch, another outstanding mat star, sustained a wrist injury in a match at Baltimore, Md., and was on the sidelines for several weeks. However, Boesch has completely recovered and is now in competition again.

* * *

WRESTLING lost one of its outstanding personalities when Jack McGrath passed away recently. McGrath was nationally known at one time as the manager of Danno O'Mahony, former world's heavyweight wrestling champion. Hjalmar Lundeen, old-time wrestling star and judge for the New York State Athletic Commission, also passed away into the Great Beyond.

Yvon Robert, who is recognized as Canadian champion, is owner of one of the largest tap rooms in Montreal. He invites the wrestling fans to make it their headquarters when visiting in his home town.

* * *

AMONG the leading grapplers who have appeared in the East under the supervision of Rudy Dusek the past season are Ernie and Joe Dusek, Lou Plummer, Joe Cox, Warren Bockwinkel, Paul Boesch, Gino Garibaldi, Jim Henry, Milo Steinborn, Len Macaluso, Leo Numa and Yvon Robert. A new mat star appeared on the wrestling horizon this season and is billed as the Green Hornet. He wears a green outfit and a mask. He has been drawing capacity crowds wherever he has appeared.

One of the best attractions in wrestling circles the past season was Maurice Tillet, nationally known as the "Angel." He is now campaigning in various sport centers along the Pacific Coast. His remarkable success is due to the able management of Carl Pojello.

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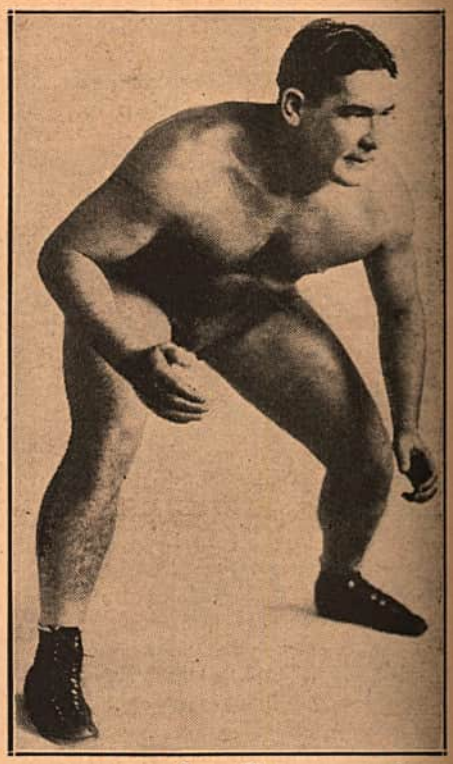
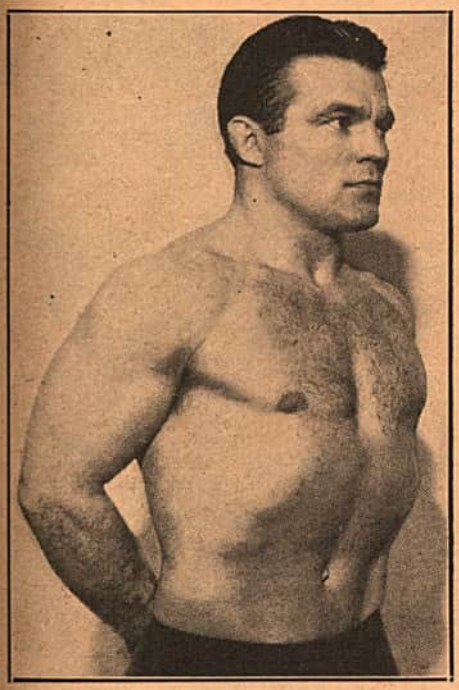


Leo Plummer, a heavyweight wrestler with a fine record.

Ernie Dusek, who is as good a shot and fisherman as he is a wrestler. Here is what Ernie brought back recently from a little hunting trip. Ernie is one of the hardest workers in the mat sport.

Wrestling in California

By BERNICE SANDBOE



Walter Podolak, wrestling's strongman.

BY far the outstanding event in the history of California wrestling was the mammoth Greek War Relief show held at the Olympic Auditorium, June 11. Heretofore no one has ever attempted a mat show in California on such a huge scale, and Promoter Zaharias really scored the promotional scoop of the year in securing a Ray Steele-Jim Londos match for this occasion.

* * *

The past month at the Olympic Auditorium has presented a series of top-notch matches which were suitably climaxed by the final and decisive downfall of the Golden Terror by Ray Steele. The importation of Steele, incidentally, is the beginning of Promoter George Zaharias' program in bringing to the Los Angeles arena the really great men in wrestling today. Among others who will join Zaharias' parade of talent are The Angel, Ernie Dusek, Louis Thesz, Bronco Nagurski and many others.

* * *

An exciting one-night tournament was held at the Olympic in which some of the most capable matmen in California participated, and the ability of the new Mexican importation, Juan Juarez, was definitely established. Juarez is proving himself nothing short of sensational in the lightning manner in which he flips his opponents around like bean bags. He is probably one of the strongest matmen in the game, and his strength, combined with his ability, makes a practically unbeatable combination.

* * *

OVER at Hollywood Legion Stadium, Walter Podolak, the sensational strongman, has been hogging the spotlight. One of the most powerful light-heavyweights in the business, Podolak uses his weight-lifting ability to much advantage in his matches and has been giving all the local favorites plenty of troublesome evenings.

His bout with Danny McShain, the former light-heavyweight champion, was perhaps the outstanding one of all Podolak's matches, for he had the ex-champion on the defensive and running for cover practically all through the match. McShain, however, proved that he is above the ordinary wrestler for he withstood all of Podolak's persecution and came out the winner. Incidentally, Podolak outweighed him about twenty pounds. This cinches our opinion that McShain is not only the most colorful light-heavyweight in the business but the most skillful as well. We look for him to regain the title from Wild Red Berry, the Kansas Wildman, before very long.

* * *

George Dusette, the fast and clever young lightweight, comes in for his share of attention by merit of his perfection of one of the most basic holds in wrestling—the full nelson. Seldom does a matman use this hold to the advantage Dusette employs it, for when he clamps on his full nelson it usually implies that the match is over.

* * *

Bob Gregory has returned to the mat wars and seems to have lost none of his original speed and class. His repertoire of holds is perhaps the most unusual in the wrestling world, for he has invented many maneuvers that you seldom see duplicated by other matmen.

* * *

Several of the smaller arenas which crop up like mushrooms around the city have closed down for the summer, but Mike Hirsch's Ocean Park Arena, genial Johnny Doyle's Eastside Arena, and Morrie Cohan's Pasadena Arena continue to do business with splendid mat offerings each week.

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Though wrestling during the outdoor season is not as big an item as during the indoor season, many clubs throughout the Pacific Coast territory will continue to stage matches all during the summer. Many Eastern stars have made their appearance here and will be billed in inter-sectional matches.

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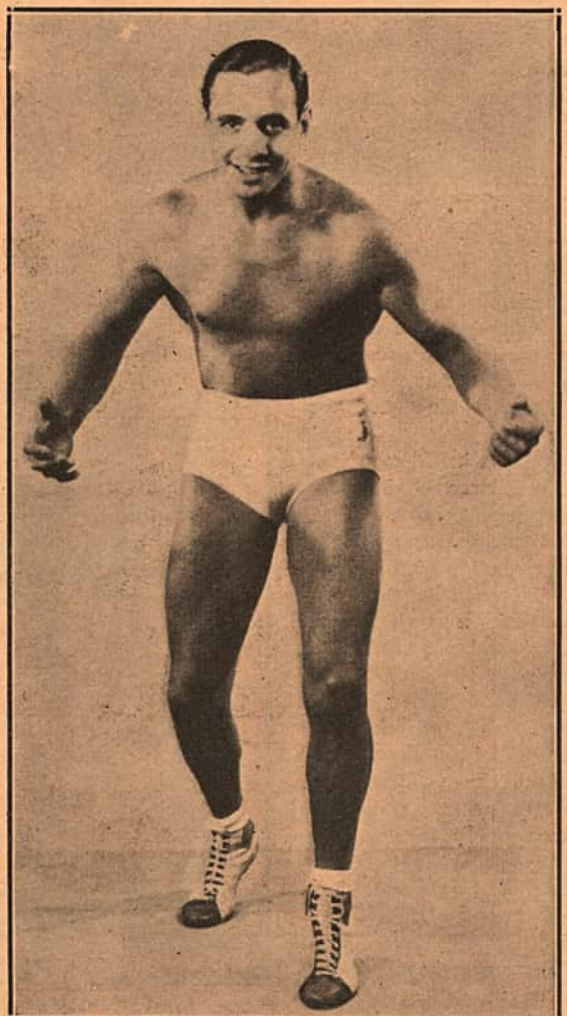
There is a report going the rounds that some of the stars who competed in Australia and New Zealand prior to the war, may organize a team to tour South America and compete under the banner of Pace and Lactoure in Argentina early next fall.

* * *

The biggest attraction in California continues to be Jim Londos. The Greek Adonis, though a veteran in point of service, still remains tops. He has repeatedly displayed superiority over all rivals and it seems that those seeking his world crown will have to wait some time before they can dethrone him. He not only is a clever wrestler with a large variety of holds, but is a most colorful matman.



Bob Gregory, Britisher, wrestling in California.

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By EDDIE MERRILL

"Red" Mephisto of Buckeye Lake, Ohio, a classy performer, well liked in Nova Scotia.

BILLY BARTUSH, a Chicagoan who has wrestled in all parts of the world and is one of this country's leading heavyweights, is on the warpath. Billy says he is being shunned by the big fellows because they are afraid of him. In an effort to obtain lucrative matches, he has placed himself under the management of Karl Pojello, who is now operating out of Chicago.

Bartush has travelled to the four corners of the world. He started his career in the Windy City as a member of the Golden Stars A. C., a neighborhood organization, back in 1926 and has been at it ever since. He divided his interests between wrestling and boxing but found the mat sport more to his liking and gave up boxing.

At the time one of the strongest athletic clubs in Chicago was the Swedish-American A. C., which staged large boxing and wrestling tournaments. Bartush won the Swedish-American heavyweight championship, twice defeating the best amateur wrestlers from every large club in the Chicagoland district. After winning the titles in 1928 and 1929, Bartush turned professional on October 3, 1929.

Bronko Nagurski, who was disqualified in "title" match with Szabo.

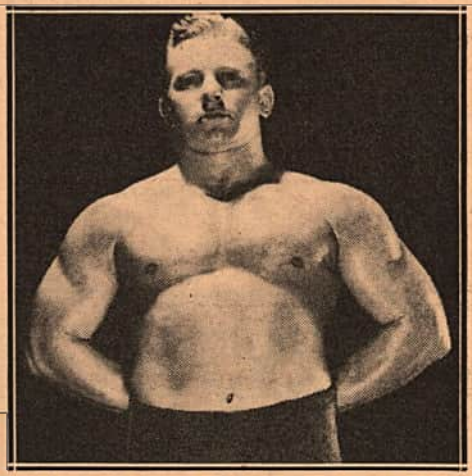
Karl Pojello, the one-time Lithuanian heavyweight champion, is responsible for Bartush turning professional. Pojello induced the youngster to accompany him on a tour of the United States, meeting all comers. Later Pojello took Bartush to Europe, where he met and defeated the best on the European continent. That was in 1932, Bartush and Pojello, spending more than 18 months overseas, Bartush engaging in more than 300 matches on the other side. He won the championship of Europe from Gustave Gertsmann in Antwerp, Belgium, wrestling in the Greco-Roman style.

He returned to America in 1934 and has wrestled in Canada and every state except Illinois.

Bartush has wrestled all the claimants to the heavyweight throne, including Jim Londos, Jim Browning, Gus Sonnenberg, John Pesek and Ed "Strangler" Lewis, defeating the latter twice in California.

Bartush is a well built athlete and carries his 235 pounds on a well-proportioned frame of 6 feet ½ inch. Billy is exceptionally fast for a big fellow and is well versed in both the catch-as-catch-can and Greco-Roman style of wrestling. His pet hold is the grapevine, which the likeable chap calls the "Bartush twist."

Billy executes the grapevine from a standing position, unlike grapplers who can clamp on the hold only when prone on the canvas.



Whitey Walberg, the handsome Swede from Milwaukee, Wis.

Sandor Szabo, who has been crowned National Wrestling Association "heavyweight king."

* * *

BUFFALO is doing better wrestling business than any other of the New York State cities. Promoter Herman's cards have been well attended because there is action aplenty at each of his shows.

* * *

THE rough and ready wrestling tactics of Bronko Nagurski out in St. Louis recently cost him his National Wrestling Association championship. He faced Sandor Szabo in what was to have been a finish match, and in 24 minutes and 31 seconds after the bout got under way, he was disqualified and shorn of the crown. Referee Lou Spandle penalized Bronko for using unfair tactics.

Immediately Tony Stecher, manager of the loser, filed a protest with the Missouri Athletic Commission. Commission Chairman John J. Griffin, in recognizing Sandor as the new title-holder, said:

"Nagurski and Stecher had both been warned. I went to the dressing room before the match and told them Nagurski would be disqualified if he persisted in grabbing and butting. The referee was absolutely within his rights in disqualifying Bronko.

Glen "Buddy" Knox of Charleston, W. Va., a Halifax favorite.

We have only a few rules in Missouri and we expect them to be obeyed."

What caused Nagurski's grief was his habit of grabbing the ropes and then ramming his shoulders deep into his opponent's midriff, reminiscent of his football days at Minnesota and with the Chicago Bears pro eleven.

* * *

W. J. FOLEY of Halifax, Nova Scotia, writes: Halifax, once a red-hot boxing town, is now Canada's favorite mecca for the wrestlers. They come here from "all over," the fans come out in increasing numbers each year, and the sport outdraws all other summer activities.

Henry Irslinger started it in 1932. He had his troubles, his disappointments and his triumphs. But even Henry's best days cannot compare favorably with an average gate nowadays.

Give most of the credit to Len Hughes, a versatile fellow now in his seventh season as the big attraction in this city. He's from Northampton, Mass., but local people like to think of him as a Halifax boy. He spends much more time here than in his home town and is probably far better known here than there.

Billy Bartush, who challenges for wrestling crown.

As the Masked Marvel, he wowed them in 1933, and every year since has been the leading exponent of the city's leading summer sport, measured in terms of gate receipts.

Another old favorite returning this summer is Red Mephisto of Buckeye Lake, O. This is his fourth season and his following is growing each summer. Halifax dotes on the old favorites, it seems, and no longer is the cry raised for new faces.

Mephisto is a veteran of the game. Clever on the mat, he excels in aerial work, although his piledriver, an awesome sight to ringsiders, is his best hold and one he employs to wind up a strenuous match.

A newcomer this year is Glen "Buddy" Knox of Charleston, W. Va. After one match Knox is already a favorite and likely to remain here for some time.

Some call him "Shoulders" Knox because most of his weight is in his shoulders, but that's a pretty trim body he has, all things considered, and legs built for speed.

Whitey Walberg, a handsome Swede out of Milwaukee, Wis., was a riot in his first appearance. Possessing one of the best developed bodies seen here in many a day, Whitey combines strength with speed, a combination that is likely to make him one of the greatest favorites seen here in some time.

The year 1940 was tops in attendances and interest, but 1941 threatens to set a new top. Give the fans fast, well-built fellows who spare neither themselves nor their opponents in furnishing thrilling bouts and they'll be more than satisfied.

* * *

WRESTLING NEWS FROM HAWAII, by Theo. Yamachika follows: Planning to make this summer the greatest wrestling season since the game was introduced in Honolulu about six years ago, Promoter Al Karasick has lined up the following stars: Gene Blackley, Bob Gregory, Jesse James, Danny McShaine and Bob Gray. Just a word about a couple of them. Gene comes from Boston. Gregory is an Englishman. Handsome Bob was the husband of Princess Baba of Zwarak in India. Until recently he was one of the headliners at Hollywood's Legion Stadium.

Len Hughes, a versatile wrestler, a big attraction in Canada.

Contracts have been offered to Wild Red Berry, Paavo Katonan, Hilly Billy Bob Montgomery, George Dusette, Walter Podlak, Bill Weidner and Monte La Due.

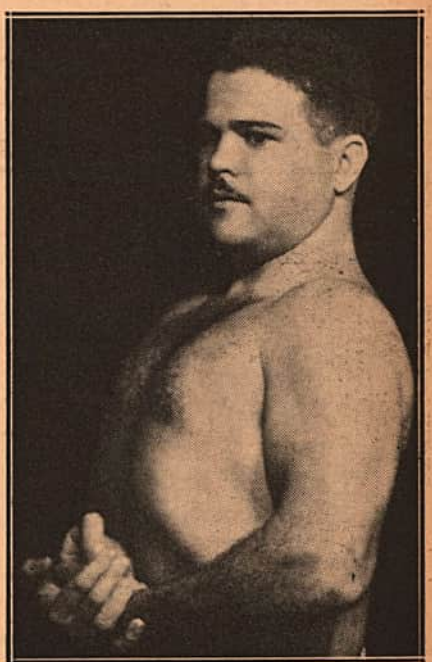
In the meantime, plenty of action is being dished out weekly at the local auditorium. Villain Tony Morelli is being disliked more and more daily. Unless one of the above named gentlemen comes to the rescue, the villain will have most of the Honolulu grapplers hors de combat before long. Recently he roughed popular George Wagner and finally had to be disqualified by the referee before things calmed down. Tony is the roughest customer ever to appear in Honolulu and that's saying a lot, considering the number of bad men who have shown here.

Hawaiian champion Ben Pilar successfully defended his title again against veteran Tetsuo Higami. The rubberman won the first fall with his pet "sleeper" hold, only to have Pilar retaliate with the drop-kick to even the score. The Filipino idol then won the deciding fall with the crawfish hold which is the well-known Boston crab put into reverse.

* * *

For a time, rumors have been going on to the effect that professional wrestling in Honolulu would be controlled by the territorial commission. However, this seems quite unlikely now, thanks to the sports-

(Cont. on page 44)



Alberto Crespo, who is a big attraction in Havana, Cuba.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

The outstanding fights of the month and the ranking of the leaders in each division based on recent performances

WHILE most of the attention of the fight fans around the country was concentrated on what Billy Conn could accomplish in his quest for heavyweight honors, there was plenty of hot action displayed in various parts of the fistic world. Chief interest rested in the abdication by Billy Conn of his light-heavyweight title which is now open to competition and in the Buddy Baer-Louis controversy.

Tony Zale displayed his tremendous hitting powers when he flattened Al Hostak in their N.B.A. middleweight title bout. California Jackie Wilson displayed splendid form with his hard hitting on the Coast and he now looks like the outstanding contender for lightweight honors. Joey Archibald, after regaining his featherweight crown, was whipped in an overweight battle with Bobby (Poison) Ivy.

Buddy Baer gave a commendable performance in his epic clash with Joe Louis in Washington while Gus Lesnevich stepped into the limelight with a one-sided victory over Anton Christoforidis. Gus and Jimmy Webb will meet shortly and the winner will automatically be recognized as the new world's lightweight champion.

Lou Salica turned in a fine performance in repeating his victory over Tommy Forte.

Joe Louis had plenty of trouble before he disposed of Buddy Baer in their memorable championship encounter in Washington. Referee Arthur Donovan officially disqualified Baer in the seventh round when his seconds failed to leave the ring beginning the seventh. There have been many discussions and innumerable letters sent to THE RING to decide just how this decision will go down in the record books. It will be listed as a disqualification defeat for Baer. Those who wagered that Baer would last the limit will be forced to pay off. Alberto Lovell won the South American heavyweight championship when he defeated Arturo Godoy. Lou Nova disposed of Jim Robinson in the third round but had plenty of trouble in the first two rounds.

Billy Conn, having vacated the 175 pound crown, is officially listed as a heavyweight contender. He disposed of Buddy Knox in the eighth round at Pittsburgh before a record breaking crowd. Abe Simon finished Pete Tamalonis in the second session. Tony Musto and Turkey Thompson battled to a draw on the Coast. Red Burman finished Mike Alfano in the sixth period. Pat Comiskey disposed of James J. Johnson in the second heat. Gus Dorazio scored over Clarence Jones and Johnny Kapovich. Tommy Gomez kayoed Lou Thomas and Jim Bowden in one round each.

Curtis Sheppard whipped Lee Q. Murray. Sonnyboy Walker kayoed Frank Riggi in three rounds. Bob Sikes flattened Lee Oma in the third. Buddy Moore was beaten by Cyclone Williams and kayoed by Johnny Shkor in the third round. Altus Allen whipped Floyd Gibbons. Harold Blackshear stopped Freddy Fiducia in the seventh. Neville Beech disposed of Dan Millsaps in 2 and Worth London in five. Chuck Crowell scored over Jim Lee. Jack London disposed of Larry Gains in the third round in England. Al Delaney won the Canadian heavyweight title in whipping Tiger Warrington in Nova Scotia. Odell Lee kayoed Leroy Evans in four.

The light-heavyweight division offers some good talent. Jimmy Webb, leading contender, won from Henry Morosz. Gus Lesnevich was impressive in trouncing Anton Christoforidis. Tami Mauriello, who threatens to be a serious contender, stopped Jimmy O'Boyne in two and Tony Cisco in five. Booker Beckwith whipped Solly Krieger while Krieger kayoed Dan Gill in the sixth. Erv Sarlin kayoed Wally Sears in the sixth. Jimmy Reeves disposed of Johnny Dias in the third session. Herbie Katz stopped Joe O'Gatty in the fifth. Ted Lowry finished Frank Zamoris in six rounds.

There threatens to be some live wire competition when Tony Zale and Billy Soose tangle for the middleweight title. The field is open and a meeting between these two will definitely decide just who is the world's middleweight champion. Tony Zale eliminated Al Hostak when he flattened him in the second round at Chicago. Ken Overlin returned to action with a win over Ezzard Charles. Coley Welch came back to the ranking ten with a victory over Ernie Vigh while Kid Tunero, Cuban middleweight, stepped into the elite circle with a four round kayo over Bill McDowell. Jimmy Casino halted the comeback aspirations of Freddy Steele by stopping him in the fifth round. Andre Jessurun whipped Milo Theodorescu and drew with Jackie Donovan. Tony Martin disposed of Dick Demeray in three rounds and won over Frankie McBride.

Mike Kaplan, now the leading contender for the title, engaged in one scrap during the month, winning from Freddy Camuso. Charley Burley disposed of Ossie Harris in the ninth round. Holman Williams scored over Antonio Fernandez and Jimmy Leto. Cocoa Kid scored over Phil Furr, Norman Rubio and kayoed Manuel Villa, the first, in four rounds. Rubio whipped Pete Muscanera and Babe Synott. Synott was also kayoed by Aldo Spoldi in five rounds who also disposed of Mistos Grispos in the sixth.

Harry Weekly was credited with a knockout over Ervin Berlier in the third

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending June 12:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweight	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	Title Vacant	Title Vacant	World's Champion Fritzie Zivic
1—Lou Nova	Jimmy Webb	Billy Soose	Mike Kaplan
2—Billy Conn	Gus Lesnevich	Tony Zale	Izzy Jannazzo
3—Buddy Baer	Jimmy Bivins	Ken Overlin	Charley Burley
4—Lem Franklin	Tami Mauriello	Georgie Abrams	Holman Williams
5—Alberto Lovell	Anton Christoforidis	Eddie Booker	Maxie Berger
6—Arturo Godoy	Melio Bettina	Steve Belloise	Bob Montgomery
7—Eddie Blunt	Teddy Yarosz	Steve Mamakos	Cocoa Kid
8—Jim Thompson	Pat Valentino	Coley Welch	Harry Weekly
9—Abe Simon	Booker Beckwith	Kid Tunero	Tony Marteliano
10—Bob Pastor	Erv Sarlin	Antonio Fernandez	Irwin Kaye Kaplan

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Lew Jenkins	World's Champion Joey Archibald	World's Champion Lou Salica	Title Vacant
1—Sammy Angott	Bobby Ivy	Kenny Lindsay	Little Dado
2—Jackie Wilson	Chalky Wright	Kui Kong Young	Jackie Paterson
3—Ray Robinson	Harry Jeffra	Tommy Forte	Little Pancho
4—Davey Day	Pete Scalzo	Tony Olivera	Jackie Jurich
5—Dave Castilloux	Mike Raffa	Manuel Ortiz	Johnny Shaughnessy
6—Leo Rodak	Jackie Wilson	Jim Brady	Warren Kendall
7—George Latka	Jackie Callura	Kid Tanner	Jimmy Stubbs
8—Lenny Mancini	Bill Speary	Freddy Pope	Luis Castillo
9—Ray Lunny	Sal Bartola	Horace Mann	Jimmy Stewart
10—Harry Hurst	George Pace	Benny Goldberg	Small Montana

round. Irwin Kaye Kaplan whipped Wicky Harkins. Vinnie Vines kayoed Buck Streator in six and Billy Furrone in seven. Mayon Padlo kayoed Saverio Turiello in three rounds. Freddy Jackson scored over Johnny Jackson. Richard Polite won from Yucatan Kid. Slugger White whipped Frankie Wills. Bobby Britton scored a knockout over Jack Larrimore in the eighth. Allen Westbury kayoed Georges Champion in two rounds. Jimmy Garrison won over Red Green. Jackie Kid Berg won on a disqualification over Eric Boon in two heats. Artie Dorrell kayoed Benny Cartegena in four and whipped Vinnie Rossano. Rossano scored over Manuel Villa. Marty Servo bested Billy Davis.

Bob Montgomery, supposedly fighting in the welterweight ranks, came close to the lightweight limit when he trounced Lew Jenkins in an overweight meeting in the Garden. Montgomery could not account for the low poundage and still feels that he belongs in the welterweight ranks. Sammy Angott eked out a verdict over Lenny Mancini. Jackie Wilson turned in some splendid work during the month. He kayoed Norment Quarles in one, Bobby McIntyre in five and Jackie Wilson in eight. Ray Robinson disposed of Nick Castiglione in the first session. Harry Hurst won from Paco Villa and stopped Joey Bagnato in the fourth.

George Latka finished Zeke Castro in the seventh. Pete Lello whipped Paco Villa. Larry Cisneros kayoed Sammy Brown in the seventh and whipped Johnny Hutchinson. Hutchinson disposed of Louis Carranza in the second. Billy Marquart stopped Al Roth in the seventh. Beau Jack whipped Tommy Speigal and kayoed George Salamone in the eighth. Allie Stolz scored over Terry Young and finished Joe Marinelli in the seventh. Young whipped Joe Rivers.

Tommy Cross scored over Julie Kogon while Julie whipped Jimmy Tygh. Nick Camarata kayoed Wesley Pryor in the eighth. George Zengaras disposed of Tony Sarullo in the seventh. Honey Mellody finished Joey Rivers in the fourth. Chief Crazy Horse won over Joey Silva. Chief Evening Thunder drew with Ernie Carter. Cleo Shans scored over Richard Lemos. Joey Fontana bested Mickey Farber. Billy Murray whipped Red Guggino. Joey Pirrone kayoed Harris Blake in the second.

Bobby Ivy, although losing to lightweight Angelo Rodano, scored an overweight victory over Joey Archibald which entitles him to first ranking among featherweight contenders. Chalky Wright scored over Guillermo Puentes, Norment Quarles and Sal Bartola.

Pete Scalzo scored an official decision over Phil Zwick which was later reversed by the Wisconsin Boxing Commission to a draw but in our opinion, the first decision should stand. Mike Raffa won from Bill Speary and Jimmy Gilligan. Jimmy was also whipped Al Reid. Vincenzo Dell Orto scored over Pat Robertson and Frankie Donato while Frankie scored over Danny Allen.

Kenny Lindsay, leading bantam contender, battled to a draw with Jackie Jurich. Manuel Ortiz, having outgrown the flyweight class, has been making strides in the heavier division. He whipped Jesus Llanes and removed Lou Transparenti from the first ten by scoring a knockout over him in seven rounds. Jim Brady scored a pair of knockouts over Billy Cakewell, both occurring in the fourth round. Kid Tanner disposed of Eric Powell in the first. Freddy Pope scored over Benny Calla. Benny Goldberg stepped into the front ranks with a pair of victories over Nono Cuebas and Johnny Marcelline. Aurel Toma won from Adolph Samuels.

Very litle activity in the flyweight class. Warren Kendall turned in wins over Johnny Davis by decision and a knockout over Billy Bardon in seven rounds. Luis Castillo whipped Small Montana in Cuba.

The eight best prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—None available.

Bantamweight—Johnny Aiello, Wilmington, Delaware.

Featherweight—Sonny Brentz, Louisville, Kentucky.

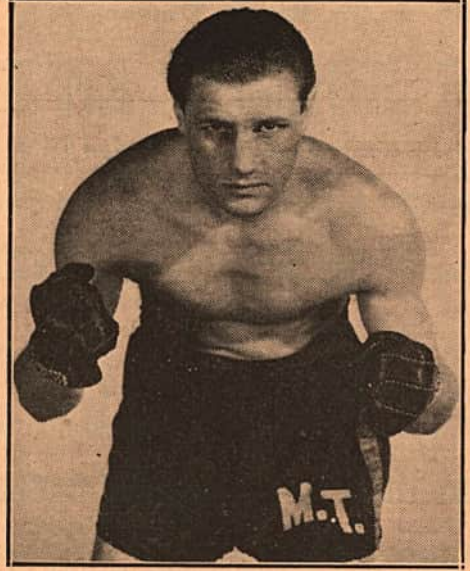
Lightweight—Vic Patrick, Australia.

Welterweight—Ramiro Almagro, Cuba.

Middleweight—Wayne Armstrong, Newcastle, Nebraska.

Light-heavyweight—Buddy Turner, Jackson, Mississippi.

Heavyweight—Tommy Gomez, Tampa, Florida.



Milo Theodorescu, Roumanian welterweight, now in New York.

The Ring's Quiz

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HOW much do you really know about fights and fighters- If you can come through with three out of five you can pat yourself on the back as an expert in the history of the game. The answers will be found on page 45.

1—Can a boxing commission reverse a decision?

2—How many seconds are permitted in a corner?

3—How old was John L. Sullivan when he won the title and how old when he lost it? From whom and to whom?

4—What fighters took part in the first fight filmed?

5—If a fighter scales in at the championship weight for a title bout, can he come in over the class limit after he has officially been weighed?

WISCONSIN NEWS

By MATT DOUGHERTY

KAUKAUNA PHIL ZWICK unleashed his heavy artillery in a closing rush, knocking his foe through the ropes, to gain a draw with Petey Scalzo in their NBA title fight in Milwaukee.

The bout itself was disappointing. Scalzo was defending his title and wisely refused to take any chances. Zwick's efforts were periodical and he was at a loss as to how to open up the champion. Both fighters are prone to in-fight. The natural result was an uninteresting contest.

Zwick came out boldly looking for a right-hand shot, and aggressively took the first round. The next three were taken up with in-fighting, in which the champion had the edge most of the time. In the fifth, Zwick opened up and tried to get to the champion but was unsuccessful. Scalzo retaliated with a hard right, his best punch of the fight, in the sixth that hurt Phil just prior to the bell. The champion was waiting for Zwick to lead, then crowding in and bulling Phil in the clinches. His best punches were choppy left and right hooks which he landed at close quarters.

Zwick outscored Scalzo in the seventh with a long left. From the eighth on, however, he gradually lost ground. The crowd clamored for action, while the fight resolved into a mauling match at close quarters. Zwick's left eye began to close, and he dripped blood from a cut above the eye. Phil rallied to take the thirteenth by a close margin, coasted the fourteenth and then had the house on their feet in the final session with his superb effort. A left knocked Petey through the ropes for a three count. Zwick flailed away in an attempt to score again, but Scalzo covered up and finished safely.

Referee Barney Ross gave Scalzo the verdict, but later a check of his card showed 75 points for each man and the commission declared the bout a draw.

In the semiwindup, Indian Billy Lee won the state welterweight championship by pounding out a six-round decision over Ray McKnight. Lee smashed Ray's tender nose in the first round and from then on kept his opponent on the catching end. The Indian showed he was still a tough customer to reckon with by taking McKnight's best punches and coming back for more. McKnight made the verdict fairly close and did very well considering the handicap under which he was fighting.

"Circumstances beyond control" halted the Jimmy Pierce-Jess Ackerman bout before it was a round old. Pierce came out and scored several hard rights immediately, flooring Ackerman for a nine-count. Jess arose and was recovering rapidly when he was deluged with a shower of glass from an exploding ring bulb. Ackerman's back was burned and cut and he was in no shape to continue. The bout was declared a draw.

Savior Canadeo, former St. Norbert and CYO ring star, flashed real championship form in disposing of Tommy Campbell, Terre Haute, Ind., in two rounds. Canadeo warmed up in the first round and solved his opponent's style. In the second he opened a barrage of leather that beat Campbell to a standstill. Unable to make a return, Campbell suddenly dropped on his face and was counted out. The finish was very impressive.

Doll Rafferty evened an old amateur score by beating Don Wallenfang in four fast rounds. After getting by his foe's troublesome left, Rafferty had an easy time and made it a decisive verdict.

Billy Pierce made the opener auspicious by scoring a two round kayo over Billy Stevens, Terre Haute middleweight. Pierce outboxed Stevens and then floored him with a series of short rights and lefts. The house was a sellout and grossed $14,000.

At the South Side Armory, Indian Billy Lee continued his local winning streak by belting out Joe Murphy in the second. Murphy retreated rapidly in the first and offered little in the way of opposition. The Indian caught up with him in the next round, however, and floored him with hefty left and right hooks. The referee stopped the bout.

Billy Pierce poked through four rounds of the semiwindup, outclassing Jerry Murphy by a mile, and then in response to the prodding from his corner, dashed out in the fifth and had his opponent in a bad way in short order. Referee Andrews stopped the bout.

Bud Creed made short work of Don Lewis, stopping him in the first and Doll Rafferty did likewise with another inferior opponent, Al Jordan. Johnny Roszina and Tiger Wade slugged through four rounds with Roszina's persistence gaining the edge. This was the most pleasing bout on the card.

FROM THE PRESS ROW: Regret of the month: If Phil Zwick had only started that closing rush a few rounds earlier . . . . Scalzo's defense was air-tight most of the time. Petey is a fine lad and we would like to see him come back against Zwick. That last round knockdown proves that Zwick is dangerous at all times.

At Chicago, Tony Martin beat Frank McBride decisively in eight and Frank Pintaro, Tait Littman's protege, won over Mickey Grog.

Duseks Plan

(Continued from page 38)

Two heavyweight mat stars that are doing their bit for Uncle Sam are Steve Casey, former world's heavyweight wrestling champion, and Chris Zaharias, Greek

Television fans received many thrills the past season as practically all the wrestling matches in Jamaica Arena, Jamaica, L. I., were televised.

The summer clubs in the Metropolitan area opened in June. The greatest season in years is anticipated by promoters in Atlantic City and Wildwood, N. J.; Coney Island, N. Y.; Hempstead, N. Y.; Ft. Hamilton, N. Y.; Washington, D. C.; Baltimore, Md.; Newark, N. J., and Columbia Park, N. J., owing to the influx of service men in those districts. There is also a possibility that wrestling matches will be staged in the various army camps throughout the East during the summer months by Rudy Dusek's men.

* * *

PAUL BOWSER of Boston, one of the leading wrestling impresarios, enjoyed a very successful season throughout the New England States.

Tom Packs, nationally known promoter of St. Louis, Mo., informs the writer that wrestling is on the upgrade in St. Louis and the Middle West.

Eddie Quinn, genial mat promoter of Montreal, Canada, is doing a good business.

Wrestling is also thriving in Texas and other Southern cities, according to Morris Sigel, Houston promoter.

Joe Malcewicz, Pacific Coast promoter, is also having one of his best seasons.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 41)

writers and fans who voiced their opinions in no uncertain terms. They said a lot of things but above all, they said that they were and are perfectly satisfied with the way Al Karasick is running the whole show. In the years that Al has been staging wrestling here, there has never been a single incidence which needed any special investigation. Everything has been O.K. and Al will keep it so.

* * *

IN Havana, Cuba, Alberto Crespo has been kept busy. This heavyweight wrestler has a big following. The Cubans like his style and expect much of him. He is popular and commands attention because of his skill.

Crespo hopes to come to the States during the next indoor season. He has several offers for a South American tour and may accept a trip to Buenos Aires to appear at the famous Luna Park, which is owned and managed by Messrs. Pace and Lectoure. Crespo is one of the best grapplers seen in a Cuban ring in several years.

Incidentally, speaking of Luna Park, Messrs. Pace and Lectoure, whose advertisement appears in this issue of THE RING, are going in big for wrestling, boxing and all other branches of sport. They are recognized in South America as the outstanding promoters. Their Luna Park, which is run identically the same as is Madison Square Garden, is the sports center of Buenos Aires.

Through THE RING, Pace and Lectoure want wrestlers and boxers with good records, to contact them, either direct or through this publication, for summer, fall and winter bookings. The well known promoters are going bigger than ever and if plans materialize, a championship wrestling tournament will be staged to run over many weeks, and at least one big championship fight will be arranged. Nat Fleischer, Editor of THE RING, is trying to arrange for a world featherweight title bout in Luna Park, with Joey Archibald to be pitted against the Argentine champion.

Good wrestlers, in particular, eager to work in South America, are urged to send photos of themselves and their records to Pace and Lectoure, Luna Park Stadium. No managers are needed.

Zelesniak Wins

(Continued from page 37)

rough stuff against Jack's new stars.

Farmer Jack Odell comes from Oklahoma City and as his name implies, he, too, was raised on a farm.

He weighs 225 pounds, is heavy set and very powerful. Oklahoma, as everyone knows, is a hot bed of wrestling fans, where the game enjoys a large following.

Odell is rough; in fact, he rates with what fans like to call mat villains. He doesn't make use of fancy holds but prefers to match strength with his opponents and test their gameness with punishing holds. He is the type of wrestler which fans usually boo lustily, but at the same time like to see.

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Eastern Canada

(Continued from page 10)

staged at the Miner's Forum under the auspices of the hustling little promoter, Gussie MacLellan, was of equal importance in interest, and flew to the most eastern point on the American continent to referee that fight and do a little work on behalf of war charity.

In addition to awarding the belt, I brought with me a two and a half foot buckskin glove, autographed by forty-two present and past champions, and had this raffled at a soccer match for the benefit of the Canadian soldiers who were about to leave for England. Every one of those brave lads who enlisted in the service of Democracy is a sports lover, an ardent follower of fisticuffs, baseball and soccer, and that glove brought to the soldiers' sports fund a total of $420, enough to outfit the regiment with paraphernalia.

Hence, while I missed a great fight in Washington, the first heavyweight contest I have failed to attend in many moons, I enjoyed every minute of my stay among a most hospitable people, fight fans who know every angle of the game and call a spade a spade, without mincing words.

* * *

THAT my appearance in Nova Scotia, coupled with the donations, stirred up a new interest in Eastern Canadian boxing, was evident by the large amount of space given to the fight by the Glace Bay, Sydney, St. Johns and Halifax papers and by the requests for my presence as guest official in other parts of Canada which, unfortunately I had to turn down because of the Louis-Conn fight in New York.

Despite inclement weather, a heavy wind and storm, Gussie MacLellan was honored with the second largest turnout in the city's fistic history. The 4,000 fans were well repaid for their visit to the arena by seeing an excellent card, from the first preliminary through the final. Steadily scoring with a hard left that kept Warrington's head bobbing back and forth, Delaney gained his greatest triumph. On my scorecard I gave Delaney all but three rounds. I scored the third and eighth rounds for the Tiger, the latter because Delaney hit one low punch, and I gave the second even. The rest were all Delaney's. The two judges voted exactly as I did, a most unusual occurrence, and our decision, despite the large number of Warrington adherents, was received with loud applause.

Eastern Canadian fight fans are that way. They like fair play and are true sports. They root hard for the home boy, in this case Warrington, but want to see a just decision rendered.

* * *

DELANEY used a rapier-like left, much like that used by Louis and by the time the seventh round had come to an end, he had the Tiger's right eye cut and bleeding. The claret flowed profusely, but not sufficient damage was done to force the referee to act. Warrington's game stand after the blood handicapped him gained for the Negro a horde of admirers.

The Tiger tried desperately to check that left, but somehow he just couldn't find a proper defense. In both the infighting and at long range Delaney was the master.

Having seen both the Tiger and Al in action on several previous occasions, it was obvious to me that Warrington was off color because of his long layoff.

The hardest blow of the fight was landed in the ninth, when a vicious right caught Warrington on the side of the eye and raised a lump that almost closed the organ. When Delaney realized what damage he had done, he quickly followed up his advantage by peppering the Tiger's nose.

The final two rounds found Delaney working at top speed, but Warrington never gave any ground. He stood before his opponent and exchanged punches with him for a time, but couldn't keep up the pace and was hit hard in the closing minute.

In the ninth a beautiful left to the solar plexus caused Warrington's knees to buckle. It was the closest that either fighter came to being downed.

* * *

WARRINGTON made a grand stand in the last part of the tenth round when he crashed his left several times with force against Delaney's face. Just before the bell ended hostilities, a right to Warrington's jaw rocked the Tiger who was off balance at the time, and another hard left struck home with jarring effect just as the bell clanged.

It was a splendid fight. So elated was Delaney with the belt he had won, that he held on to it like a child would a piece of chocolate. He was the happiest man in Canada that night.

The supporting card was equally interesting. Two of the bouts ended in knockouts. Billy Mooney of Moncton knocked out Wing Kay, a Chinese member of the Vancouver Highlanders, in 2:18 of the second round. Two left hooks to the head and a right cross ended the mill.

In the semi-windup, Nick Meinick stopped Kid Nickerson of Charlottetown in 2:58 of the third. They are middleweights.

In the curtain raiser, Young Power of New Waterford drew with Bill Landry of Moncton. Freddie Lewis and Steve Gillis, popular Glace Bay referees, officiated in these bouts.

* * *

NOVA SCOTIA, years ago was one of the hotbeds of American pugilism, and all it needs now to resume its place in the fistic arena is a few more livewire promoters like MacLellan. Mickey McIntyre, who was at his best forty years ago, was a pioneer boxer around Nova Scotia, though he was preceded by such stalwarts as George Dixon and Sam Langford and Eddie Connelly. In 1910 McIntyre held Battling Nelson to a draw at Winnipeg in what was Mickey's best and toughest battle. Johnny McIntyre, brother of Mickey, was also a good lightweight, as was Buddie MacDonald. Johnny fought all the leading men of his class and welters throughout New England and in Canada with considerable success.

Buddie MacDonald was of the barroom brawler type. In 1916 he beat Johnny Wilson, who later won the middleweight title. Later, Nova Scotia produced good battlers in Stevie MacDonald, Jack McKenna, Eddie Provoe and Maurice MacDonald. They fought between 1925 and 1929 and kept the fires burning in the eastern part of the Dominion.

During the depression, boxing was at a standstill, but in 1934 several newcomers came to the front in Bobby Allan and Gussie MacLellan and with Tiger Warrington, they started the ball rolling again in Nova Scotia. Gussie had to quit because of his eyes. Bobby held the Maritime lightweight and welter titles. Gussie won the featherweight crown in 1938, just before retiring to become a promoter.

Since promoting, Gussie has developed some excellent talent, his best boys being Ronnie MacNeil, Young Dempsey, well known in the States; Mick Melnick and several lesser lights.

Eastern Canada is a lucrative field for all sports, especially boxing and wrestling. With thousands of service men representing all branches on the scene, there is no reason why Nova Scotia should not get back its popularity as a boxing center. It will, is my prediction, and within the year. The people are among the most sociable I've ever met, and as for fair treatment, I can recommend Nova Scotia, especially Glace Bay, to an American fighter or wrestler seeking matches in that sector.

The Ring's Quiz Answers

Copyright, 1941—The Ring, Inc.

HERE are the answers to the questions printed on page 43:

1—A boxing commission under the law has wide spread jurisdiction and power. It can do almost anything it desires in carrying on the bout. It can reverse the decision, but such reversal is contrary to the general rules of boxing. In most states, the rules prohibit a commission from making a change. The decision of the referee and judges, or referee alone is final, as in Washington, where the board could not alter the decision of Arthur Donovan in the Baer-Louis case.

2—Three seconds are permitted in an ordinary fight and four in a championship mill.

3—Sullivan was 24 years old when he won the title from Paddy Ryan and was 34 when he lost to James J. Corbett.

4—Corbett and Fitzsimmons were in the first fight movie.

5—Once a fighter comes in at the required weight, he can scale any weight beyond that at the time the fight is on. Usually, the fighters put on two to three pounds after weighing in.

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Webb *vs.* Lesnevich

(Continued from page 12)

heavies and the middleweight grade. Jeffries, a 225-pounder, was heavyweight champ then. Houseman had Root under his managerial wing. Like Gardner, McCoy and many other good scrappers of the period, Root had outgrown the middleweight class, but lacked the poundage necessary to make him a likely prospect among the big fellows.

* * *

THE late Jack Curley was associated with Houseman in his promoting schemes. Jack approved Houseman's suggestion of developing a new class, which would remove the weight handicap from the shoulders of the pugilists in the "no man's land" area. Houseman sent out a circular letter to prominent sports editors and promoters which covered a range extending from coast to coast, asking for their opinions on the subject.

The response was surprisingly unanimous in the affirmative, with the result that the Root-McCoy contest at Detroit was staged, with the winner crowned as holder of the brand new title.

Curley did the press work for the battle, and had full charge of the seating arrangements and everything else relating to the match. It was from Jack that the writer obtained the details given above, and he certainly was in a position to know all about it.

Kid McCoy was still a very important pugilistic factor at that time, although his record was marred by the entry of three battles in which he had taken the full count. Tom Sharkey kayoed him in ten rounds, Jack McCormick punched him down in less than one frame, and Jim Corbett stopped him in five rounds.

But in the first instance, McCoy had broken training several times during his period of preparation for the fight. He gave Sharkey a merciless beating in the early rounds, but was in no shape to stand up long under the sailor's body attack, under which he finally wilted and succumbed.

The McCormick victory was an astonishing fluke, due to sheer carelessness on the part of the Kid, who held his opponent in utter contempt. McCormick possessed but one fighting asset, a terrific right swing, delivered overhand fashion. But that proved enough, when the too-confident Kid dropped his guard, and turned his head to shoot a verbal wisecrack at his old enemy, Tommy Ryan, who was seated close by the ropes.

In that split second, McCormick charged like a bull, head down, swung his right, hit the Kid's jaw, and stretched him out colder than a newly-opened oyster. Later McCoy took his revenge by beating McCormick to a frazzle and stopping him in eight rounds before a Gotham club.

* * *

AS for the Corbett incident, the bout was one of those "in-the-bag affairs" all too common in Horton Law days, and as such, provided no real test as to the ability of either contestant.

Following the Corbett fiasco, McCoy went to England in 1901, where he whipped Jack Scales, then British heavyweight champ, Dave Barry and Jack Madden, all in a row. He was still going strong, with no defeats chalked up against him, when he signed to box Root. Few fighters have enjoyed the popularity that McCoy did around New York at that time, and when he started to fulfill the Detroit date, a large crowd of prominent Manhattan sports, headed by the famous Considine brothers, went along, equipped with big bank rolls for the backing of the highly touted Kid.

Besides the Considines, many of the members of the New York contingent were personal friends of Curley. Now Jack, ably doing his duty as publicity man, had made McCoy the outstanding figure of the match. This was logical, as the Kid was of international importance, with much glamour surrounding his name. Root, with the exception of a couple of unimportant fights as a middleweight in New York, had done all his scrapping around the West, and consequently the Chicago lad's reputation as a fighting hombre compared poorly with that of the formidable McCoy.

But Jack Curley, as good a judge of pugilistic material as ever lived, was well aware that McCoy was fading. Also, he knew that Root, young, strong, clever and ambitious, had an excellent chance of defeating the shop-worn Kid. So confident indeed, was Jack that Root would be returned winner, that he had secretly laid a good-sized bet on the Chicagoan.

To his dismay, he found that the Considines, as well as the majority of the New Yorkers, were bent on going hook, line and sinker on McCoy—and they weren't the sort of folks accustomed to make piker wagers, either. Urged by friendship's call, Jack tried to steer his New York friends away from the fatal plunge they meant to take. But all to no avail!

He had done his press work too well for that. The Manhattan sports idolized McCoy anyhow, and Curley's published broadsides in favor of the Kid had clinched their determination to support the Kid. They only laughed at his oral arguments, and he was obliged to let it go at that!

Root proved altogether too strong and enduring for the Kid. He outboxed, outroughed and outgamed him, and took the decision by a big margin of points, and McCoy's backers journeyed back East, a sadder and wiser crew!

* * *

ROOT didn't hold his new laurels for long. As already stated, Gardner annexed his crown in the July following. But Gardner's luck wasn't much better than that of Root, for before the year was over, he, in turn, lost the light-heavyweight title to Bob Fitzsimmons, who whipped him in twenty rounds at San Francisco, November 25, 1903.

Fitz remained champion until December 20, 1905, when Philadelphia Jack O'Brien knocked the old war horse out in 13 rounds. Then there came a singular hiatus of nearly eleven years, during which period interest in the light-heavyweight class died away to zero.

Philadelphia O'Brien was the undeniable champion of the grade. But he seemed to think very little of his new honors. He had no trouble whatever in making 175 pounds, in fact he could scale a lot lighter than that, and still retain fighting strength. But there was more money in battling with the big fellows, and that was the line he followed, without appearing to care a whoop in Hades about his title-dignity.

Throughout the country there were two or three pugs who advanced claims toward the kingship of the light-heavies, but nobody paid any attention to them. It was the versatile Dan Morgan who, during World War days, retrieved the discarded crown from the dust-heap, and set it on the brows of his protege, Battling Levinsky.

The latter, like Root, Gardner, McCoy, et al, was too big for the middleweights and too small for successful competition with the giant star performers, so wise Danny created a comfortable spot for Levinsky in the role of a light-heavyweight attraction. The latter was duly recognized as champion of the class when he beat Jack Dillon at Boston in twelve rounds, in October, 1916. Levinsky lasted as throne-occupant for nearly four years, but was hurled from his high estate on October 12, 1920, by Georges Carpentier, who kayoed him in four rounds.

* * *

THERE was lots of history made in the light-heavyweight division from then on. Mike McTigue took a trip to his homeland and defeated Battling Siki, the singular Senegalese, at Dublin, Ireland, in 1923. Siki had wrested the championship from Carpentier. When Mike came back with his blushing honors thick upon him, he was kept as busy as the proverbial bee for a couple of years, batting off the claimants to the world title.

Paul Berlenbach snatched it from him in 1925, whipping Mike in 15 rounds, and losing it to Jack Delaney the year following. Harry Greb, Gene Tunney and Tommy Loughran were light-heavyweight stars at different times in their careers.

When Loughran stepped out to join the heavyweight ranks, Maxey Rosenbloom emerged as winner of an elimination tourney to provide a leader for the smaller class, by defeating Jimmy Slattery in 1930. Maxey bossed the roost until 1934, and was succeeded by Bob Olin in 15 rounds. In a little less than a year later, the clever colored crack, John Henry Lewis, took Olin into camp in 15 rounds, at St. Louis, Mo., winning a clean-cut decision, and drawing a gate of $17,600.

Lewis reigned until he followed Loughran's example by turning heavyweight, and suffered a knockout at Joe Louis's hands in 1939. Billy Conn, recent ace of the light-heavy brigade, ranked among the title-holders chiefly distinguished for speed and science.

The junior lightweight and junior welterweight classes were born, faded and died, not long after birth. There wasn't any popular reaction to the attempt to establish these in-between grades. But the light-heavyweight division isn't destined for any such fate. It has had its ups-and-downs, but as time goes on, you may confidently look for the development of lustrous fistic talent in its ranks.

The Lesnevich-Christoforidis scrap had nothing to boast of along those lines. But there's always another day. Perhaps Jimmy Webb and Christo's conqueror may touch off the glory fireworks when they collide in the near future!

Cockiness Costly

(Continued from page 3)

Louis admitted that much in his dressing room when he declared that he was hurt by Conn's blows in that session. Joe also complimented Billy with the statement that Conn was the fastest, greatest boxer in the field today.

It was the shellacking Joe received in the twelfth that spelled Conn's doom. It maddened the Bomber and caused him to come out with fire in his eyes in the fatal thirteenth, when, with a vicious attack, he started Billy on the road to defeat.

Out he came and let fly his left. But Billy took the play away from Joe by getting in close and playing an attack for almost a minute to Joe's body. But that was Conn's final workout at Joe's expense. After Billy had crashed a left to Louis' face, Joe shot a terrific right to the jaw and it became evident the end was now near.

It was a T.N.T. crash, but Billy didn't go down under it. He tried to make a fight of it, but the punch was too hard and it took all the fight out of him.

A series of lefts and rights followed, without a let-up. They crashed to body and jaw. Seven blows in a row took their toll, as Billy began to cover and then attempted unsuccessfully to draw into a clinch. Louis stepped aside, pushed him off, measured his man, and then let go a right to the chin and down went Conn to be counted out. He was on his way up when the doleful decimal was tolled off, ending the battle amid roaring cheers from the vast assembly.

* * *

THERE is no telling what might have happened had the bout gone the distance because of Billy's amazing daring. Often when stung, he sailed into the champion and succeeded in outslugging him at close quarters. His cleverness made Joe miss shots by a mile which, had they reached their mark, might have ended the bout much sooner. All of that would have tallied in Billy's favor in the final reckoning.

By his performance, Billy the Kid earned the right to a return engagement. He gave the fans their biggest thrill and proved that he was as big a drawing card as the champion. Money is a huge factor in the business of boxing and when a fighter can thrill the spectators as Conn did and can aid in bringing out a near-record crowd and a gate such as has not been seen in a heavyweight championship bout in many moons, he must be given first consideration. He earned it.

The weight of Conn was no surprise. Those who watched Billy train, realized that he would not scale beyond 175, and all talk of being 180 pounds during that period was mere ballyhoo. And speaking of the weight, I think that the Pennsylvania boxing moguls owe an explanation to the fight public and the scribes for the part they played in giving out the phony information that Conn scaled 180 for his fight with Buddy Knox in Pittsburgh. Even Johnny Ray, Billy's manager, admitted to me on the night of the Louis fight that the weight was given as a build-up for the bout with the Bomber. Pity that members of an athletic commission should permit such tactics to be carried out. How come they swallowed that hokum as a hulk? How come they were bamboozled? Or weren't they? And where were the scribes who swallowed that hokum as a build-up for Conn?

That was only one portion of the greatest ballyhoo a fight has received since the Carpentier-Dempsey mill. So well had the job been done following the bout with Knox, that thousands were drawn to the Polo Grounds from many sections of the country to see the Irish boy who was rated a great chance to win the crown. Unfortunately for him, however, it was his Irish temperament that cost him the title, for had he not fought back as all good sons of Erin like to do, he would not have given Louis the chance to tag him with the Sunday punches that brought defeat.

* * *

IN the first round, Billy went to one knee on a slip. Conn made a fast finish in this session, but Joe's punches and general work earned him the round.

Likewise the next two. He took the second by a big margin. Joe worked his fists with rapid-fire delivery into Billy's tummy quite frequently. Conn got home a few hard punches to Joe's jaw in the third, but the round went to the defending champion.

Not so, however, the fourth, which went to Conn by a wide margin. He ripped home many blows with telling effect and was so fast that Louis didn't get a chance to counter. He had all he could do to ward off Billy's wallops.

Louis showed his recuperative powers in the next round, as he did in the thirteenth, by coming back strong and letting Billy have it with a vengeance. Joe also took the fifth and gained the sixth. He got an even break in the seventh but lost the eighth by a big margin when Billy, usually a slow starter, was warmed up to the task and started his climb. Billy's climb wasn't halted until the tenth when he dropped the verdict by a shade because of Louis' fine infighting, but Billy came through with bells on in the next two, in which he smothered the champion and almost dropped him by a rally that brought down the house.

Louis declared that he had hurt his right wrist in the seventh and that the pain handicapped him. The champ left the ring with a slight puffing under the right eye and on the ear, while Conn had three cuts on his face, one under the right eye.

The Bomber will never come closer to being toppled off his throne than in this fight. Even Conn's most ardent supporters didn't expect him to put forth the brand of fighting he did. He outboxed and outslugged the most powerful hitter of recent years. He passed out of the picture as had been predicted, by mixing it with the most devastating hitter of this era, and he took the consequences.

This issue has been held open beyond publication date in order to enable our readers to receive a report of the Louis-Conn battle. The pictures will be published in the next issue. Watch for them.

Louis' Dude Ranch

(Continued from page 21)

impatience or weariness. There always is a smile for each and every signature hunter. If a little old lady and her man come up, Jack asks them how they enjoyed their visit, where they are from, and could he hope ever to see them again.

One night, he and I sat in a booth in his Eighth Avenue place and an old couple walked slowly past the booth on their way out. He saw that they were out-of-towners. He got up and in an instant had both of them by the hand, asking them how they had enjoyed their dinner. They were surprised and overjoyed at meeting Dempsey, face to face, so suddenly.

The old man looked into Dempsey's eyes with the joy of a boy written across his wrinkled face. Then he said, so earnestly:

"Gee, Jack, we thought it was the bunk! We didn't think that we'd even see you, but gosh—TO FEEL YOU!" And with that the old fellow took a pinch at Dempsey's biceps.

New Faces

(Continued from page 29)

(McMillan doesn't say so, but May went on from Savannah to make a great showing in New York under the guidance of Leo P. Flynn, retiring from the ring only after Kid Chocolate stopped him at the Cotton Club.)

Hardy, who stands five feet, nine and one-half inches in his sock feet, has been fighting since 1934, and in the course of his walloping has defeated all of the ranking welters in his neck of the woods. Included in the 12 knockouts he has dished out in his last 22 bouts are such widely known Dixie mittmen as Floyd Carico, Jose Estrada, Tommy Todd, Ed Lipton, Ricorda Hernandez, Curtis Lee, Pug Smith, K. O. Ketchell and D. C. Smith.

Peter Maher Best

(Continued from page 27)

Peter possessed a kayo wallop when his blows landed.

Theodore Roosevelt, then a member of the Board of Police Commissioners, attended this bout, and there was considerable nervousness on the part of the promoters and others as to the Commissioner's reaction. He sat quietly watching the bout from start to finish, and when he arose to take his departure, he was asked what he thought of the contest.

"Bully fight," said he as he walked out.

It was also a "bully fight" that Maher and Gus Ruhlin waged at the Lenox A. C. in 1899. Those who saw that battle declared they never had seen a greater exhibition of gameness and courage than that shown by the gladiators. The contest was scheduled for 20 rounds and both were on their feet, fighting like wildcats at the end of the battle. Both were punished terribly, bleeding freely and very much tired, but neither slackened the pace an instant while in the ring.

Maher lost form in later years and was easily beaten by men he had whipped. In his aging years he was the victim of a most contemptible trick. A benefit entertainment was arranged for the old chap by some of his friends, and it netted several hundred dollars. Somebody who had access to the funds gathered them up and levanted for the Sunny South. Maher never received a penny.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

A POORLY conditioned Lew Jenkins suffered a bad beating at the hands of Bob Montgomery in an overweight match in the Garden before 14,638 fans who contributed $41,703 to see a very bad fight. Our New York Commission makes publicity gestures about examining fighters before a contest to determine their physical fitness. In this instance, Jenkins should never have been allowed to fight.

The cuts from his old wounds were never properly healed and he was rushed into this contest because Promoter Jacobs sensed a good crowd. The bruise on Lew's nose which was suffered in the Ambers fight did not heal properly and it was promptly cut open by Montgomery in the early rounds. The Boxing Commission was negligent in not checking properly on Lew's condition.

There was little to the fight. Jenkins gave everything he had in the first two rounds. He then tired and Bob started a steady bombardment of body and face which got more tiresome as the fight progressed. Montgomery is a plugger and throws punches on the style of Jackie Kid Berg, but there is very little power contained in his fists. Jenkins weighed 135 and Montgomery, 136½—which was an exceptionally low weight for Bob, who is steadily increasing in poundage.

Allie Stolz made a splendid recovery after a slow start to win a decision over Terry Young in the six-round semi-final. This was the best fight of the night. Norman Rubio scored over Pete Muscanera, and Artie Dorrell punched out a victory over Vinnie Rossano in another six-round fray. Joe Symelic upset the dope when he defeated Roman Alvarez, while Art Lind drew with Augie Angarino in the four-round opener.

The smallest crowd ever to attend a boxing show at Madison Square Garden witnessed one of the major upsets of the year when Gus Lesnevich, on the short end of 4 to 1 in the betting, pounded out an overwhelmingly decisive victory over Anton Christoforidis in a fifteen-round fracas. The receipts were so small that the publicity department for Mike Jacobs refused to give out official figures—which gives you a fair indication what the house drew.

Lesnevich won twelve of the fifteen rounds and had his opponent at his complete mercy throughout. He won the first six rounds without a stop, coasted for two rounds and then came on to pound his opponent unmercifully. In the final round he had the Greek staggering around the ring and it seemed as if a knockout were in sight when the bell rang. Lesnevich weighed 175 and the Greek, 166.

Chalky Wright outpointed Sal Bartola in the eight-round semi-final, and for some unknown reason, the decision was booed by the crowd. Wright cut his opponent's eye in the second round and the injured optic bled from that point to the finish. It looked as if Wright charitably refrained from taking advantage and could have done much better. Bartola did the holding, while Chalky forced the fight all the way. Bartola weighed 128 and Wright, 127.

Patsy Giovanelli proved too rugged for Sonny Simon in a hard-fought six-rounder, while Paul Klang won by a technical knockout over Vincent Fratello in the third round of their scheduled six because of a cut eye suffered by Fratello. Danny Kapilow scored over Steve Riggio in the four-round opener.

Billy Marquart, Winnipeg lightweight, scored a technical knockout over Al Roth in the seventh round of their scheduled eight-rounder at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. Marquart handed his game opponent a severe battering and Al was forced to call a halt in the seventh because of a fractured rib. Roth weighed 137¾, and Marquart, 139½. Paul Klang whipped Angelo Lato in the six-round semi-final.

Kid Tunero, Cuban middleweight, making his first start in this country, whipped Gene Molnar over the eight-round route at the Royal Windsor Palace. Tunero proved to be a classy boxer and had little trouble in winning. Freddy Archer scored over Carmelo Fenoy in the eight-round semi-final. Ruby Garcia scored over Tony Iacovacci in a special sixer.

Kid Tunero, Cuban middleweight, followed up with another victory at the Royal Windsor Palace by disposing of Bill McDowell in the sixth round of their scheduled eight. Tunero subjected his foe to a severe trouncing which prompted Referee Pete Hartley to stop the encounter. Frank Zezima won a surprise victory over Ruby Garcia, fast-stepping Puerto Rican featherweight, in the semi-final six.

Tami Mauriello is now casting his lot with the light-heavies. Scaling 166¼ pounds, he disposed of Jimmy O'Boyne in the second round of their scheduled eight at the New York Coliseum. Tony Iacovacci surprised by winning over Curley St. Angelo in the eight-round semi-final—Leonard Bennett, Chicago welterweight, made his New York start a good one by whipping Jerry Fiorello in the feature eight-rounder at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. Bennett looked very good and is due for some further work among the local 147-pounders.

The Johnston family rang down the curtain on the St. Nicholas Rink after nine consecutive years of successful promotion there. The power of Mike Jacobs' name proved too much of a magnet for the owners and they succumbed to the proposition of increased rentage under the new regime of Jimmy Bronson and Billy Brown, backed by Jacobs. The final show saw Aldo Spoldi dispose of Mistos Grispos in the sixth round of their scheduled eight-rounder. Spoldi punched too hard and too often for his game opponent and the referee was forced to call a halt to save Grispos. Aldo weighed 141 and Grispos, 140½. Carmelo Fenoy, Spanish lightweight, scored over Pat Robertson in the eight-round semi-final, while Lorenzo Strickland whipped Warren Peterson in a special six-rounder.

The opening show of the New York Coliseum staged by Willie Johnston had a tough break when Lulu Constantino, featured in the main event with Patsy Giovanelli, was forced off the show because of illness. Matt Perfetti stepped in as a substitute and was beaten by Giovanelli over the eight-round route. Al Reid scored over Jimmy Gilligan, while Sonny Brentz whipped Aaron Seltzer in the remaining eights—Jimmy Garrison, Kansas City welterweight, who did good work on the Coast during the past few years, is now trying his luck in the East. He is accompanied by Manager Charley Perry and they are open for offers against the cream of the welterweight crop around New York. Garrison is a pleasing performer and should not lack for engagements in these parts.

Pete Lello, Chicago lightweight, had little trouble in whipping Paco Villa in the feature eight-round bout at the New York Coliseum. Lello carried too many guns for his rugged but game opponent and at the finish Lello had an easy time of it, although the Mexican kept trying all the way. Lello scaled 135 and Villa, 131. Teddy Wint won over Milton Reeves in the eight-round semi-final.

Joey Fontana socred an upset by whipping Mickey Farber at the opening outdoor show of the Queensboro Arena in Long Island City. Part of the proceeds were donated to the Eddie Cantor Camp Fund and a good crowd attended the festivities. The fight was evenly fought until the closing two rounds in which Fontana spurted with a rally sufficient to win the award. Both scaled at 135 pounds each. Benny Goldberg, Detroit bantam, had little trouble in whipping Nono Cuebas in a special six-round affair.

Chalky Wright, uncrowned featherweight champion, gave a good display of his true fighting ability when he trounced Guillermo Puentes in the feature eight-rounder at the Queensboro Stadium. Chalky scored a knockdown in the third round and the latter was still on the canvas when the round ended. Puentes made a gallant comeback in the fourth and fifth sessions but Wright stepped on the gas in the closing three rounds to prevent any close ending to the fight. Wright scaled 128¼ against 136½ for Puentes. Davey Cohen whipped Johnny Rudd in the six-round semi-final.

Tami Mauriello continued his quest for recognition among the light-heavyweight candidates by stopping Tony Cisco in the fifth round of their scheduled eight-rounder at the Coney Island Velodrome. Now that Billy Conn has retired, the field is open and Tami figures that his chances are as good as any of the light-heavyweights campaigning around these parts. Cisco proved to be a tough customer and would have gone the limit had not a badly bruised eye interfered with his plans. He took all of Tami's best punches without flinching but the eye handicap was too much to overcome. Cisco weighed 170¼ against 168¾ for Mauriello. Henry Vasquez whipped Tony Iacovacci while Jackie Alzek drew with Vic Amato in other six-round events.

Ponderous Abe Simon did not experience much of a workout against Pete Tamalonis at the outdoor Coliseum show. Pete went two rounds before Referee George Walsh called a halt. Simon weighed 255¼ against 179½ for Tamalonis. Simon outclassed his foe from the start and there was little to the fray.

Aldo Spoldi disposed of Babe Synott in the fifth round of the scheduled eight, while Vincenzo Dell Orto whipped Pat Robertson in another eight-rounder—Julie Kogon, New Haven lightweight, opened the Dexter Park Stadium with an eight-round victory over Jimmy Tygh of Philadelphia. Kogon was in good form and the game, aggressive Tygh brought out all of Julie's finer points. Kogon was forced to hustle, and he did step on the gas at all times. Tygh weighed 137 and Kogon 135½. Lou Barbetta and Norman Silver battled to a draw in the eight-round semi-final.

Two of the three Villa brothers appeared for their trial at the Queensboro Stadium, stacked up against strong opposition, and they both failed to come through. Manuel Villa, the first, was the knockout victim of Cocoa Kid in the fourth round of their scheduled eight, while Paco Villa was beaten by Harry Hurst over the same distance. In other scraps over the eight-round route, Matt Perfetti proved too clever for Eddie O'Leary, while Ernest Robinson stopped Johnny Rinaldi in the second session. The opening four-rounder saw Bobby Henry score over Jimmy Paraggio.

The repercussion following the Joe Louis-Buddy Baer conflict still continues to rock the pugilistic world to its very foundation. Technically, Joe Louis could have been disqualified for a violation of the rules, but to deprive him of his title under such circumstances would have perhaps set a dangerous precedent.

There has been considerable criticism directed towards Referee Arthur Donovan, and, in the opinion of the writer, this criticism is well deserved. It is generally known that the referee was the selection of Promoter Mike Jacobs, and you can rest assured that he was selected not only because of his reputation but because of his ability to see to it that Joe Louis received a full measure of protection. The selection of a referee in advance is a throwback to the old days when a reigning champion carried along his own referee so that nothing could happen to him unexpectedly. Of course, you cannot blame Mike Jacobs too severely for protecting so valuable a franchise, but he has instituted rules and has maneuvered situations to the point where the boxing public finds the sport strictly a commercial venture for the exclusive benefit of Mike Jacobs. If anyone has the idea that boxing has prospered because of his influence, that person is either unaware of what is going on, or is rather friendly disposed towards Mike. The fact is that the only one who has prospered since Jacobs has assumed the control of promotions from one part of the country to the other is Mike himself. If a contender seeks a title match, he can only obtain the opportunity by signing up in advance to fight for Mike Jacobs, in the event that he is fortunate enough to come out of the contest with the title. The manager immediately loses control of the champion and he becomes a pawn on Mike Jacobs' checkerboard. There is no importance or managerial ingenuity required to manage a fighter in which Jacobs is interested. He fights when and if this promoter pleases. This is generally well known to the commissions, but they seem to go along with this very unhealthy condition.

Those who listened to the broadcast of the Louis-Baer fight were astonished at the report at the end of the fight by announcer Bill Stern, who seemed to completely lose the nonpartisanship for which an announcer should be reputed and who seemed to be rather overanxious to protect Joe Louis.

There is no question in the mind of this writer, who trusts his eyesight after many years at ringsides and in corners, that Louis did hit Baer after

the bell and floored him. It certainly cannot be charged against Baer that he was struck when he had his back turned and was walking towards his corner after the bell had sounded. Yet Mr. Stern, probably realizing that those at the ringside could not hear him and those on the air could not see, proceeded to emphasize vehemently that Louis did not mean to do this and that it was purely an accident on his part.

Of course, that is entirely natural and Joe Louis should have the benefit of the doubt. Perhaps he did not hear the bell under the exciting circumstances, but I don't think it was up to Mr. Stern to make these claims for Joe Louis. He was so emphatic about Louis' lack of intention that he almost made it appear that Baer himself had something to do with the situation.

When the fight was over, Louis made a speech over the radio, praising Baer and admitting that it was a tough fight.

Ancil Hoffman, manager of Baer, was asked to express his opinion. He promptly stated that he thought that Baer had not been given a square deal and started to explain his position, when he was suddenly cut off the air by Bill Stern with the explanation that Hoffman's statements were merely a matter of opinion.

It would seem to this writer that fair play required that Hoffman be given a full opportunity to express his views. Unfortunately, in the boxing world today it is not easy to extract fair play from those who have a great deal to do with the control of boxing promotions.

Monopoly seems to be in style these days. In Europe autocracy reigns and over here there are many who are trying to give a pretty good imitation of conditions under which the poor folks in Europe are living. It is about high time that promoters, fighters, boxing commissions, officials and even radio broadcasters emancipated boxing with a declaration of independence. I am sure that all those interested in this grand old sport would be glad to affix their signatures to this declaration of independence.

HOOKS FROM HULA LAND

By KEN MISUMI

GEORGE BLAKE, prominent California fight manager and referee, arrived in Honolulu recently to become affiliated with the fight promotional game here. With the departure of Jimmy Murray for California in April, Augie Curtis has been matchmaking the cards at the local Civic Auditorium. Blake will team up with Curtis here.

Augie used to work extensively in Coast rings in the early '30s as a bantam. He's originally from Los Angeles, where his brother Carlos used to run the well-known Main Street Gym. Since his retirement from the ring, Augie has been conducting a flourishing jewelry business in Honolulu.

Whether Promoter Jimmy Murray will return here is a subject of considerable speculation along the local Mitt Mart. Genial Jimmy trekked back to Coast ports back in April with the avowed purpose of signing bantam champ Lou Salica in a titular tilt with Kui Kong Young, hard-hitting local born Chinese southpaw bantam.

During his half year stay here, Murray built up the cauliflower trade to a major industry. His last card—the Kui Kong Young vs. Little Dado bantam scrap—grossed a little over 13,000 smackers. And that isn't chicken feed dough for a non-titular bout among the smaller boys.

Incidentally, that decision favoring Young over Dado smacked terribly much of a home town decision.

I personally scored five rounds in favor of Dado, called one round even and gave the remaining four to Young. Consensus among the majority of the fans was that a draw verdict would have been the least Dado should have got.

Speaking of home town verdicts, that Billy Soose win over Ken Overlin recently in New York had its counterpart in the Kui Kong Young draw fight against Rush Dalma at the Civic Auditorium in June. It's getting so that a visiting fighter here has to knock out a local boy if he wants to win.

A good short-ender before the fight, Dalma outboxed and outpunched Young convincingly in six out of the ten rounds. I gave Young but three rounds, with the remaining frame being tagged even.

The remarkable thing about the fight was the strange behavior of the referee and the two judges. Judges Allen Dodd and Al Schaff scored five rounds in favor of Dalma, called three rounds as Young's, and two heats as even. Referee Willie Whittle also tabbed Dalma as the winner. But right after the fight, notwithstanding their round-by-round score, all three of the officials marked down Young as the winner. Plenty of cheers (genus Bronx) greeted the verdict.

Gross take for the Young-Dalma scrap was $5,700 or so. Young got around $1,250, while Dalma got a cut of $750.

They're talking about a return match between the two boys, but Dalma's manager, Al Richardson, remains plenty burned up about the kind of treatment they gave his boy.

It was Dalma's second fight here. Hitting port about six weeks back with Richardson and Welter Flash Sebastian, Dalma won over Nat Corum of Los Angeles in his first local tilt two weeks before the Young fight.

Dalma originally hails from Manila. He campaigned around California since he left Manila in May of last year. The Fil boxer first gained national recognition when he whipped Georgie Pace of Cleveland in California early this year. He's currently 24 and claims but four losses out of 123 fights in the past six years.

The former Manila champ rates as a good two-fisted boxer. Not a particularly hard hitter, but plenty fast and shifty.

In that Young fight, Dalma displayed a beaut of a straight right counter to the kisser that caught the local battler flat-footed time and again. Young failed to penetrate Dalma's polished defensive armor. The Honolulu bantam was missing consistently.

Announced ring weights were: Dalma 128⅛, as against Young's 119¼.

Dalma's performance against Young should mark him as a definite threat in bantam ranks. Manager Al Richardson claims his boy is a better boy than even Little Dado. That's a matter for plenty of argument, however.

Lenny Mancini, Brooklyn's slashing lightweight.

Incidentally, Dado is still here in town with Manager Leo Leavitt. The N. B. A. world flyweight title-holder had his last workout a month back against Nat Corum. Dado copped the verdict, but Corum made a fight of it all of the way.

Rumors currently making the circuit of local Punch Row have it that Lou Salica will be here by July to take on Little Dado. This may be a non-titular fray.

The N. B. A. 112-pound king, by the way, remains a standout favorite with his compatriots and practically all of the other races domiciling here. Plenty aggressive, Dado never fails to carry the fight to his respective rivals.

I personally rate him as one of the greatest flyweight and bantam scrappers ever to have shown here. And I've seen them come and go—ring greats like Midget Wolgast, Fidel La Barba, Speedy Dado and the rest.

Two smokers a month is still the schedule here in town. Judging by the fight interest shown here by local fans, local promoters could well afford to put on a show on a weekly basis and still clean up. Smallest take to date this year has never been below $2,000.

Recent Honolulu fight results: Flashy Sebastian kayoed Sonny Valdez, 1 round; Flashy Sebastian decisioned Jerry Summerforte, 6 rounds; Nat Corum scored over Eddie Salazar of Honolulu; Paul Matsumoto drew with Eddie Salazar, and Little Pancho stopped Charlie Higa.

Coast importations that are expected to hit town soon are Chico Romo, Mexican welter, and Kenny Lindsay, Canadian bantam top-ranker.

Lindsay should be due for plenty of work here, what with some of the nation's outstanding 118-pounders now added to the local clouting colony. Besides Kui Kong Young, there are Little Dado and Rush Dalma.

Harold Hoshino, terrific punching Oregon-born Japanese featherweight, is expected to head this way soon with Manager Lonnie Austin. Hal, during his last stopover here, kayoed Kui Kong Young in the eighth round of a scheduled ten-heater.

Matchmaker Augie Curtis hopes to line up a re-match between Hoshino and Young.

Leo Leavitt remains a busy man around town these days. Besides his managerial duties, versatile Leo is press-agenting Car Hickerson's Derby Show now being featured daily at the Civic Auditorium. Pretty much of a figure around local Punch Row, Leo currently threatens to bring N. B. A. titlist Pete Scalzo over here to defend his title against Little Dado.

Admittedly a pretty ambitious plan, this—stacking up the flyweight champ against a featherweight—but Leo insists his boy will take Scalzo easily. Dado, incidentally, normally scales around 117 when he doesn't have to pare down. Leavitt says his boy can easily up this poundage to the featherweight mark if Scalzo comes down here.

Johnny Hutchinson's current success in Coast rings comes as no surprise to natives around these parts . . . . Johnny wowed them here in his two island appearances . . . . The Philly Negro lightie fought Dencio Cabanela to a draw in his first start, then soundly whipped Cabanela in their second meeting . . . . Sam Ichinose, the island's foremost amateur boxing coach, has turned to pro fight managing . . . . His stable of three will include three top ranking amateurs . . . . They're Yasu Yasutake, territorial featherweight A. A. U. champ of '40-'41 and National A. A. U. runner-up in '40; Dado Marino, territorial flyweight champion of the past two years and Boston National A. A. U. flyweight runner-up in '40, and Paul Matsumoto, National A. A. U. lightweight titlist at the Boston tourney last year . . . . Fans are predicting a great future for Yasutake, who rates as a terrific puncher with a kayo sock in either mitt . . . . Looks like George Blake will make his permanent home here this time . . . . The popular Coast fight figure has made innumerable trips here in the past few years and has always hankered to establish himself here in some business venture . . . . He has a host of Honolulu friends who are wishing him lots of luck in his promotorial venture . . . . All evidences, at that, seem to indicate that George just can't miss making a go of the local pro game . . . . Moose Taussig's Bar in town continues to be a popular rendezvous for Honolulu's thriving sports colony.

BOXING IN PANAMA CAMPS

By PVT. P. L. CAPARELL

BOXING this past month was at high level. Baby Chici, No. 1 featherweight contender here, produced an upset when he decisively defeated Panama's triple champion, Young Hurtado, in ten rounds of fast, clever boxing. Young Shadow, former Isthmasion lightweight title-holder, earned his claim to another shot at the crown, when he scored a sensational five-round K.O. over Cuba's champion, Gabriel Henriquez.

Floored for the first time in his career, Young Shadow came up from the deck in the ninth session of his ten-round contest with Rene Sanchez to lose a hard-fought decision, which also floored the hopes of his faithful fans who crammed the National Gymnasium to witness the comeback of their fistic idol.

Steve Padon, Chicago's contribution to the fistic world at Panama, proved a disappointment to his many American fans when he lost a slow, dull ten-round decision to Young Hurtado before a capacity crowd of 3500. Steve later claimed that ineffective training and dry tropical climate finished him before he entered the ring. He is determined, however, to avenge his defeat with Hurtado and has hopes of competing in at least three more battles before he returns to Uncle Sam.

Noticeable among the fans at the stadium were Byron Cousins and Louis Lombardo. The latter battled Kid Kaplan for his title in New York in 1924. Cousins is presently serving as boxing official, aside from his many other duties.

My boxing class at the Y.M.C.A. is doing excellent, thanks to Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course. Paul "Cyclone" Cook, the Illinois Tornado from the small town of Gilespie, fought an excellent six-round exhibition for me here at the "Y." against Homer Pikey, also of Illinois. Each round was limited to two minutes, and the referee was Byron Cousins.

IN SOUTHERN U. S. CAMPS

By TOM EPHREM

WELL, Servicemen, two of your boys got going and registered two wins apiece during the past month. Tommy Gomez, the Tampa heavyweight soldier at Camp Blanding, did away with Lou Thomas and Jim Bowden in the first round in each fight, taking place in Tampa and Jacksonville, respectively, while Uncle Sam's "Baby Bomber," Li'l Mike Raffa, Newell, West Virginia, featherweight contender, scored well meaning wins over Bill Speary, THE RING'S fourth ranking featherweight, and Jimmy Gilligan. Mike is a corporal in the Fort Knox, Kentucky, camp. Nice work, boys.

Nifty News—Benny Duke of Grand Rapids, Mich., one of the best mitt slingers who plied his trade when fighters were fighters, is now serving happily Uncle Sam and stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas. Benny is a volunteer and in charge of training and developing the boys there. His pet ambition is to have his boys of the boxing squad be on par with any branch of the Service.

Benny writes that Lieutenant J. E. LaPlace is in command of the recreation and carries the responsibility of putting boxing on the map, and through the lieutenant, has been able to train the boys. That's swell of Officer LaPlace, who sees, no doubt, that an experienced hand is the best teacher. One may recall Benny Duke boxed the then world's lightweight champion, Sammy Mandell, to a ten-rounder in 1929 and faced Jimmy Goodrich three times during 1930-31. He also boxed Roger Bernard and the Perlick twins when all were at their top. Best wishes, Benny, and to you, Lieutenant LaPlace.

Private Nicholas Iacavella, better known as Joe Vella, manager of Gus Lesnevich, a leading light-heavyweight, is doing his bit for Uncle Sam and is stationed at Fort Eustis, Virginia . . . . Jackie Carter, former lightweight contender, paid yours truly a visit while on furlough. He looks great. The Service is doing him a great service, says Jackie.

Stanley Weinberger of THE RING Magazine, who is Nat Fleischer's and Eddie Borden's assistant, is now a member of Co. A, 30Bn., Engineers' Replacement Center, Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri. Stanley is the one who paints THE RING covers and handles all THE RING Records. He knows boxing from A to Z and hopes soon to be made a boxing instructor at the camp.

Johnny Blaine's Gym in Jacksonville is visited often by Steve Belloise, Frankie Poreda and Tommy Gomez. Johnny has a great set-up in his place and we see many of the local boxers now in conditioning. Very good. We needed such a gym all the time and when the former New York featherweight boxer opened the training quarters, it stimulated considerable interest along our Cauliflower Row. Things now are humming with activity for the little fellow, glad to say.

Steve Belloise, previous to his leaving for New York to meet Victor Dellicurti, trained before large crowds daily at Johnny's place. Frankie Poreda, with Georgie Abrams and Tommy Tucker, will be putting forth appearances as this goes to press. In order to accommodate the enthusiastic gathering each day, Blaine has six copies of each RING Magazine since his opening, for the folks to indulge in reading and knowing fight articles outside their own city. Here is one of the finest ways to have them possess knowledge of the sport, what Johnny is doing. His co-partners, Seymour Hoffenberg and Leonard Rosenberg, have become RING Magazine addicts and get copies for their own benefit. Thanks tremendously, fellows.

The 116th Field Artillery at Camp Blanding have built their own boxing arena to start off the sport among their boys. Enlisted men from the headquarters battery from St. Petersburg did the work. Lieutenant George Smith of Arcadia directed while Lieutenant-Colonel W. E. Jones of Haines City played a big part in obtaining the building material.

The first of a boxing series will take place at the local Naval Air Base, according to Lt. Fritzie Cahn, an athletic instructor, who invites yours truly. Lt.-Commander Eddie Mahan is in charge and has the capable aid of Fritzie, who is one grand sport. Promising material is to be found at this base as Fritzie states Steve Belloise, Frankie Poreda, Georgie Abrams, Al Nettlow, Tommy Tucker and Cal Cagni are working hard with them.

Capt. Ben Hudson, Blanding recreational officer, returned from a furlough and announced that boxing titles will be sought for division champs in certain weights . . . . Add to the Jacksonville Navy Base athletic directors: Buzz Keefe, Harry Thompson, Bob Johnson and Hill Renz. All fine fellows and worthy of their role.

At Fort Monroe, Virginia, there is a heavyweight, Jimmy Quigley, that will bear the watching eye, so keep yours on him . . . . Wednesday and Thursday nights are selected by Petey Sarron, former featherweight champion, to conduct his boxing classes among the Alabama 167th Infantry Regiment. Practices will last two hours each day, says Petey.

Due to his fine win over Bill Speary, Bomber Mike Raffa, sensational and hard-hitting featherweight at Fort Knox, Ky., is in line for a shot at Petey Scalzo. Scalzo, according to the National Boxing Association, is the world's featherweight champion, and this meet will be for the latter's crown in a fifteen-round duel . . . . A state Army vs. Navy in Florida in boxing competition is in plan, according to Ernie Stephens of Orlando. Discussion for the plans were held by Col. Thomas S. Voss and Lt. Lindsey with a Legion committee who favor such during the fall.

Lindsey is rushing completion of three rings at the Orlando Air Base in order to have a post team ready. The Lieutenant is playing an active part in athletics there. Stephens says that THE RING Magazine is now on sale at the Orlando Army Air Base and is a great seller . . . . Also in the Orlando Base is a newcomer in fight ranks, Soldier Arnold Brown, who is doing O.K. To date, he holds eight straight kayoes to his credit.

Corp. Phil Edmondson, stationed at Quantico, Va., and a Savannah boy, has the goods, we believe, and his best win was that over Abradi in Cuban waters. Phil is a featherweight, and with proper help, should be delivering. His pet is THE RING Magazine and he is a loyal supporter.

Carlos De Grasse pens in from Galveston and says Florida soldiers now there who eat up THE RING are George Moye, Tiger Clance, Jimmy Valentine, Leon Foucart and others of the 265th. Carlos mentions the Two Brothers Newsstand as RING headquarters. About the boys' doings there, Tiger Clance, Leon Foucart, Sgt. Kayo Wiley, Johnny Santanna have shown their wares to the public and Foucart, plus Clance, are now headlining shows. Wiley was unfortunate against Manuel Azteca, getting kayoed in three while Foucart scored a win in the first over Bill Phillips. In a special sixer, Tiger Clance kayoed Rubin Guzman in two. De Grasse states that Al Davis is at Camp Hulen.

Everybody's pal, Steve Belloise, has found two nifty prospects at the Jacksonville Navy Base and it's all the time, "Me and my two proteges." They are Red Melancon, a sweet boxing 140-pounder, and Buddy Turner, 165-pound lad from Jackson, Miss. Buddy is 18 years old and wants to follow in the fighting footsteps of his scrappy cousins, Snooks and Gus Campbell, former Miami boys. Turner is an ardent RING reader and fan of the highest degree. Melancon is from Pensacola and already moves like a veteran.

Heard from reliable RING reader, Bill Cocke, who supplies us with much fistic info. Bill says that Mike Raffa challenges any featherweight in the N-A-V-Y, through this corner. It should bring out the fistic interest between Uncle Sam's servicers. Quoting Bill, who says: "As for THE RING, it is really hard to describe how much it is appreciated. When we like something, it is hard to find words that will express our true appreciation—as THE RING. It's tops." Bill is with Mike Raffa at Fort Knox, Ky. P.S.—to Mike: Thanks heaps for your swell picture, champ.

Autrey Barnes, or rather Tampa Red Barnes to the fight game, is assisting Uncle Sam at the Edgewood Arsenal in Maryland. That's great, Autrey.

Around five thousand fans saw the 43rd Division (New England) give its first boxing show, a whizzer, and had ring notables as Frankie Poreda, New Jersey heavyweight prospect, and Steve Belloise, New York middleweight challenger, acting as third men. Winners were Frankie Foley (he's O.K.), Harold (Hud) Dockum, Bob Daily, Art Newman, Hal Spicer, Gene Smith, Rene Audy, Chester Adcochitis, Matt Czarnechi, and all looking good.

The 106th Quartermaster Regiment held their weekly program and offered ace-high entertainment. N. T. Smith defeated D. M. McClain, Jr.; R. P. Newchurch won from M. R. Johnson, two promising lads; R. E. Goff beat Earl Moore; Harold Mullis kayoed G. T. Mann, and H. C. Gant was kayoed by Kiki Stanley.

Servicemen, the best fight autobiographies are written by THE RING Editor, Nat Fleischer, which will make the best library reading. Anything connected in boxing for your information will be gladly answered by Nat, who is eager to help you. Books on How to Box, Training Properly, etc., can be obtained by the Editor, and don't be bashful in writing him. Send in your notes from all camps to me at this address: Tom Ephrem, 605 W. Forsyth St., Jacksonville, Florida. Am happy to hear from all you fellows, so come on right ahead. Keep in touch with the boxing world by reading THE RING Magazine. And let the old home town read what you are doing.

When in Jacksonville, don't forget to get your RING at Jake's Stand at the corner of West Forsyth and Hogan Streets, and George's Smoke Shop in the 200 block on West Bay Street. It's there for you all.

Johnny Blaine's Gym in Jacksonville is looked upon as one of the three outstanding training quarters in the South. Clean, roomy, and well-in-town located, Servicemen are welcomed there. Adios, fellows.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

By TOM EPHREM

PROFESSIONAL boxing gave every indication of doing a great comeback in Jacksonville and proved its intentions when 2300 real fight-hungry fans jammed the local fight palace to see that Destructible Demon from Tampa, the one and only Tommy Gomez, hang a short but powerful left hook on Jim Bowden, local boy, to score his tenth consecutive knockout. The blow came a few seconds after two minutes of the first round had ticked away. It was for Gomez his 27th kayo triumph within the 32 ring battles under his belt. So packed were the fight fans, and I mean packed like sardines, that the fire inspector refused admittance to many a late customer (and that was during the second bout of the evening). Tommy received a wonderful hand for his short work in stowing the local mauler away in such convincing manner. Really was nice work.

The semi-final, the best fight of the night, saw Tom Sharkey, local welter, and Frankie Thomas of Tampa go to it all the way with seldom a let-up for eight action-crammed rounds and to a draw. The fans made it very discomforting for Sharkey, but his business is *fighting* and nothing else mattered to him. They gave Thomas a big hand, which he deserved, and the draw verdict, although not well received, was the correct decision.

Leo Center, an outstanding Southern amateur boxer, made his second pro debut and after a hard first round with Tommy Burns, finished his rival from Camp Blanding with a well-directed kayo wallop in the following canto. They are light-heavies. In another sixer, Ray Holland, Savannah, copped his bout with Ray Tejan, a good scrap. They are middleweights. Then Frankie Foley, New Haven soldier at Blanding, had too much artillery for his opponent, Soldier Billy Jones, who tried hard all the way in their welterweight clash. The fight was stopped in the third. Joe Castellano, Blanding, finished Jack Hightower also in the third, a Navy boy, flyweights.

Bill Gore, Miami Beach, refereed the main assignment and drew a nifty hand when he said, "I will not tolerate dirty fighting" . . . Out of towners were Pete Norton, Tampa Tribune sports editor, Frank La Marque, Tampa boxing promoter and a square shooter; Fritzie Cahn, Steve Belloise, Frankie Poreda, Petey Sarron and many others but to the champion that night, it's Bill Reppenhagen, manager of Frankie Poreda and who had brother Stanley back then. Bill came all the way down here from up Jersey City just to see the fight and I am very glad he did cause I had the extreme honor to meet one of the grandest fellows in Boxing. A very swell fellow. . . . Then Joe Leto, manager of Gomez. . . . Here is a capable man and a fine one. Every time Joe talks about fighters etc., he mentions THE RING Magazine to the fellows and to the newsies as the AUTHORITY of his words. Thank you Joe.

Jacksonville is very proud of her large Jewish population and here are the city's NUMBER ONE sports followers, barring none. It was well evidenced at the ringside for the Gomez-Bowden scrap. Mentioning just a couple of them; Abe, Julius, Pete, Benny and several more of the Fletchers were on hand (one family), while the Wolfsons, Louis, Sam, Saul, Cecil and three more in the family group were present. Then Joe Blattner, who bought a grabfull of ringside seats for friends and himself while Leon Goldfarb did likewise. Just wait until a Jewish main eventer comes here, then . . . . By the way, each of those named above are RING Magazine readers, too.

It was sure great to see Joe Leto's brother, Tony, who was at one time a leading Southern featherweight, and we remember him as an outstanding card in Jacksonville, back then . . . . To make a long story short, the boxing bill that Nat Fleischer, Jimmy Weaver, Everett Clay and this writer has been fighting FOR, (the Florida Bill), is NOT the true bill that was at first presented us by Representative Horrell. Florida needs a bill, an honest fight bill, not a political one. It won't pass the Senate, I'll tell you.

Billy Murray, gifted young lightweight of Bill Gore's handling, eked out a close but unexpected win over the crafty veteran, Carl Red Guggino in Tampa. The kid took a pasting about the body for the first four rounds but Bill Gore's magic words took effect from then on and after a real battle, received the split duke. It was Murray's thirty-second win in the same number of battles, a wonderful record. The boy, that's all he is, is a sweet boxer and classy. His ability can't be in doubt, I believe, as he has never had a scratch on his face or even a black eye. It was several days before the Guggino win that THE RING's Eddie Borden tabbed him as the Month's Best Lightweight Prospect. A distinction well deserved for a future champion.

Jimmy Kidd Hatcher, Southern featherweight ace; the pretty wife, Toby and manager Baron Pate stopped off in Jacksonville for several hours before leaving for the Northern tour where Hatcher has nice offers. Toby tells me that she just can't wait for the next RING to come out, so anxious is she to know what's going on. In

cidentally, that was a honey of a story that RING Colleague, I. Q. Gross had in the last issue about them.

Tommy Gomez, yes again, did the unexpected in belting out Lou Thomas of Indiana, in the first round at Tampa. Tommy, outweighed by 15 pounds, opened the round with a left that staggered Thomas and then with a two-fisted attack, put the ending touches on Lou. It was a good while before the Indianan came out of it. Whatta puncher, this Gomez.

Harry Weekly, New Orleans welter, the best in the South, surprised in knocking out Irvin Berlier, same city, in the second round. Harry looks better at each going. His manager? Broadway Johnny Cox . . . . Dave Karess of New York City, says his heavyweight, Charlie Eagle is ready for the Tampa heavyweight sensation, Tommy Gomez . . . . Jacksonville is starting that sports arena we told you about several months ago. Seating capacity will be 6,000, according to Jim Carey, one of the men behind it. Well Jim, hurry on up. We all in Jacksonville sure need it bad . . . . For protection to the fight managers, fighters that I have contacted and for myself . . . . I am no longer in affiliation with the present professional fight club in Jacksonville, which I feel necessary to tell you all, as to where no friction whatsoever can be sprung between us.

Eddie Moore, New England boxing manager, is located in Jacksonville for the time being. He has several good boys on hand and would like to show them around here as soon as the second pro club opens . . . . Send me fight news at 605 W. Forsyth St., Jacksonville, Florida. Will be glad to answer any question upon receipt of stamped envelope. Buy THE RING in Jacksonville at Jakes Stand at the corner of West Forsyth and Hogan Sts., and at George's Smoke Shop, 200 block West Bay St.

It's a hot race between Billy Murray, Florida lightweight and Tommy Gomez, the state's colorful heavyweight to see who is the first to bring the Sunshine State a world title. Both boys have thirty-two fights apiece with Murray losing none, all wins; and Gomez copping thirty, one loss and one draw. That's a splendid record for the two, right? Anyway, the very best of good luck to both the lads. They have considerably revived the boxing interest throughout the state and the game is on the increase due to them. Joe Leto manages Gomez, while Bill Gore has Murray.

Marty Fuller, of New York, is down in Florida with several sensations in the swatset and by reports, the two laddies, Harvey and Moe Weiss, twins to be exact, have made quite a gathering for themselves. Both appeared in Miami Beach and won their bouts. Harvey is a 140 pounder and Moe, a one-thirty-fiver, or am I mistaken, Marty? Gene Molnar is included with the Fuller stable. Gene and the twins appear on a Savannah card with Molnar to face Baxley Hardy on top. Marty and any of his boys are welcome to our shores cause they are fighters and can fight. Eddie Borden will vouch for that, aye, Eddie?

Bobby Britton and Jack Larrimore, Miami Beach rival welters went at it again and for the fifth time. This time, Bobby scored an eight round win, the referee halting the bout due to a bad cut above Jack's eye. The scrap until then was all right and little to choose between them. This is the last bout to be held at the Beach Arena, we understand. What now for Miami and the Beach fight fans?

Don Hamill, THE RING's Connecticut Writer, sends in a swell letter, notably outlining his great enthusiasm for our Editor, Nat Fleischer. Don wants the opportunity to see Nat again . . . . Bob Colvin misplaced Brother Johnny's latest RING Magazine and how the fur did fly. Johnny is the one we previously stated had every issue of THE RING since it's beginning.

ARKANSAS AND NEARBY FLASHES

By CLYDE SMITH

NORTH LITTLE ROCK, Ark.—Bob Sikes had an easy time scoring a kayo over Lee Oma in the third. Having successfully launched his comeback by knocking out Oma, Detroit heavyweight, Sikes is now looking for tougher opposition.

In the semi-final, Baby Lou Alcanter of Kansas City was awarded a technical kayo over Vernon Hogue, 126-pounder of Hot Springs, in the fourth round. A steady stream of blood from Hogue's battered nose caused the referee to stop the fight.

Billy Davis, rugged Bauxite fighter, won a technical knockout over Chino Lopez, Kansas City Mexican, in the fourth round. Showing a clever style, Davis had the advantage all the way and knocked Lopez down twice before flattening the Mexican with an uppercut to the chin.

Don Marshall, 148, Bauxite, won by decision over Pat McLeary, Kansas City, 145, six rounds.

Jimmy Peterson, Bauxite southpaw, shaded Woody Bell, also of Bauxite, in the opening six-rounder.

Bill Burns, secretary of the Arkansas Athletic commission, is passing out registration blanks to boxers who want to participate in tournaments for the state championships in the various divisions.

HERE 'N' THERE—Allen Hearing Post, American Legion, will sponsor weekly all-Negro boxing cards at the American Legion Stadium. Billy Siscoe will be matchmaker . . . . Jimmy Lunsford, the 21-year-old heavyweight who is headquartering in Little Rock for the time being, stands 6 ft. 3 in. and weighs 205. Lunsford is managed by Joe Craig . . . . Rumors continually seep in that Regan Kinney of Hartman, Arkansas's National A.A.U. heavyweight king, may start fighting for money soon . . . . Jimmy Hamilton, who won the state A.A.U. light-heavy championship, also will turn pro . . . . Don't be surprised if it is Buddy Knox vs. Bob Sikes.

Paul Ladd, who fought fairly successfully as a middleweight several years ago, is back in training . . . . Yours truly during his colorful career in and about the boxing ring, has served as contestant, judge, referee, publicity man and promoter-trainer and manager of boxers . . . . Football is the most dangerous of school sports. After that, in order, come wrestling, track, soccer, basketball, baseball and boxing. The survey was made by a coach of San Jose, Calif., Teachers' College.

Memphis, Tenn.—Neville "Tiger" Beech of Picayune, Missi., knocked out Worth London, Camp Robinson heavyweight, in the fifth round, scheduled 10-round.

Memphis, Tenn.—Neville "Tiger" Beech, 190, knocked out Don Millsaps, 189, Macon, Ga., in the second round.

Around New Orleans, La.—Harry Weekly, 141, New Orleans, knocked out Ervin Berlier, 142 (3) . . . . Cosby Linson, 145, New Orleans, won over Russell Long, 148 (8) . . . . Dudley De Jean, 136, won over Mike Martinez, 134 (8) . . . . Two Ton Walters, 225, won a kayo over Sal Marciente, 190, (1) . . . . Battling Noonan, 135, won over Al Bourglois, 132 (4).

New Orleans—Jackie Callura, 128, Canada, outpointed Guy Serean, 129, Boise, Idaho, (10).

Russell Long, former Mississippi collegian, has joined Broadway Johnny Cox's stable . . . . Marty Burke, old time heavyweight fighter, is matchmaker for a wrestling club . . . . Cosby Linson has had 14 pro bouts and undefeated. Linson is managed by Jack Russo, 1428 Royal St., New Orleans, La. . . . . A card from Jackie Callura in Montreal: "Am enjoying honeymoon."

Don't forget you amateurs around East Texas, drop me a letter for future bouts. My address is 1003 E. Magrill St., Longview, Texas.

Professional boxing, which has been booming in many states recently, has been brought back to Tulsa, Okla., after a long lay-off when Promoter Sam Avey offered a card that was headed by Junior Munsell, Vincent Myers, 160, Oklahoma State G.G. champion, made his pro debut on this card.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Denver, Colo.—Rodie O'Dooley, Steamboat Springs heavyweight, scored a one-round kayo over Hank Bath of Fort Morgan, Colo. The battle was O'Dooley's pro debut.

The semi-final brought together a couple of welterweights in the persons of Sammy Calabrese and Joe Aguilar, with Calabrese getting the nod at the end of six rounds.

O'Dooley, one of the most widely-publicized fighters to ever hit this neck of the woods, left the fans as much in the dark as ever concerning his actual ability following the tilt with Bath. Bath, completely washed up these past few years, simply stepped out, took a couple of belts on the whiskers and was through for the evening.

Before this corner will climb on the O'Dooley bandwagon, we've got to see Rodie in there with an opponent who will at least make an effort to hold up his hands—something Bath didn't do.

In this respect, we are reminded that there are three regional heavyweights on hand to give O'Dooley the acid test. These are George Amaya and big Bill Ely, a pair of Pueblo mitt-slingers, and state champion Frankie "Cyclone" Lynch of Aguilar.

At Denver, Colo.—Georgie Amaya, Pueblo heavyweight, scored a two-round kayo over Englewood's Bomber, Fred Currier.

Fistic activity is still in a state of eclipse out here in the Rockies and the future looks none too bright. Practically all the smaller clubs have given it up as a bad job, what with little or no profit to show for their trouble, and no few of them tell the writer that they have a belly full of the brow-beating tactics practiced by the local State Boxing Commission.

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IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

TONY ZALE, recognized N.B.A. middleweight champion, proved his mettle as a genuine titleholder, when he subdued the slashing Slav from Seattle, Al Hostak, in round two of a scheduled 15-round defense of his coveted laurels that he had previously achieved of his aforementioned rival.

This was the Gary Pole's second successful defense, Tony having curtailed the challenging bid of the "Golden Greek" from Washington, D. C., Steve Mamakos via the kayo route in round 14.

Before a minute had elapsed, the belting Slav exploded a lethal right-hand clout to the side of Zale's jaw that sent the champion clear across the ring. Tony was able to prevent a clean knockdown by bracing his frame from settling on the canvas with the straightening out of his arms, while in a stooped position. Hostak made the mistake of not following his opponent, who was shaken up considerably by the blow.

As it was, Zale managed to cling to Al, as he, Hostak, attempted to halt hostilities then and there; but the courageous Tony, who possesses exceptional recuperative powers, cleared the cobwebs in his cranium and before the round was completed had redeemed himself.

At the clang of the bell of the second and what was, in reality, the concluding heat, Zale countered a left jab with a terrific right hand belt to the kidney, Hostak dropping from this smash, in a sitting position and holding his glove over the painful area where he was struck, while Referee Johnny Behr counted over him.

The ex-middleweight champ, Hostak, arose at the count of nine and the ever-determined champion unhesitatingly went right after his victim, blasting clouts to head and body that floored Al again—this time the West Coast clouter was in a kneeling position—while Behr tolled the count over him. Hostak had trouble with his mouthpiece and had difficulty adjusting it. The last blow that Zale connected with dislodged it and he had trouble with his respiration.

Before the final count, Hostak's fifth trip to the deck, Al dropped without being hit, more so due to bewilderment than from a right-hand slug to the jaw. Al was attempting to protect his face, when Zale crossed him up and delivered another kidney blow that was unleashed from arm's length and spelled finis for Hostak.

The ten-round semi-windup found Booker Beckwith, the Middle West's outstanding light-heavyweight combatant, gaining a unanimous victory achievement over Solly Krieger. Beckwith forced the fighting throughout, and Solly was content to bob and weave and plod along, while the Gary tantalizer stabbed with his rapier stinging left jab.

Not only did Booker jab and cut Krieger's eyelids, but he repeatedly set the Brooklynite up for a damaging right-hand smash that hurt the ex-160-pound kingpin no little. Krieger made a valiant and late bid in the tenth canto; but the elongated and elusive Beckwith saw to it that it was short-lived by countering fast and furious and eventually sapping the vitality of New York's Hebrew.

Altus Allen, sleek-featured Chicago heavyweight aspirant, had some uncomfortable moments with Floyd Gibbons of Detroit, Mich., before he triumphed over the "Motor City" heavy. Gibbons had a slight lead at the end of the first five rounds, but in the sixth and final chapter, Allen connected with a timely right-hand that spilled Gibbons for the count of nine and for the duration of the round was in a helpless state and absorbed a thorough lacing.

Bill Peterson, 208-pound heavyweight goliath from Indiana Harbor, won a hard-earned five round contest from Al Reiss, another Detroiter. Peterson floored Reiss for a nine count in the first, but ran into difficulties in the next three frames, only to overcome Reiss' startling effort by knocking Al down twice in the final canto for a no count and a two count.

And in the four-round curtain raiser, Jack Haley, 1941 Golden Glove champion, won with comparative ease over Vito "Bo" Rizzo, Westside 130-pounder.

This national fight production was promoted by Bill Rand at the spacious Chicago Stadium before an assembled throng approximating 15,000 ardent fistic spectators, who contributed into the turnstiles a gross total of $48,475.

Promoter Bill Rand with the able assistance of his matchmaker, John (Scotty) Strachem, has announced an open middleweight tourney, open to all prospective 160-pounders. The object is to uncover a worthy challenger to combat Champion Tony Zale, with the title as the incentive. You can reach the above impresarios through the medium of Trafton's Gymnasium, the address is mentioned at the end of my RING dispatch.

Tony Musto, Chicago's outstanding "White Hope" entry, and who, I believe, is the smallest heavyweight now fighting in the heavyweight ranks, just registered a sensational draw against Turkey Thompson in a ten-round bout at Los Angeles.

According to the latest rumor, Bud Taylor, a former world's bantamweight champion, has supplanted Kelsey McClure as matchmaker of the Indianapolis Boxing Club, in the "Speedway Center." Bud, whose home is in Terre Haute, Ind., has a host of admirers in the Hoosier State.

Sammy Secreet, New Castle, Pa., welterweight, garnered a hard-earned eight-round victory over Jess Ackerman of Des Moines, Ia.

Bob Berry, ever-busy Clevelander, took a split decision verdict over the comeback efforts of Henry Schaft, Minneapolis middleweight.

Another Clevelander, George (China) Toy, made his Chicago debut and triumphed over the lanky Eu Eulien of the Southside, in a lightweight conflict for eight rounds.

Two preliminary boys who secured wins for themselves this month were Jack Whittinghill of Bloomington, Ill., who won a four-round verdict over Johnny Crane, Southside colored middleweight, who embarked into the pro ranks, and Harry Nolan eked out a win over Johnny Williams, middleweights.

Sammy Secreet, busy Pennsylvanian, chalked up another win, this time at the expense of Ernie Derho of Minneapolis, in a welterweight match of eight rounds.

And in an additional eight-round tiff, headlining with the above encounter, Georgie (China) Toy, won a close verdict over the aggressive Gene Ward, in their lightweight chin-dig that went the required distance.

And in the supporting numbers, Jack Haley, fresh from Golden Glove fame, opposed a difficult obstacle in Bud Cottey of Indianapolis, Ind., with the result turning out to be a tie. They are featherweights.

The opener revealed Chester Ellis of Kansas City, Kan., victor over Young Tony Canzoneri, at the end of four rounds.

Yours truly is now assisting Leo Rodak, fifth ranking lightweight contender to world's lightweight championship, in the capacity of trainer.

Lem Franklin, who has been on the sidelines these past two months with a broken left maulie, has commenced to train; although Lem won't put the hand to an "acid test," by way of punching the heavy sandbag, sparring, or least of all, the light punching bag, at least for another three weeks.

One of the slickest fighters—by way of aggressiveness—to forge to the front is Johnny Trotter, young brother of Orlando. Johnny, who confines his fisticuffing to the light-heavyweight ranks, gained his most notable victory achievement when he won over the rugged Eddie Camp, along the distance of eight rounds.

Harvey Dubs, Windsor, Ontario, 140-pounder, who did away with a great deal of his cockiness in his one-round kayo at the hands of Floyd K.O. Hagen, returned to his winning ways once more when he took the measure of the clowning but hectic walloping Michigan Pole, namely, Tony Petroskey.

Ernie Derho of Minneapolis defeated Tito Taylor of Chicago's Southside (twice) this month, along the six-round route. The wins were engineered at Minneapolis and Chicago. They are welterweights.

Johnny Trotter, Southside light-heavy, finished Solly Stark of Minneapolis in three rounds in the "Mill" City, of a scheduled tenner. This same Stark was able to hold Milt Aron to a draw.

Tony (Cianciola) Martin, Milwaukee's creditable middleweight representative, appeared in Chicago for the first time in over two years and departed with the laurels in a one-sided contest over Frank McBride in eight rounds.

On that same card at the same distance, Harvey Dubs, Canuck puncher, triumphed over the rugged Jess Ackerman, and in still another eight-round skirmish, the veteran Speedy Schaefer won a hard fought fight over Buddy Rose, Floridian middleweight toughster.

And in the opening contest, Frank Pinero of Milwaukee shaded Mickey Grod, Chicago lightweight, who made his initial pro debut in this conflict.

SWAPPING PUNCHES FROM THE GRANDSTAND—Sammy Frager, exponent of the better made boxing equipment, was the lightweight champion of the U. S. Navy during the last war—the time, 1918, to be sure.

Overheard from the inside of boxing that Johnny Paychek, a former opponent of champ Joe Louis, after having lost some 25 pounds due to a mysterious ailment, attempted to take his own life. Paychek is an army draftee and has been confined to a government hospital since the first of the year. Paychek has only one black stain on his record and that is his dismal showing against the champ; otherwise, Johnny more than proved his mettle against the general run of opponents.

To "Tiger" Higgins of Indianapolis, Ind., and Leonard Anderson of Rockford, Ill.: If it is possible, I'll see what I can do for you.

Attention fighters: Any experienced fighters, with or without managerial connections, would do well to get in touch with Gene Engel for bouts in the Middle West. Enclose photo and clippings of your past record, giving complete won and lost compilations. I can be reached at Trafton's Gym, 180 West Randolph St., Chicago, Illinois.

And you RING readers, should you be in the loop, you can always avail yourself with a copy of THE RING Magazine up at Trafton's Gym. So, until next month, fights off!

FANFARE FROM MISSOURI
By ROBERT D. DANA

BOXING has remained dormant in St. Louis since the Christoforidis-Romero fiasco two months ago. There is talk, however, of letting Lesnevich and Jimmy Webb slug it out for the title here this summer. As this is Webb's home town and as Lesnevich has also shown here, there could be worse locations for such an offering. And in the light of the acres of empty seats that attended Gus's meeting with Christo in the Garden, Mike Jacobs should not be averse to moving this one out of New York. Webb and the Jersey Russian should provide an interesting argument, what is more, with Jimmy's snappy left hook pitted against the dangerous Lesnevich right.

A shake-up of the state boxing commission is expected almost hourly. Your correspondent was told in Jefferson City that steps would be taken following a rearrangement of the Kansas City police board. Best bet for new chairman is an army officer from the latter city. A month ago it was feared that Col. Griffin might be retained, but the complexion of things has since taken on a different hue and that is good news for boxing. The commission has gone deeply in the red under Griffin's aegis, which fact is partially explained when you realize that the city has been offered but two fight shows over the last twelve month period. And as far as we were concerned, the Louis-Musto thing was both of them. It is further to be hoped that Jawn's successor has more stomach for boxing and less for self portraits in the daily prints.

Wrestling may have received a heavy body blow by the termination of Maurice O. Shevlin's *Globe-Democrat's* relations. As we got it, Martin J. Haley is to be his successor, and as "Mike" is a hard bitten baseball writer it is doubtful if he will tolerate too much garbage in the *Globe's* sports pages. The new broom that replaced old Joe McAuliffe is sho' sweepin' some clean. It is probably entirely too much to hope for, but wouldn't it be a revelation if the *Globe* joined the *Post-Dispatch* as one of the really hard hitting papers of the land. *Time* once described the *Globe* as being too fat for its own good. Well, don't think it hasn't lost a couple of tons already.

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

OMAHA, NEB.—Roscoe Smith, 144, Omaha, scored a T.K.O. over Chet Jones, 146, of Rock Island, Ill., in the sixth round of their billed eight-round bout. In the semi-windup, Harry Mills, 154, Kansas City, won over Jackie Gans, 155, Des Moines, by a T.K.O. in the sixth round.

Miller, So. Dak.—The final boxing card of the season was staged here before a good crowd of fans. Bouts resulted in the following decisions: Parks, 140, Blunt, and McMahon, 131, Miller, a draw; Meehan, 131, Ree Heights, decision over Ellison, 122, Blunt; Welch, 111, Blunt, won a decision over Furman, 111, Miller; Gordon, 140, Huron, over Scott, 145, Ree Heights; Hammerly, 130, Highmore, won over Hofer, 130, Huron.

An encounter between Kennell, 113, 1940 state flyweight champion of Miller, and La Fortune, 111, Highmore, ended in a draw; Paul Stahl, 144, longtime state middleweight star of Huron, won over Elder, 140, Mobridge; Step, 165, Fort Thompson, won a decision over Poulstra, 165, St. Lawrence; Joe Stahl 169, Huron, knocked out Lewellyn, 158, Wessington, in the first round.

MAIL BAG—D. S. C., Minneapolis, Minn.: Yes, Tommy O'Loughlin did promote cards in Sioux City. He had considerable success . . . . B. D. L., Des Moines, Ia.: I suggest you look over the list of books in THE RING . . . . A. B. H. Sioux Falls, S. D.: My records of fighters are not for sale, but I will be glad to give you any information from them . . . . W. E. G., Des Moines, Ia.: I was third man for this bout, and I do not recall the foul blow you mention. It was a clean kayo . . . . K. R. C.: If you will give more information on the subject, I will check over my records and see what I can find.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Everett Rightmire, former Sioux City featherweight ace, has a cigar stand near the post office in Sioux City . . . . Mickey Slater, another former boxer, is now a baker, is married and has a family.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

SYDNEY HULLS, Great Britain's No. 1 promoter, staged the postponed match between Eric Boon, British lightweight champion, and Jack Kid Berg, ex-lightweight champion, at the Coliseum Theatre, London. A very large crowd turned out to witness the affair, which was scheduled for 10 rounds at the surprise weight of 140 pounds, and at the weigh-in, Boon scaled 147 pounds and Berg, 148 pounds.

Sydney is a born showman, and the way he laid out the theatre gave one the impression when on the stage that he was looking at boxing at the Royal Albert Hall, and from the front of the house, the stage setting was like the Harringay Arena.

The contest between Boon and Berg proved something of a fiasco, as Boon was ruled out for striking Berg low in the second round. Previous to the disqualification, Berg was down from a questionable blow, and on rising, he signalled to Boon to keep his punches up.

When they met in the centre of the ring for the first gong, it seemed the bout would be short and sweet, for the hard-hitting Chatteris fighter let fly from all angles to Berg's head and body, but Berg did not flinch. Although he is past his best by a long way, Jack still has the will power to go on and outstay most of his opponents.

Boon looked fit at 147 pounds, and he gave many a doubt if he will ever box at the lightweight limit again. He hit plenty and hard. When the second round started, he concentrated on Berg's body, but his judgment was very bad in that area, and it came as no surprise when Referee C. B. Thomas of Wales ruled him out while Berg lay writhing on the canvas.

The high spot on the card was the victory of the 18-year-old Aldgate lightweight, Harry Lazar, who gained a spectacular points win over Dave Crowley of Clerkenwell, now in the R.A.F.

Lazar has all the earmarks of a coming champion, and the way he made the ex-lightweight champion lose his head when he could not connect on the clever youngster, was a treat to watch.

Crowley put on pressure during the middle rounds, but he found Lazar ready in all his moves, and the new lightweight sensation outboxed and outfought Crowley in the seventh round. He held on to his lead and proved a popular winner on points at the end of eight rounds.

Dave Finn of Stepney and R.A.F. gained a points win over Ivor Thomas of Wales at the end of eight rounds.

Bruce Bishop of Slough gave a first class display of hard hitting and boxing when he defeated Tom Feely of Ireland in a four-round contest. Feely had a weight advantage of 14 pounds, but this did not deter the Slough middleweight from scoring at will, and he received a big hand from the large crowd.

Ronnie Rice of Hackney gained a points win over Harry Charman of the R.A.F.

Fight fans will miss the smiling faces of Ken (Snakehips) Johnson and Al Bowlly, the popular South African of Greek descent, who were air raid victims when London received a heavy blitz. Johnson was one of the leading colored band leaders in Great Britain. He never missed a boxing show, when he had the time to spare. "May their souls rest in peace."

Paddy Roche, the Eire middleweight who has performed with credit in British rings, and who recently caused a surprise in outpointing Arthur Danahar and George Odwell, has joined the Irish Guards, and as Paddy says, "Let me get at the Hun."

The people behind Harry Lazar are challenging Eric Boon for his lightweight title.

Jack Solomons, the manager of the champion, replies that as soon as the British Boxing Board of Control gives its sanction for the match, he is willing to make the side stakes anything from £500 to £1,000. It looks like old times when so much money is put down as side stakes. This contest would be one of the biggest attractions in Great Britain, as both these lads are very popular with the fans that like fights.

Jim Brady of Dundee, the Empire bantamweight champion, scored a four-round K.O. victory over Cpl. Billy Cakewell of the Army in the star bout of 10 rounds at Bristol.

Brady recently stopped Billy Tansey of Salford in the second round, and a week later stopped him again in four rounds, so Tansey is now satisfied that Brady is a better man than he is. Some people have to be convinced.

A line from Tony Vairo and brother Dom, to the effect that Kid Tanner is still knocking them over, for in the last month he has won over the following: Jimmy Stubbs, K.O., 3 rounds; Eric Jones, 2 rounds; Jimmy Richardson, 1 round; Bob Cotton, 1 round, and Don Cameron, 3 rounds.

Since Jack Berg won over Eric Boon at the Coliseum, a move is afoot to match Berg with Ernie Roderick for the latter's welterweight title. But methinks that the stewards of the B.B.B.C. would not allow Berg to meet the champ until he has proved he is the better man after meeting Norman Snow of Northampton.

George Davis of Notting Hill came in overweight for his contest with Eddie McGuire of Slough and formerly of South Africa, and as this contest was for the Southern Area middleweight title, a big disappointment was in store for the McGuire camp, who were confident of repeating a previous victory. McGuire boxed very well indeed, taking the lead with his aggressive fighting, and after scoring two knockdowns in round eight, he finished a good winner on points at the end of 12 rounds.

Jack Powell of Sheffield defeated Johnny Blake (Chelsea) in five rounds of a bout scheduled for eight stanzas.

Ronnie Rice (Hackney) knocked out George Darlow (Highgate) in the second of a 10-round contest.

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Cauliflower Alley has once again stirred itself to open air shows, and big indoor boxing, for Sydney Hulls, Johnny Best, and a new promoter in Jack Morris, a well known sportsman, has started open air shows at Banbury, Oxon, and will be heard from later, as this gent contemplates running some bigger shows in London.

Smiling Johnny Best has kept the ball rolling in the north, and has had many successes at Liverpool and Blackpool.

Sydney Hulls, besides his ventures at The Coliseum, London, has started promoting at High Wycombe, and at the present time is busy with his big Red Cross show at Leicester.

Many Americans will remember "The Sportsman's Saloon" in Leicester Square, London. This popular meeting place for the sporting world and owned by Jack Bloomfield, that popular ex-cruiserweight champion of Great Britain, was razed to the ground in a recent blitz on London, and I am pleased to state that Jack and his family are quite safe, for they had taken shelter elsewhere. "Popular" Jack will be running another saloon on the same style, and on a larger scale, and meantime is keeping himself busy in staging boxing shows for the lads of his old regiment, the Royal Air Force.

Ron Lindley, R.A.F., stopped Sergt. Instructor Dave McCleave in the ninth of a ten-round contest at Blackpool. A large crowd saw McCleave retire at the end of the ninth, after an even bout.

Gunner Len Wiggins (Oxford) was declared the loser on points in his contest with Mike Magee of Belfast, after 10 fiercely fought rounds at the Ulster Hall, Belfast.

Magee staged a furious rally in the last two rounds, that influenced the referee to give Michael the full marks.

Bunty Doran (Belfast) although at a disadvantage of 14 pounds in weight when he met A/C Harry Cullinan (Armagh) dealt out such severe punishment to his opponent that it came as no surprise when the referee stopped the contest in Doran's favor during the sixth session, when Cullinan rose after the second knockdown and was in a bad way.

Other contests on the card ended as follows: Billy Donnelly (Belfast) stopped Pte. Harry Taylor (Leicester) in two rounds; Fusilier Billy Williams (London) kayoed Reggie Crofts (Leicester) in two rounds, and Ken Kitchen (Oxford) drew with Tommy Renshaw (Chesterfield) in a splendid six-round contest.

Pte. Laurie Buxton, the colored lightweight from Watford, appeared at the local Town Hall in a 10-round contest with Jackie Watkins of Muswell Hill, and although the contest looked like terminating early when Buxton scored freely, Watkins staged a remarkable recovery and lasted the distance, to lose on points.

In a return contest over eight rounds, Jock Kennedy, the local Scot, gained his revenge over L/Bomb. Baxter of the R.A. when he outpointed him after a grand slam.

Warren Kendall (Tonyrefail) won a good bout over 10 rounds against Johnny (Darkie) Davies (Bargoed) when they met at Gess Pavilion, Pontypool.

Gus Foran (Liverpool) won a hard contest at the Tower Circus, Blackpool, when he met Sammy Reynolds of Wolverhampton in the feature 10-round contest. The latter was put down for long counts in rounds five and seven and he pluckily resumed to lose to a most promising boy in Gus Foran.

Eddie Rabak (Czechoslovakia) and former I.B.U. welterweight champion, and Frank Lennox of Blackpool furnished the thrills in their 10-round supporting bout.

Lennox fought cleverly against the hard hitting Czech and was well on points when they went into the final stanza, but a right swing from Rabak caught Lennox on the jaw, and he went toppling down, and with only one minute to the end of the round, the latter failed to beat the count, he being declared out as he rose when the referee said "out."

Kid Ashun (Liverpool) added another to his long list of victims when he kayoed Willie Phillips (Leeds) in the sixth of an eight-round contest.

Peter Barrett (Blackpool) defeated Johnny Byron (St. Helens) on points after eight rounds.

L/Cpl. Les Greenaway (Pengam) met the veteran Newport welterweight, Jack Morgan, in a 10-round contest at Newport, and after a splendid contest won on points.

Stan Bateman (Pontnewyndd) scored a clever win on points at the end of 10 rounds against Gordon Williams (Tonyrefail).

On the same card, two boys at the welterweight mark who will be heard from in the near future, met over eight rounds, and Young Ivor Jones (Blaenavon) just managed to secure the verdict over Billy Edwards (Bargoed).

Over six rounds, Jackie Evans (Pontypool) won by a clear margin over Ken Bates (Bargoed) in a fast contest.

Dave Finn of Stepney, now in the R.A.F., scored a good win over Frankie Jackson of Hull, when Referee Frank Willis stopped the contest in the ninth of a 10-round bout, when Jackson was in a bad way.

A/C Ron Hutton (R.A.F) kayoed Sid Amer of High Wycombe in the second round with a terrific body blow.

Billy Hawkins (Watford) outpointed Tom Feeley (Ireland) after six hard rounds.

Guardsman Ted McDonald (Hull) stopped Jock Kennard (Scotland) in the fifth of a six-round bout.

Freddie Simpson (Basingstoke) scored a points victory at the expense of Mick Carney of Harrow in a 10-round contest at Watford.

Freddie Sorrell (Bethnal Green) outpointed Pte. Arthur Johns (Watford) over eight rounds, and Mickie Jones (Southend) kayoed Francis Hicks (Witney) in the second round.

Cpl/Inst. Joe Murray (Ireland) outpointed Dom Lyden (Ireland) in a six-round heavyweight battle.

Sergt/Inst. Jackie Clarke (Cambridge) beat Pte. Teddy Horwood of Rickmansworth in five rounds.

Pte. Jimmy Hughes (Hemel Hempstead) outpointed Charlie Softley (Bushey) over six rounds.

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Ace Mexican Boxer

By T. W. McNIEL

DESPITE the fact that the Rocky Mountain region has given many top-notch little men to the ring wars, among them such satellites as Young Peter Jackson, Jimmy Hanlon, Young Corbett and Eddie Mack, ask the average fight fan just who was the greatest of them all, and invariably you'll find him naming the little Trinidad Terror of a generation ago, Benny Chavez.

Not only was Chavez one of the most capable ringmen of his time, but his varied eccentricities, rivalling the "screwball" antics of a dozen Dizzy Deans all rolled into one, endeared the little Mexican whirlwind to the hearts of everyone who ever watched him perform.

Especially do the south and western United States large Mexican population, than whom there are no more rabid fight followers, idolize Benny Chavez. They'll admit that boys like Joe Rivers, Aurelio Herrera, Battling Ortega and Eddie Mack were all capable representatives of their race in the glove game, but little Benny Chavez, even after a quarter of a century, remains their idol.

Chavez, who, incidentally, was an uncle of the present-day lightweight contender, Tony Chavez, first attracted the attention of fistic scouts in Denver in the fall of 1910, following a series of street and alley browls in which the Trinidad youngster proved himself master of the rough-and-tumble element that in those days prevailed in Denver's historic Market and Larimer Street sections.

At this time, Louis Newman, himself one of the southwest's leading lightweights, induced the pugnacious Chavez to enter one of the late P. R. (Reddy) Gallagher's Denver Athletic Club's amateur tournaments, at that time one of the few amateur forms of fistic competition, and certainly the greatest of is kind in existence. Incidentally, it was this same D. A. C. amateur meets that gave rise to stars like Abe Adell, Mickey Cohen, Jimmy Hanlon and Eddie Eagan.

But after several months of intensive training, Chavez, called to Trinidad because of his mother's death, failed to appear for the tournament.

* * *

NOTHING more was heard of the youngster until a year later when tales of the prowess of a fighting Benny Chavez began to drift out to the outside world from southern Colorado ring centers.

Came a five-round kayo win over the highly regarded Tommy Cody at Walsenburg, Colo. This led to a match with Patsy Brannigan, then one of the leading contenders for the world's bantamweight title. The bout, staged in Pueblo, Colo., on Christmas Day, 1911, saw Chavez stopped in the sixth round after having handed Brannigan an unmerciful lacing for five rounds. This from a raw, unschooled kid with less than a dozen professional fights under his belt.

A short time later, the pair fought a re-match in Denver, Colo., and Irish Patsy received the trimming of his life in a ten-rounder. This win launched the Mexican into high gear and in short order he disposed of Frankie Burns and Frankie Conley in Denver engagements. This was the same Conley who had beaten Monte Attell by a kayo in the 42nd round in one of the last of the old "45-round" battles.

Then with a shot at the disputed bantamweight title in the offing to the winner of a Chavez-Eddie Campi battle, the Trinidad kid muffed a golden opportunity by dropping a 20-rounder to Campi at Los Angeles on November 4, 1913.

By 1914, the Mexican kid had picked up some added poundage and was clamoring for a shot at Johnny Kilbane's featherweight title. In the meantime, a managerial dispute had wrought a change in his management and his new mentor, the late Art Ross, agreed to a match with Kilbane at Denver on June 20, 1914.

Admittedly not yet ready for a fighter of Johnny Kilbane's caliber, a deal was made with Kilbane and his manager Jimmy Dunn, in which it was agreed that the bout would go the full scheduled 15 rounds.

Came the day of the bout, and before a capacity crowd in the old Stockyards Stadium, Benny Chavez pulled one of the crowning mistakes of his entire career. Coming out of his corner like a cyclone, the Trinidad battler began tossing murderous punches at the 126-pound king. Taken by surprise at the barrage of leather, Kilbane, despite all his skill and artistry was battered badly.

It was a perplexed and sorely battered Johnny Kilbane that trudged back to his corner at the end of that eventful round. It dawned on him now that he had been the victim of a "cross" and no one knew better than he, just how close he had came to losing his treasured featherweight title in that wild cyclonic round.

Under the expert attention of Dunn, Kilbane managed to regain his bearings during the minute rest, and it was a maddened Kilbane that rushed out of his corner for the second round, determined to annihilate his foe in the shortest time possible.

That second session, while it lasted, was as bitter a slugging bee as any ever staged anywhere. Toe-to-toe the pair stood in the center of the ring and slugged it out. However, midway the round, Kilbane detected an opening in Chavez's defense, and crashed over a short right to the jaw that dropped the Mexican face downward on the canvas and counting ten was a mere formality.

* * *

BUT that year of 1914 was a banner one for Chavez despite the kayo at the hands of Kilbane. Gene Delmont was toppled twice by the Trinidad warrior, while Ritchie Mitchell, then a fast-rising featherweight who later grew into one of the world's greatest 135-pounders, was fought to a standstill by his Mexican foe in one of the grandest 20-round draws ever staged in the Rocky mountain section.

In 1915 Chavez and Matty Smith, another top-flight featherweight of that period, engaged in a series of battles that might well have made Bob Ripley's "Believe It or Not," column.

The pair clashed no less than seven times that year. Four of them going the full 20 rounds, while the others were 15-rounders. And every one of them a bloody bruising contest.

Still going strong in 1916, Chavez, through a series of sensational wins in and around Kansas City, Mo., including one over Tommy Buck, had managed to secure a battle with Johnny "Kid" Williams for the championship of the world, having once more begun fighting in the bantam class.

But once more, Chavez committed a grave error. Thinking to pick up some easy money by fighting Benny McNeil, British Empire champion at that time. Staged in St. Louis, the bout stunned western fight followers when McNeil flattened their idol in six sensational rounds.

That battle rang down the curtain on Chavez as a top-notcher. Having married a Kansas City girl, Chavez lost a lot of zest for the glove game, though he did engage in a few bouts during 1917 and 1918, none of which was of any importance.

Having been of a "screwball" nature from the day he laced on his first fighting glove, it was only natural that Chavez should select an unusual way to end it all when suicide appeared the only way out of a life that by 1932 had left him a broken, weary and penniless human wreck.

Standing on an icy street corner in his native Trinidad, in the spring of 1932, a sudden impulse caused him to dive directly beneath the wheels of a passing transcontinental bus, which in a fleeting half-second, left him a mangled corpse.

Though never a world's title-holder, Benny Chavez, even to this late day, exerts a strange fascinating influence on the people of his race, both those in this country and in Mexico. And invariably, the Mexican youth who aspires to a place in professional pugdom, does so in the hope that he can follow in the footsteps of Benny Chavez.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Frank Sullivan, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—How come that in a recent article by Bob Considine that appeared here, the writer says that in an interview with Joe Louis, the heavyweight king told him he would not be called in the draft and that he will be placed in Class 3A because of dependents? Has he been called and did he ask for deferment? What difference is there between him and Hank Greenberg, or him and me, when it comes to the draft? I understand also that Billy Conn has asked for a deferred rating because of dependents. Is that so? Can you enlighten me? I am in the draft, why should these champs be exempt?

A.—No I cannot. I know nothing of either case. I believe as you, that neither Joe nor Billy has any right to deferred classification. If they have dependents, then surely they have made sufficient money to care for them. Louis has a huge farm and real estate. He has bought a home for his mother and has plenty of money salted away. I don't believe he has asked for a deferred rating. I'm sure of that. I know that Conn has a sick mother, but he likewise, has enough to care for his dependents. There is no reason in his case, either, why he should be exempt. I hope your information and that of Considine is incorrect.

Benny Duke, Troop C, Third Training Squadron, Fort Riley, Kan.

Q.—I am a boxer who retired back in 1936. In your record books you will find that I boxed such men as Sammy Mandell in 1928, Jimmy Goodrich in 1930, three times; the Perlick Twins, Bobby LaSalle, Tommy Cello and many others. I am now in the army and am the boxing instructor. Now in the morning calesthentics, the instructor who has charge of us, has us counting off in fours for each exercise. Thus, as we do an exercise, we count, one, two, three, four. Is this the proper way to do an exercise? How can we breathe properly when we must inhale and exhale almost at the same time?

A.—The count, in my opinion, should be made by him and not by the boys. The boys should follow him and do the exercises without the count, so that they can take in a deep breath and exhale when on the downward movement. That is more correct and a better system. That's how I did it in the army with those over whom I had charge.

Frank Pitilon, New York City

Q.—1. What is the shortest fight on record? 2. At what fight was the largest crowd ever assembled at Madison Square Garden? How many people were present? 3. Did any fighter ever hold two titles?

A.—1. The shortest fight on record was between Al Foreman, and Ruby Levine, Foreman scored a knockout in eleven seconds. 2. The largest crowd ever to see a fight in the Garden was 23,500 present at the second bout between Max Baer and Lou Nova. 3. Several fighters have held two or more titles among them. Tony Canzoneri, Barney Ross, Henry Armstrong, Bob Fitzsimmons, Lou Brouillard, Gene Tunney, Harry Greb, Mickey Walker, Kid Chocolate, Jackie Fields, Young Corbett III, Johnny Dundee, and George Dixon.

Artie McLevy, Providence, R. I.

Q.—Is Joey Archibald the first featherweight champion to regain his crown?

A.—I cannot find any other. There have been cases in other divisions, but not in the featherweight class.

May Fogarty, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—What has become of Fred Apostoli? What of Jimmy McLarnin?

A.—Apostoli has retired and is living in your state. McLarnin is interested in several business ventures. He is living in Beverly Hills, Cal. and plays golf quite frequently.

Frank Duseo, New Haven, Conn.

Q.—Is a guest referee permitted in New York State?

A.—No. Only those licensed by the Board as regular referees, who under the law, must be willing to serve at all times, in any club to which the commission assigns them. It was because of this rule that Jack Dempsey and others have refused to take out a New York license or to apply for one.

Martin Flaherty, Quincy, Mass.

Q.—Has there ever been a fight in which more than twenty knockdowns were scored, either singly, or between the contestants?

A.—Yes. I think the record is 37, scored in the fight between Joe Jeannette and Sam McVey in Paris, France.

Mabel Telefarro, Houston, Texas

Q.—Would the exercises used by a boxer in his gymnasium workouts for strengthening the abdomen and the limbs, be harmful for a woman to try?

A.—No, not if you don't overdo it. For example, take the bending exercises, downward, then sideways, touching floor with tips of fingers—there can be no harm in doing that a dozen times. It will help you. Then the exercises for abdomen—lying flat on your back, then raising your body, from trunk to an upright position, and at same time bringing your hands forward to touch the toes with tip of fingers, is a very good exercise for girls. But whatever you do, don't indulge in the exercises too strenuously.

Marine, Quantico, Va.

Q.—In the record of Davey Day, published in a recent issue, you state that Carl Fosnaugh was knocked out by Davey in their bout. Is this so? I thought that Carl couldn't continue because he had received a badly cut eye?

A.—The bout was stopped in the ninth because of a cut eye, but in our records we don't recognize technical knockouts. When a bout is halted for any reason whatsoever, we record it as a knockout as it should be, because the fighter has been halted. The referee called a halt in the ninth round.

Joseph Norton, Weehawken, N. J.

Q.—How old was John L. Sullivan when he won and lost the heavyweight championship? At what age did he start to box? Please give me your opinion of the outcome of a Terry McGovern-Henry Armstrong fight? How many champions did Packy McFarland fight and how many did he defeat?

A.—Sullivan was 24 when he defeated Paddy Ryan under the London Prize Rules which gained him recognition as the champion. He was 34 when he was stopped by Jim Corbett. He began boxing at the age of 20. Merely a matter of opinion but I think Armstrong punched too fast and hard for McGovern but it would have been a gruelling test for both gladiators. McFarland never fought any champions.

Charles F. Bruce, Fort Fairfield, Maine

Q.—Did Jack Johnson and Sam Langford ever fight? If so, please give me the date, place, and result of the fight? Who did Tom Heeney fight before and after he boxed Gene Tunney?

A.—Jack Johnson won a fifteen round decision over Sam Langford in 1915. In his last fight before he fought Tunney, Heeney won a fifteen round decision over Jack Delaney. In his first fight after he was knocked out by Gene, Heeney lost a ten round decision to Jimmy Maloney.

Stella Simpson, Emmett, Idaho

Q.—If John L. Sullivan was never champion of the world, who was heavyweight champion of the world from 1882 to 1892? If John L. Sullivan was never champion of the world, how did James J. Corbett become champion of the world by defeating Sullivan in 1892? With each fighter in his prime and at his best, in your judgment, what would have been the outcome of a fight between Fitzsimmons and Langford?

A.—John L. Sullivan was the American bare-knuckle champion, a title he won from Paddy Ryan. Since he refused to fight Peter Jackson, the best of the British fighters at the time and was held to a draw by Charley Mitchell in their championship fight at Chantilly, France, he could not be the holder of the world crown. His U. S. friends called him the world champion and he has gone down in history as such, though, based absolutely on ring records, he was the American champion only. When Corbett beat Sullivan, he won the U. S. glove championship and when he beat Mitchell, he won the world crown. Mitchell was England's glove champion and Jem Smith was the bare-knuckle champion, which type of fighting already passed out of the picture. That made Corbett world title-holder.

Donald Wolf, Ligonier, Ind.

Q.—Why doesn't Cocoa Kid get a chance to fight Fritzie Zivic for the welterweight title? How good a manager is George Sheppard?

A.—Not enough of a drawing card to warrant a title match. Sheppard is a very good hustler and keeps his boys busy.

Jim Dawson, Jacksonville, Florida

Q.—In the fight between Bob Montgomery and Lew Jenkins in the Garden recently was Jenkins floored? We couldn't tell from the broadcast whether it was a knockdown or a trip.

A.—He was put down for a count of one. He was off balance when the blow struck.

Mike Curtin, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Why doesn't New York join the National Boxing Association?

A.—Under the Walker Law, New York can affiliate itself on a working agreement with any state, but cannot be a member of any other organization. The Commission would be compelled to take orders from the N.B.A. and this is contrary to the state law.

John Statley, Denver, Col.

Q.—If a fighter suddenly becomes ill at the stomach, but could recover with a few minutes rest, shouldn't the referee grant the stay to help both the boxer and the show?

A.—No. He would be wrong in doing that. If a fighter is ill, the bout should be halted and given against him. For two reasons—because he is sick and no chances should be taken on a fatality, and because the bout cannot be stopped to permit a man to recover, as that would be giving him outside aid. In some states, when a fighter is fouled, the rules specifically state that the referee shall give the man a rest of five minutes if in his opinion, the referee thinks he has been hit low, but that is different.

Clyde Barnes

Q.—What is the address of Billy Conn and Billy Soose?

A.—Address both letters to Conn and Soose in care of Mike Jacobs' office, 1619 Broadway, New York City, and they will be forwarded.

RING Reader

Q.—Who fought in the first fight to be filmed? What was the highest ranking Bud Gorman ever held in THE RING? What is Gunboat Smith doing now? Do you think Stanley Ketchel could have beaten Harry Greb? Did Newfoundland produce a good fighter who made headway in the game? What nationality is Leo Rodak, Al Hostak and Petey Sarron?

A.—Corbett and Fitzsimmons. Third. Watchman. No. No. Bohemiam, Russian and Armenian.

Charles Neville, Birmingham, Ala.

Q.—One of my friends says that when Sammy Goldman was manager of Pete Herman, he refereed a fight in which Pete participated. He says that he saw the fight and that the promoter and fans had such faith in Goldman, that they permitted it. Is this so?

A.—No. Goldman did referee one of Herman's fights but at the time Pete was managed by Remy Door and not by Goldman who didn't acquire the title of manager until a later date.

Sven Svenson, St. Paul, Minn.

Q.—In professional boxing, can a round be cut to two minutes, if in the opinion of the promoter, the boys or one of them is unfit to go the regulation period?

A.—No, that would be contrary to the rules of boxing. If a fighter is unfit, he shouldn't be permitted to enter the ring. On the other hand, if the promoter wants to do it, he could cut the number of rounds, but keep each round to three minutes. Of course a round could be cut with the sanction of the commission, or in states where they have no commission, by the promoter himself. Nothing to stop that, but it would be contrary to the rules.

Enrico Hernandez, Mexico City

Q.—Did Barney Ross hold three titles at any one time? If not, didn't he hold two at the same time?

A.—No, never held more than one. Won the lightweight crown from Tony Canzoneri. Found it difficult to make weight and retired from that class to fight Jimmy McLarnin for the welter crown and won it.

Martin Williamson, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Q.—What has happened to Babe Hunt, who did so well in Texas last year?

A.—He did well for a time then was beaten by Eddie Blunt, who scored a six-round kayo in Oakland, Cal. Then he retired. Hasn't had a fight since.

Chet Havre, Long Beach, Cal.

Q.—Is there a knockdown timer in every state where boxing commissions rule the sport of boxing?

A.—No, only in some states. In others, the timing is done by the referee without outside assistance, as in New Jersey.

Boxing Fan, Parkersburg, Iowa

Q.—I am almost 17 years old, six feet 1 and ¾ inches tall and weigh 160 pounds. What will my measurements be when I am 21? What happened to Willie Reddish? Why isn't Tony Shucco rated? How tall is Lou Nova? In a match between Lew Jenkins and Sammy Angott, who, in your opinion would win? Nova vs. Godoy? Shucco vs. Lesnevich? Montgomery vs. Mike Kaplan?

A.—6 feet 3½ inches tall and weigh about 180 pounds. He is still boxing. Because there are better men rated ahead of him. 6 feet 2½ inches tall. Angott, Nova, Lesnevich, Kaplan.

Joseph Norton, Weehawken, N. J.

Q.—What was the result of the Hugh McGovern-Bobby Flynn fight? Was the latter a promising fighter? From whom did Joe Gans win the lightweight title? Is it true that Battling Nelson had a pulse in the low forties? How old was Jack Dempsey when he won and lost the heavyweight title? What was the date of the Harry Greb-Gene Tunney fight and the result?

A.—No records of McGovern-Flynn fight available. Gans kayoed Frank Erne in one round to win the lightweight title. I doubt it, can't say definitely. Dempsey won the title at 24 and lost it at 31. Greb and Tunney fought five times. Their first meeting was in 1922. Greb won the first bout, Tunney won the next two and the last two were no decision contests.

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By HARRY E. WINKLER

JACKIE WILSON received a belt emblematic of the California welterweight title, along with a couple of trips to the canvas, in a clash with Baby Arizmendi. Wilson won the contest by a T.K.O. in the eighth round, but only by the skin of his teeth. Jackie had to prove, and did, that he has the stuff champions are made of, by having to fight his way out of a fog.

Arizmendi electrified the 15,000 fans by dumping Wilson for an eight-count in the opening round with a sweeping left-hook. Jackie arose on wobbly legs and fell into a clinch. Arizmendi pulled away from his groggy foe and felled him again, but this time Wilson regained his feet at count of one and back-pedaled out of harm's way for balance of round.

The colored boxer was still in a fog all during the second, but managed to keep the Baby from doing any further damage by retreating and keeping a long left in the Mexican's face. Wilson snapped out of the effects of those first round punches midway in the third and it was the Negro's fight from then on. Jackie jabbed, right-crossed and left-hooked the Bambino unmercifully until the bout was stopped in the eighth.

Arizmendi was never in danger of being knocked out and he would not give ground, even to Wilson's hot leather, but the gallant Baby was merely playing the part of a target at the finish, his left eye being completely closed and his face badly swollen. Arizmendi's manager requested Referee Mushy Callahan to halt the bout, but the Baby—the gamest little guy on earth—protested strenuously. Wilson weighed 137, Arizmendi 139. The show, staged at Wrigley ball park, grossed $28,000.

Turkey Thompson and Tony Musto mauled to a 10-round draw in one-half of the twin feature staged at Wrigley Field. Turkey rocked the Chicago pork-barrel in the first and third rounds, but was befuddled by Musto's "chin-between-the-knee" stance and missed badly in many of the rounds. Both battlers labored hard, but it was a close-in affair and not liked by the crowd. Referee Abe Roth credited each with three rounds and tabbed four rounds even. Thompson weighed 187, Musto 200.

In a rematch with Carlos Chavez at the Hollywood Stadium, little Manuel Ortiz fought a much smarter fight than in their first encounter and won decisively over his less experienced opponent. In their first meeting, a month previous, Ortiz fought his opponents "language" and was held to a draw by the up-and-coming Chavez. This time Manuel used his superior fistic knowledge and copped six of the ten rounds.

Chavez was as aggressive as usual and made a fight of it all the way, but he could seldom land squarely on the smooth-working Ortiz. Manuel's margin was scored mostly with damaging uppercuts. In spite of a badly cut eye, the fiery Chavez garnered the final round. Ortiz weighed 118, Chavez 119.

Bobby Seigel, 128, pounded out a six-round decision over Andy Vasquez, 127, in a fast semi-windup.

Francois DeTombeau, 149, surprised in winning over Tony Canelli in the four-round special.

The outdoor promoters could have added a few thousand to their gate by playing up the Wilson-Arizmendi contest more and the Thompson-Musto bout less. And, of course, the lightweight go should have been put on last. Everyone knew that it would be the best scrap of the two, and it only made the Thompson-Musto bout look worse than it really was. Also, a weak preliminary card didn't help the gate any.

Freddie Steele now knows what they mean when they say "They never come back," for the former middleweight champion essayed a comeback and fell far short of it. In losing by a T.K.O. in the fifth round to Jimmy Casino at the Hollywood Stadium, Steele showed little else but heart. Some of the lead that Freddie used to have in his fists has dropped down to his feet and he moved slowly. The Tacoman had little defense and he cannot take the punches any more. Only in the third and fourth rounds did the former champ show anything, in which rounds he rocked Casino with a few hard rights, but the effort exhausted him and he faded badly in late seconds of the fourth. Casino was pasting Freddie at will in the fifth when Referee Charlie Randolph stopped it. Casino weighed 161, Steele 160.

Jimmy Reeves, 164, Cleveland, was an easy winner over Johnny Dias, 162, Honolulu, in the semi-final. The one-sided affair was stopped and awarded to Reeves on a T.K.O. in the third round.

Gus Wilson's hard rock of Questa, N. M., Larry Cisneros, is doing mighty well in Coast lightweight circles, having dropped but one decision in over twenty starts. Cecil Hudson is the only one to hold a win over the tough curly-headed Mexican. Cisneros is a worthy opponent for Red Green, but because of similar styles and short arms, a bout between them would probably be a close-in brawl, hard fought, but uninteresting to the spectators.

Solly Krieger, former middleweight champion, scored a six-round T.K.O. over Dan Gill at the Olympic in L.A., but his victory was nothing to write home about. Gill, a youngster recently out of the amateur ranks, didn't figure to last over two rounds against the New York veteran, but Krieger started off in an Eva Tanguay attitude and at the end of four rounds young Gill was leading. Solly started to work in the fifth and with Gill's left eye closed in the sixth, Referee Benny Whitman stopped the bout. Krieger weighed 175, Gill 171.

Johnny Hutchinson, 137, Philadelphia, stopped Louie Carranza, 145, Santa Monica, in the second round of another scheduled ten-rounder on this card. Hutchinson started to work on Carranza as though he was being paid by piece-work and Louie never did get out from under the avalanche of leather the colored scrapper tossed at him.

Jimmy Garrison got his hand raised over Red Green at the end of ten furiously fought rounds at the Hollywood Stadium, but judging by the papers, programs, etc., that were thrown in the ring, the ringsiders didn't agree with the decision. The hand-raiser, Referee Mushy Callahan, credited Garrison with five rounds, Green four and called one even.

Incidentally, one of Green's best rounds, the second, in which he belted Garrison around plenty, was credited to Jimmy by Ref Callahan. The arbiter also said that he took the eighth round from Green for fouling.

The Signal Kid opened old cuts over Garrison's eyes in the fifth and from there on Jimmy was a bloody sight. Garrison's best rounds were the seventh and eighth, in which he rocked Red with right-hand counter-punches. The two Irishmen had the crowded house in a frenzy all during the last two rounds, when they slugged it out. Green appeared to have the better of these two frames, but the referee chalked up the ninth for the Kansas City battler and tabbed the 10th as even. Garrison weighed 142, Green 141.

In the six-round semi, Aurel Toma, Roumanian, outclassed Adolph Samuels of Honolulu. Each weighed 124.

Larry Cisneros upset the dope aplenty when he defeated Johnny Hutchinson in a torrid 10-rounder at the Olympic in L.A. The speedy Negro gave Cisneros quite a drubbing in some of the early rounds and was out in front at the end of the sixth, but he began to wilt in the seventh and Larry belted him lustily from there on.

Although soaking up considerable punishment in early rounds, Cisneros waded in constantly and soon receipted for his miserable moments by dishing out a severe body beating to his colored foe. An overhand right in the ninth came near spilling Hutchinson, who by then was very weary from the Mexican's savage attack. Cisneros, weighing 139, was credited with six of the ten rounds. Hutchinson weighed 135.

Should Bobby McIntyre tell either Lew Jenkins or Sammy Angott what he knows of Jackie Wilson, the tall colored clouter will never get a crack at either of them. McIntyre was in the ring with the "uncrowned champion" for five rounds at the Hollywood Stadium and it must have been the most miserable fifteen minutes of the Detroiter's life. Bobby was the recipient of enough right hand punches to stop twenty average fighters, but there are about only one in twenty as game as Bobby.

Wilson rocked and staggered McIntyre repeatedly, but the Irish toughie wouldn't go down. The Michigan fight reporter was down for a one-count in the opening round, but it was partly from a slip. McIntyre is cagey and rolled with Wilson's punches, which accounts for his not being rocked to sleep by the blows. Bobby agreed with Referee Benny Whitman at the end of the fifth round that "enough is enough" and Wilson was credited with a T.K.O. Each weighed 139.

LEST I FORGET—George Blake left for Honolulu to take over Jimmy Murray's duties as matchmaker there. Murray is to represent the Honolulu club here in the States . . . . Glen Lee has a young brother fighting in Los Angeles amateur rings . . . . Nat Corum, crowd-pleasing bantam, is now in Honolulu. Nat recently met Little Dado for the third time . . . . Larry Cisneros, rugged Questa, N. M. battler, is the busiest fighter on the Coast . . . . Joe West, genial manager of the Manhattan Gym in Los Angeles, is accumulating quite a stable of amateur boxers.

Of the trio of boxers that Jimmy Murray brought over from Hawaii, one of them, Johnny Hutchinson, can really fight . . . . Mike Delia, a youngster formerly sponsored by Henry Armstrong, is raising havoc among the preliminary lightweights . . . . Phil Harris, orchestra leader, is said to have acquired the contract on Donnie Maes, San Jose bantamweight . . . . Eddie Sierra of Bakersfield, former Golden Gloves lightweight champion, has turned pro and is being handled by Gus Wilson.

Jimmy Garrison left for New York with his new manager, Charlie Perry . . . . Clever Henry, Hawaiian lightweight champion, is due to arrive in California. He is to fight under the wing of Jimmy Murray . . . . Lou Costello of the famous Abbott-Costello team, has gone overboard for Jackie McCoy, a classy amateur bantamweight. Costello attends every show where McCoy appears . . . . Henry Armstrong has been doing some guest refereeing throughout the state.

Joe Waterman has completely recovered from his long illness and has resumed the post of matchmaker for the Ocean Park Arena . . . . Johnny Maurry's little speedster, Mike Repovich, is making the fans sit up and take notice . . . . Georgie Crouch has again left for Honolulu, where he is to fight Flash Sebastian . . . . It is said that Henry Armstrong has bought a half-interest in a colored heavyweight, one Bob Brown.

Bobby Seigel, clever Los Angeles featherweight, was seriously injured in an auto accident and will be laid up for months . . . . Jerry Pelton's heavyweight, Rodie O'Dooley, made his professional debut at Denver, stopping Hank Bath in the first round . . . . Sure have seen some gamesters in action during the month. The way Baby Arizmendi, Yucatan Kid, Larry Cisneros and Bobby McIntyre socked up punishment in recent bouts recalled such toughies as Battling Nelson, Stanley Yoakum, Ace Hudkins, etc.

The best scrap of the month was the Cisneros-Hutchinson setto . . . . The biggest upset of the month was the defeat of Richie Lemos by Cleo Shans, a preliminary kid . . . . Boxers contemplating on a trip to the Coast will be given any desired information on local conditions by writing this correspondent. Address all letters to Harry E. Winkler, 1231 N. June St., Hollywood, Calif.

:: Managers' Directory ::

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House Phone, Garfield 3667

JOE HERMAN
Hotel Coit, Oakland, California
Phone: Templebar 5700

Danny LaVerne	133 pounds
Tony Olivera	118 pounds
Billy Latka	156 pounds
Ray Price	135 pounds
Jack Patrick Donohoe	112 pounds
Norbert Meehan	142 pounds
Eddie Halligan	140 pounds
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1336 Lincoln Ave. Cincinnati, O.
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The War Babies

(Continued from page 17)

around the hotel lobby downstairs."

The Astoria, L. I., youth hasn't lost a fight this year, beating Charley Varre and Mike Belloise and finishing even with Pete Lello in his last three matches.

* * *

GOOD looking Artie Dorrell, embattled Eddie Walker's tornado from Tyler, Texas, belongs on any list of up-and-coming title prospects. At the start of the present war, the former collegian from Southern Methodist University was unknown outside of his native Texas. Eighteen months later, he is rated one of the best of the newcomers.

A phenomenal amateur in his home state, where he gained the Pan-American welterweight championship in the Pan-American Games held in Dallas in 1937, Dorrell has carried on with equal success in the pro ranks. He hasn't been beaten in 26 pro fights, winning 19 of them by the kayo route, and he is getting better all the time.

A combination boxer and puncher with a snappy right cross his main asset, Dorrell is the latest of a string of Texas fighters who have been thrilling New York audiences for the past few years. One of these, Lew Jenkins, is a champion, and it seems only a matter of time before Dorrell is equally successful.

* * *

PAUL DAMSKI, one-time Tex Rickard of Germany, hasn't allowed his concern over the course of the war to affect his keen judgment of boxers. Damski, whose specialty has been heavyweights, has strayed from the big lads for the first time in years because of a blond young middleweight from New York's West Side named Johnny Colan. Conspicuously successful around New York, Johnny stole the show on the late Barlund-Conn show in Chicago with a sensational knockout. He is one of the hottest things in the Windy City right now.

Lightweights Terry Young and Danny Bartfield complete the list of New York boys who made successful bids for fistic fame during the recent war filled winter. Young, born Angelo De Sanza, comes of a fighting family—both his father and uncle boxed in the ring and both fought under the name of Terry Young. Young should really call himself Terry Young 3rd. He's an iron-chinned, powerfully built youngster, with jet black hair and a pugnacious ring style. Although his final indoor showing resulted in a loss for him at the hands of smarter Allie Stolz, he had done unusually well all winter and is one of the best drawing cards among the younger set of New York scrappers.

Bartfield, a Jewish boy, hails from the same section of New York as does Young, and the pair should develop a seething rivalry. They have already met once before a jammed house in Brooklyn's Ridgewood Grove, with Young gaining a hard-earned verdict. Danny has one of the largest and most vocal East Side followings since the days of Goldstein and Terris.

Also worthy of mention among the "War Babies" who came to the front during the past winter are gamester Charley Varre, rough Brooklyn lightweight, and Bill Poland, heavyweight hope of the Bronx.

KENTUCKY NEWS
By JOE FRENCH

LOUISVILLE, like other sections of the country, is badly in need of new fistic talent. If some new faces can be uncovered and developed into good drawing cards and likely prospects, the boxing sport will enjoy a big boom. Young amateur champions with fine records, who are ready to turn pro, will be welcomed to this city by promoters and fight fans. White amateur boxers of all weights who are unattached and have real ability are invited to send pictures and records to Joe French, 517 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky.

New Albany, Ind.—Carlos Manzano, speedy Mexican bantamweight, won a ten-round decision over Doug Gibson, Southern battler, in the feature event of the Hoosier Fistic Club's weekly fight show. In the semi-final, scheduled for six rounds, Floyd Howard, Cincinnati Negro, scored a K.O. in the second over Jack Grant, colored New Albany heavyweight.

New Albany, Ind.—At the Hoosier Fistic Club, Jim Polk, young colored light-heavyweight from Memphis, Tenn., and Woody Jones, tough veteran of Terre Haute, Ind., fought an action-packed, slam-bang fight with Jones winning after ten hard-fought rounds. In the six-round semi-windup, Tommy Campbell, young crowd-pleaser from Atlanta, Ga., punched away to a heated draw with Jimmy Maddox, tough lightie of Terre Haute, Ind.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Johnny Durso, Kentucky welterweight champion, lost a close eight-round decision to Frankie Gilmore of Cincinnati. Larry Kaufman, Louisville veteran, was kayoed in the fifth by Charlie Banks, Cincinnati colored light-heavy. Joe Murphy, Louisville slugger, dropped an eight-round decision to Willie Cutsinger, young Cincy welter.

New Albany, Ind.—Woody Jones, tough light-heavy of Terre Haute, Ind., made his second appearance in the ring of the Hoosier Fistic Club and looked good battling to a ten-round draw with Charlie Banks, Negro slugger of Cincinnati. Kenny Barrett, young Louisville featherweight and former Golden Gloves champion, appeared in the semi-windup and scored his fifth straight knockout in as many pro fights when he kayoed Irish Johnny Kelly of Cincinnati in the second round.

Louisville, Ky.—Boxing returned to Louisville after a short lay-off with Harry Wolff again back in the promoter's seat. Wolff presented a good card of action fights at the outdoor arena in Swiss Park. In the main event of ten rounds, Jimmy Maddox, fast punching lightweight of Terre Haute, Ind., slugged away to a draw with K.O. Borrado of Mexico. Tommy Campbell, hard-hitting welterweight of Atlanta, Ga., appeared in the semi-windup set for six rounds and knocked out Billy Stevens of Terre Haute, Ind., in the third heat. In another six-rounder, Emory Jackson, colored middleweight flash of Atlanta, Ga., lost a decision to Floyd Howard, Cincinnati Negro, in a close fight. In four-rounders, Buddy Kelly, Cincy lightweight, kayoed Bobby Dillon of Terre Haute, Ind., in three sessions and Charlie Bodner, another Terre Haute battler, stopped Frankie Craig, Chicago lightie, in the second round.

WITH THE SOCKERS AND THEIR SKIPPERS—Tommy Campbell, welter star of Atlanta, Ga., has decided to make his home here and will be handled by J. J. Kelly of New Albany, Ind. . . . Kelly has several other good boys in Grady Flynn, light-heavy, Doug Gibson, bantam, and Jimmy Maddox, a lightweight . . . . Harry Wolff, the Louisville promoter, has again started his weekly fight shows and has brought in Sam Slotsky of Texas as his new matchmaker . . . Chuck Miller of Terre Haute, Ind., a hustling manager, has a good light-heavy battler in Woody Jones . . . . Jenkins, Ky., one of the best fight centers in this territory, will have a boxing show on the fourth of July . . . . Evelyn Harper, lady fight pilot of Louisville, is directing K.O. Borrado, tough featherweight, whom she brought in from Mexico . . . . Jimmy Hunter, former Louisville boxer, is handling a good featherweight prospect in Kenny Barrett, former amateur champ who is undefeated as a pro . . . . We had the pleasure of meeting Stiffy Williams, fight manager of Atlanta, Ga., who was in Louisville for several weeks . . . . Managers in all parts of the country who wish the services of a booking agent should contact this writer, Joe French, 517 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky. . . . . also independent fighters who wish to be booked . . . . That's all the news for this month, readers, and we will see you again next month.

MARYLAND AND WASHINGTON
By NATE PHILLIPS

THE Arena A.C. with Fred Squires promoting and Jack Laken doing the matchmaking showed Lou Transparenti stop Sammy Rivers in four heats. Lou had too much on the ball for his foe and had an easy time to beat Sammy. In the secondary ten Sammy Julian was lucky in his win over Carl Turner, when the fight was stopped by the commission doctor when Turner suffered a cut eye in the sixth, after being way out in front at the time. In a six Bob Smith was given the duke over King Kong and in the opening go Sid Silverman repeated his win over Earl Mathias.

The Century A.C. with Lou Fisher and George Goldberg promoting and with Sylvan Bass matchmaking, showed Baltimore's young heavyweight, John Kapovich, hook up with that veteran, Gus Dorazio, in the main go of ten rounds, and in this, experience won over a youngster. Gus 191, John 180. Although on the losing end, Kapovich convinced the Baltimore fans that with a little more experience he will go a long way in the heavyweight ranks. He showed that he had plenty of heart, taking a terrific body beating and catching a few rights to the jaw landed by Dorazio that carried plenty of steam. Several times during the battle, Johnny shook Gus with his famed right hand but lack of experience kept him from finishing the veteran. His long left jab also worried Gus, who was a marked up fighter at the end. Kapovich, although the loser, endeared himself into the hearts of the fans with his courageous fight, and this defeat will do him a lot of good.

At Washington, in Griffith's Stadium, Harry Jeffra defended his featherweight crown against Joey Archibald of Providence, and again Washington proved a jinx to Harry, when the decision was announced against him. Last year he met Archibald in Washington and beat him more decisively than in this battle, and also had the duke taken away from him. Archibald has never lost a fight in Washington, and his luck was with him again in this fight for the crown. Harry was the aggressor from start to finish with Joey content on holding on, but occasionally using a left hook to advantage. Twice during the fifteen round affair, Jeffra was penalized for low blows, with Archibald having one taken away from him for the same reason. In the writer's opinion Jeffra's relentless body attack, and his fast closing finish together with his aggressiveness and harder punches sure earned him the verdict, but such was not the case, and thus Archibald regained his featherweight crown, that Jeffra had won from him. The referee cast his vote for Jeffra, with the two judges giving it to Archibald.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

ONLY one outstanding fight card was billed around this territory during the current weeks. In this match, at Music Hall in Cincinnati, Ezzard Charles, Cincinnati's Negro schoolboy middleweight, advanced further up the ladder in punching out a rather easy victory over Rudy Kozole of Detroit. Benny Becker was the promoter.

Coming events, however, feature the news hereabouts. A Becker promotion, probably the outstanding fight held in the Queen City since the Freddie Miller-Bat Battalino No. 1 battle, Ken Overlin, former middleweight champion, will go ten rounds with Charles. The match is scheduled for Crosley Field, the home of the Reds' baseball club.

Another promoter has entered the field here and he will probably hold his programs at the Parkway outdoor arena. He is Tony Warndorf, Cincinnati sportsman, who has taken out a promoter's license.

Mt. Washington is also slated to get started. The Mt. Adams Keeley-Kaveny American Legion Post will again sponsor the weekly programs.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS . . . a new organization, formed to bring more harmony and unison between national fight managers and promoters, is the American Federation of Boxing, whose motto is "non-title matches invalid" . . . . The AFB also will recognize the junior middle, welter, lightweight and featherweight divisions . . . . managers and promoters interested in this new organization can receive details through this writer at 6716 Palmetto St., Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . this address available also for fighters of all weights, especially white heavyweights who desire booking through this territory and elsewhere . . . . Nat Fleischer, editor of The Ring is being considered as referee for the return match between Buddy Walker and Buddy Knox this summer . . . . incidentally, The Ring can be purchased at all of the leading newsstands and hotels in Southern Ohio . . . . Wilbur Morgan of Manchester, O., bulletins that his heavyweight, Pick Johnson, has gone into the Army, but he has cropped up with another in Walter Hafer, a lively prospect . . . . Eddie Horn of Chicago now has seven daughters (page Eddie Cantor) . . . it was twins for the Horns in April . . . . Freddie Pope looked neat in knocking out Joey Puig in four on the Derby Eve card at Louisville . . . . Joe French of the Falls City will soon spring out with a stable of fighters . . . . Ray Bartlett of Columbus has been named as the matchmaker of the new club which will open in Columbus soon . . . . a group of business men are behind the new club, the 20th Century . . . . amateur boxing trainers, promoters and managers are asked to contact this writer.

IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER
By I. Q. GROSS

GUS LESNEVICH of Cliffside Park defeated Anton Christoforidis of Greece in 15 rounds at Madison Square Garden in New York. Lesnevich was the aggressor from start to finish. Willie Ratner of the Newark *News* gave Gus 11 rounds and four to the Greek. In Gus's corner was Joe Vella, his manager, who was given special permission to leave the army, into which he was recently drafted.

Wallace Cross, the East Orange Negro, who held the national A.A.U. heavyweight championship, won an eight round decision over Al Delaney of Canada in Newark. Cross was credited with two knockdowns, one more of a fall. Delaney was down for a nine count in the fourth. Cross weighed 210, Delaney 190.

In the six-round semi-final Jack Kenny, Livingston 161-pounder, knocked out Oscar Poindexter of Newark in 2:50 of the fifth. Kenny made an excellent showing. He weighed 161, three more than the loser. Anthony Brown was referee. Oscar (Dynamite) Daniels, Newark 123-pounder, chased Mike Rosado, Brooklyn, 124, out of the ring in the second of a six. Referee Gene Roman stopped the fight because Rosado ran too much.

Joe Herman, 127, Newark, outpointed Gene Sweeney, 123, Newark, in a four. Tommy Dew, 159, Newark, outpointed his fellow city man, Buddy Newby, 152, in another four. Young Mickey Donley, 137, Newark, outpointed Barney Campbell, 135, Morristown, in the opener.

Joe O'Gatty, Newark 199-pounder, lost on a technical knockout to Herbie Katz, 176½ pound New Yorker, after five rounds of a scheduled ten-round bout in Philadelphia. O'Gatty suffered a deep cut under his right eye and the local doctor refused to allow him to continue.

Bill Daly has taken over the management of Lee Savold. Bill's Pat Comiskey stopped James J. Johnson in one round in a recent bout . . . . Larry Johnson, who fought the best of 'em all in his day, is night watchman at Meadowbrook Bowl, Newark.

Maxie Fisher went up to Madame Bey's in Summit to collect the equipment of fighters for cleaning and pressing and discovered that Pete Lello lacked a sparring partner . . . . So Maxie jumped into the ring and substituted, which is one way of drumming up business, says Anthony Marenghi of the Newark *Star-Ledger* . . . . Popular fighters in Perth Amboy are the Vargo twins of Orange.

Allie Tedesco was drafted to Fort Dix. He fought 140 battles and was boxing instructor of the Paul Revere Boys' Club. He fought Kid Chocolate and Midget Wolgast . . . . Bill Daly is praising Jack Byrd, a welterweight . . . . Willie Skidmore, who did well as a flyweight around Newark three years ago, is now a corporal in the army and recently won an eight-round bout in Richmond.

Freddy Archer, Newark 133-pounder, scored a good victory when he decisioned Carmelo Fenoy, 136, of Barcelona, Spain, in a bitterly fought eight-round semifinal at the St. Nicholas Palace in New York City. Archer will be among the ten best lightweights in the country this year.

At Wilmington, Del., George Manselli, Camden, 155, was stopped in the second by Vince Simone, 153½, of Philadelphia . . . . Mickey Makar, the Bayonne southpaw, decisioned his home city rival, Tommy Roman, at Jersey City. Makar would do much better if he kept in condition at all times.

Joe Donovan, sporting editor of the Newark *Star-Ledger*, recently flew out to Pittsburgh with Babe Culnan to discover whether Fritzie Zivic was really in such a condition as to force postponing the championship bout with Red Cochrane in Newark. Donovan wrote a whole column on Owney McManus' bar in the Steel City, which gave him a great kick.

Lew Jenkins trained at Pompton Lakes for his bout with Bob Montgomery and spent considerable time riding a motorcycle with Paterson cycling fans . . . . Frank Zamaris, Orange light-heavyweight, now in the army at Fort Dix, took time out to be stopped by Ted Lowry of New Bedford, Mass., at Portland, Maine, in the sixth round . . . . Harry Mendel of Newark, who manages Tony Galento, was press agent in Buddy Baer's camp when Buddy trained for Joe Louis . . . . Mendel used to be a Newark newspaperman.

Vince Cartabona, Verona boxer, was recently stricken with measles . . . . Paul Cortlyn threatens another comeback after selling his ring equipment . . . . Dave Bruce, 145, Orange, fought to an eight-round draw with Rego Dell of Scranton, 141. The decision rendered by Referee Frankie Manna was unpopular with the crowd. Manna gave each battler three rounds and called two even. The bout took place at Perth Amboy . . . . In a five-round preliminary, Andy Bistak, 164, Carteret, rose from a nine count in the fourth to stop Frankie Jones of Kenilworth, 164, in 1:25 of the fifth. Gus Vargo, 142, decisioned Alex Doyle, 138, Garfield; Sammy Vargo, 140, decisioned Frank Pompino, 147, Orange, and George Nemetz of Paterson, 158, lost to Al Priam, New Brunswick, 159, when George's managers threw in the towel after 1:20 of the second round.

Inquiries and mail can be addressed to us care of 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J. Enclose self addressed stamped envelope for reply. Send twenty-five cents for complete list of matchmakers and promoters in this state.

Hy Goldberg, now writing a column for the Newark News, says Archer should claim the lightweight title of Spain since his victory over Fenoy, the Spanish champion. Says Goldberg: "By the same token, Benny Levine is still the undefeated lightweight champion of Mexico. Levine won the crown in one of his last fights, in the bull ring at Mexico City. But like the Mexican money used to be, those titles become worthless with each change in administration."

Mike Alfano, 210, Newark, lost by a technical knockout to Clarence (Red) Burman, 199, in Baltimore in the sixth of a scheduled ten-rounder. Alfano tired badly after a game start.

To George Farmer, Somewhere in England: We sent you an airmail letter which was returned to America. We hope you are well and will soon resume your writing in THE RING. Please write.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By NAT FRANK

BY the time this appears in print the bantamweight championship clash between Tommy Forte, Philadelphia challenger, and Lou Salica, the titleholder, will have already taken place under the promotion of Herman Taylor at Shibe Park. And it is our guess that a new champion will have been crowned.

Mayon Padlo, best of Philly's welterweights, put the skids on Saverio Turiello, Italian champion. Having won a previous meeting with the Latin, Padlo electrified everyone by scoring a clean knockout over the visitor. That win just about convinced everyone that Padlo is a serious menace for the crown now in the possession of Fritzie Zivic. Incidentally, Padlo was married just five days before the Turiello battle, but following the ceremony he hurried to the gymnasium to train for the all important clash. Following the knockout victory, Mr. and Mrs. Padlo went on a delayed honeymoon.

It is seldom that anyone starts beating the publicity drums for a fight manager. In this case, we can't help but present one of the most popular of the newer generation of mentors in the person of Harry Zaslow, a real one hundred percent sportsman. Zaslow reminds us of the veteran managers whose words were their bonds. Anytime Zaslow says anything, you can bet that it is so. And this likable chap is managing two worthies in Freddy Domico, a rattling good 140-pounder who has been a consistent winner at the Cambria Club, and Johnny Carter, a middleweight, who feels that the headliners are giving him the merry-go-bye. Domico is still in the stage of hooking up with the lesser experienced rivals, but Carter, who gave Jackie Donovan of Buffalo a hectic evening here, is set for the cream of the crop in the 160-pound ranks.

IT'S STRANGE BUT IT'S TRUE—Jakie Freedman, former manager of Al Ettore, is now managing a vocalist . . . . Lou Palmer, that blind man from Louisville, Ky., who created an uproar in the United States Senate recently, is a former Philadelphia pugilist . . . . Lou Cohen, former amateur fistic star of two decades ago, has the largest piano repair shop in the city . . . . Police Inspector Thomas F. "Packey" McFarland, never was a pugilist yet is a member of the Veteran Boxers' Association . . . . He was "forced" to join the old time pugilists on account of the wonderful assistance he has been giving them . . . . Ditto for Police Captain John T. Dooner . . . . Commission Chairman Leon L. Rains sponsored the first affair of the V. B. A. five years ago . . . . The last affair staged by the V. B. A. was given in honor of Chairman Rains and co-commissioners Havey Boyle and Robert J. Jones, Jr. . . . . Promoter Jimmy Toppi operates a roller skating rink in addition to the Olympia Club . . . . The widow of the late Adam Ryan, star pugilist at the turn of the century, sells boxing gloves to all of the local promoters . . . . Bobcat Montgomery, leading contender for lightweight laurels, recently became the father of a son and he immediately signed a contract for his offspring to box exclusively under the promotion of Herman Taylor when the infant becomes old enough and decides on a pugilistic career . . . . Flash Lightning, a ripsnorting light-heavyweight, got that name when he was struck by a bolt from the sky when a child and survived.

Fighting Jimmy Moore, the Chester middleweight, was turned over to Jakie Freedman by Syd Doblitz. Freedman, with his connections with promoters throughout the country, feels sure that he can rush Moore to the top of the 160-pound heap within a year's time. Moore, a former amateur champion, is the nearest thing to Henry Armstrong that we have seen since Armstrong was at his best.

Keep your eyes on Frankie Carto, a classy bantamweight, who is being trained by Jimmy Mendo, one time star 118-pounder. Carto is being managed by Johnny O'Malley, former pugilist and chief magistrate of Philadelphia County. Incidentally, O'Malley comes up for reelection for another six-year term this coming November and he is an odds on favorite to retain his judgeship.

Phil Glassman is doing his outdoor promotions at the Philadelphia Gardens, formerly the home of the local National League baseball team. It is an ideal location and the fistic impresario fully believes that he will be making quite a number of new headline attractions for the 1941-1942 indoor season.

REMEMBER WHEN—Philadelphia boasted of more left-handed fistmen than any other city? . . . . There were Lew Tendler, Al Gordon, Danny Kramer, Bobby Burman, Frankie Kramer and Harry Blitman, among others . . . . Lew Tendler and Joe Tiplitz, stablemates, fought for the championship of the stable? . . . . Tippie managed to last the limit but what an unmerciful beating he received . . . . Jules Aronson, now a tipstaff, formerly the secretary of the Boxing Commission and later a commissioner, when promoting boxing advertised four days before a show that all tickets were sold and it would be useless to come out to the club unless you already had one in advance? . . . . His sellout attraction was that fighting iceman, Matt Adgie . . . . Jack M'Vey, crack colored middleweight, called every punch he threw in the direction of Vincent Forgione of this city, when the latter spat in his face? . . . . K. O. Circus of Pittsburgh fought at two clubs the same day? . . . . He first battled at the National A. C., then was rushed a few blocks away to participate in an engagement at the Olympia Club.

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COVERING NEW ENGLAND
By MARK FANNON

FALL RIVER: Apparently taking Freddie Camuso, 145½, tough, free-swinging Fall River puncher, lightly, after his mastery of Fritzie Zivic, Mike Kaplan, 144, kept his title of New England champion, but only after a stormy opening session.

In the first round, the battle-scarred Camuso, rudely dropped over-confident Kaplan on the canvas for a nine count with a right hook to the jaw. Once more in the seventh, Kaplan was dropped for a no count. Mike, who fights best when pressed, gave Camuso a boxing lesson from the seventh on, to take the 12-round decision and keep his title.

Mike, it is noticed, takes daring chances to show fans his punching power. Many second raters have given him trying moments when he was in an over-confident mood. Once serious and keeping strictly to his fancy boxing, he is one of the cleverest ringmen ever developed in this section.

Six round semi-final: Al Tribuani, 159, Wilmington, Del., now a soldier at Camp Edwards, won the nod over Jack Capparell, 157, Boston. Danny Nobregan, 145, New Bedford, won his return bout with Gene Boulden, 144, Providence, by decision, in six. Boulden had stopped Danny in their previous setto. Joe Gaynor, 136, Boston, stopped Augie Almeida, 132, Bristol, R.I., in the fourth.

While boxing in New England takes a short vacation, we give you short sketches on three up and coming battlers:

Johnny Seamon—Johnny was born in Youngstown, Ohio, 21 years ago. Since 1939, when he started his pro glove tossing, he has made his home in the East.

As an amateur he lost but three bouts out of 85. He won the Pennsylvania State title four years in succession. Won the Diamond Belt and Golden Glove titles. Competed in the Nationals in 1938, losing the final to Bradley Lewis. Also fought in the Junior Nationals. During his amateur days he was a constant companion of Billy Soose—not bad company. One of the prominent boys he defeated as a "pure" was Ossie (Bull Dog) Harris, the Pittsburgh Terror, who is cutting a wide path in middleweight ranks.

Johnny is rangy, being 5 feet 11 inches tall, and his best fighting weight is around 164 pounds. He can make 160 but feels better at a little higher figure, and promises to grow into a full-fledged 175-pounder. Johnny is colorful to see in action. The minute the bell rings, he is on top of his opponent and keeps in close much of the time. He was taught his in-fighting by Lou Brouillard, former welter and middleweight champion of the world, who was one of the best in-fighters ever developed in New England. But, unlike the stocky Lou, Johnny has reach and height, and is also good at open fighting, having a snappy left jab, and knows when to use it.

At this writing, he has had 17 pro bouts, losing two. One to Ted Lowry, which he fought after getting out of a sick bed, and to Coley Welch, for the N.E. crown. Johnny couldn't make the weight on this occasion and no doubt the low weight didn't do him any good. He has scored seven kayoes and an unusual point is that he has never fought below a semi-final on any card. Best wins were over Ted Lowry, Oscar Suggs, Jack Dubois, Eddie Carroll and Frankie Burley.

John Henry Eskew—Colored surprise package of the year. Little known until his slashing battle with Coley Welch. Built like most colored boys, tall, long reach, with small legs and powerful shoulders. Always in fine condition and has amazing recuperating powers. Would be out on his feet in one round, then come out strong and fast for the next frame. Practically unknown until he chilled tough Jack Dubois, one of the few able to do the trick. Never fought over six rounds until he met Welch. Has the youngest seconds we ever saw, but they seem to know what to do. Best battles were against Eddie Guerra and Dubois, which he won. A draw with Norman Hurdman and a close loss to Bill Duffey.

Freddie Cabral—Weaving, bobbing welter, of Portuguese descent, who doesn't get much recognition. Our records show no defeats, even though he has fought in many cities. A very cool performer within ropes and a clever defensive boxer. Hits well with both hands. Doesn't block with his gloves but either weaves or ducks to evade blows. Has fought only once in Boston in a year and a half. Has whipped such tough ones as Al Evans, Bill Tortoni, Benny Cartegena, Johnny Studley and Norman Hurdman.

WHAT THEY ARE TALKING ABOUT: Sal Bartolo's great stand against the feared Chalky Wright . . . . No doubt Salvy's cut face influenced the judges to turn to Chalky's side . . . . The good shows put on by the Valley Arena of Holyoke . . . . Beau Jack-George Salamone and Angelo Rodano-Joey Silva matches on the same card . . . . Jack is the first one to stop Georgie and it is quite a feather in his cap.

Rodano continues onward . . . . Silva and Bob Ivy were his last two victims . . . . First time Salamone and Rodano appeared in a Holyoke ring . . . . Al McCoy is warming up for an early shot at Pat Comiskey, most publicized heavy in the last decade . . . . Mike Kaplan's proposed match with Bob Montgomery at Philadelphia . . . . It would have been a beauty for the Hub . . . . Joey Archibald's surprising win over Harry Jeffra, after it seemed he was all washed up . . . . Joey lost six bouts in succession in 1940 . . . . The improvement of Johnny Shkor, most carefully brought up heavy in the ring . . . . Camuso's suspension by the Boxing Commission, as a result of his battle with Kaplan.

RING NOTES—Live-wire Tom Ephrem tells us he is to be publicity man for the new club at Jacksonville . . . . Promoter Phil Tibbetts, who plans outdoor shows there, is a Boston man, according to Tom . . . . Honey Mellody stopped Joey Rivers in four rounds at Burlington, Vt. . . . . This makes three kayoes out of four fights for him this year . . . . Coley Welch took care of one of the toughest men in the middleweight class when he defeated Ernie Vigh at Portland, in a return bout of 10 rounds . . . . Novice tournaments between the boys of the Army camps located around Boston are due to start, with weekly shows at the South Boston Stadium.

G. H., San Francisco: Yes, Yancey Henry, colored heavy now fighting in California, is a native of Lynn, Mass., and was amateur champ out here . . . . Army boys: Send in news of your fighters . . . . The Ring will keep the fans posted on your work . . . . The writer will be Physical Director at Camp Cedar Crest during the summer, but any mail sent to Box 224, Ashland, Mass., will reach us.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

HOLYOKE NEWS: Eddie Elie, light-heavy of Springfield, won by a knockout over Emil Fenton of Albany in the seventh round of an eight-round main bout at Claremont, N. H. Al Castonquay of Holyoke won a six-round decision over Frankie Williams of Albany. Both boys are welterweights.

Phil Quillan of Springfield lost a close decision to Barney Villa of Schenectady in a six-round main bout at Brattleboro, Vt. Gene Brown of Holyoke won a decision over Johnny Pinto of Schenectady in the six-round semi.

Matchmaker Joe DeMaria is putting on better shows at his Thompsonville club than he is in the Valley Arena, and is drawing better.

Beau Jack is having managerial trouble. The Valley Arena thought they had him tied up with Joe Caron, but it seems they did not figure on Bowman Milligan, Beau Jack discoverer, and the man who brought him to Springfield from Atlanta. Beau Jack will now be seen in other clubs as he is getting plenty of good offers since his win over Tommy Speigal. Jack weighed in at 137 pounds for that fight.

Mickey Canty, welterweight of Springfield, is a good looking, red-haired boy, who can fight and box with the best. His record of 20 wins in 21 fights is proof of this statement.

Burlington, Vt.—Honey Mellody of Boston knocked out Joey Rivers of New York in the fourth round. Mellody floored his opponent six times before the fight was stopped.

Springfield, Vt., will be going before this goes to press with an open air show at the ball park. Claremont, N. H., might get going in the open air ballroom in the town, and Spofford Lake, outside of Keene, N. H., is expected to open.

Pete Petrone of Hartford is promoting in Manchester, Ct., and is putting on some excellent cards. Petrone was connected with Lou Viscuci in the Foot Guard Hall bouts in Hartford.

Harry Borden of 565 Canal St., Holyoke, is looking for some good lightweight and featherweight prospects. New England boxers in these classes who are unattached should get in touch with him.

Joe O'Brien, the fellow who taught Mickey Canty, Beau Jack, Charlie Baginsky and a good many other boys, never gets any cash or credit for his services.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By DON HAMILL

THE ARENA, New Haven—Angelo Rodano, 136, South Norwalk, was awarded an eight-round decision over Bobby Poison Ivy, 131, Hartford, which was most unpopular with the crowd. Ivy fought on one leg from the fifth round on when he turned his ankle in moving to a neutral corner after dropping his opponent. Irish Jackie Harris, 124, Boston, was awarded another unpopular decision in the eight-round semi-final over Curley St. Angelo, 127, New York. In a third eight, Jimmy Young, 167, Dunmore, Pa., fought a slashing draw with Al Gilbert, 160, Miami, Fla. Ronnie McNeal, 148, Nova Scotia, won a six-round decision over Sal Luccarelli, 145½, New York. Wally Hippoff, 152, New York, and Art Tatta, 154, New Haven, fought four action filled rounds to a draw.

Randolph-Clowes Stadium, Waterbury—Manuel Villa, 1st, made his New England debut a successful one by winning a decisive eight-round decision over Ernest Cat Robinson, popular Jamaica, N. Y., Negro. Villa weighed 145, Robinson, 144½. It was the first outdoor show of the season. Maxie Katz, 165, Waterbury, scored a technical kayo over Terry Toranto, 162, Boston, in the third round of a six spot. Billy Brown, 149½, Waterbury, and Red Doty, 146, Hartford, drew in another six. Earl Roys, 119, Bristol, won an easy six-round decision over Billy Saunders, 122, New York. In the four-round opener, Jerry Amico, 138½, New York, defeated Leo Liotta, 140, Boston.

Red Men's Arena, Manchester—Jimmy Bell, 150, New Haven Negro, punched out a clean-cut decision over Eddie Bangs, 150, Boston, in the feature six-round bout of a pro-semi-pro card. In the other pro bout of six rounds, Young Joe Gans, 154, Willimantic, scored a popular decision over Art Moore, 150, Worcester.

Earl Roys, sensational Bristol bantamweight, made his New York debut during the month. He made a decisive hit despite the fact that he dropped a close decision to Diogenes Leon in a six-rounder. Pete Montesi, who is representing Roys in New York, expects a rematch in the near future.

The summer season is here again and Jimmy Kidd Hatcher, Clarence King and Bill Niland are here to display their wares. Hatcher and King fought in this section last year and are welcome back. They were brought up here from West Palm Beach, Fla., by their manager, Baran Pate. Niland is a classy welterweight, handled by this writer. He has fought and beaten such fighters as Vic Finnazzo, Emil Josephs, and recently kayoed Walter Hicks in five rounds. He hails from Cumberland, Md., but is now making his home in Hartford.

Unattached fighters who wish to keep busy this summer can do well by contacting the writer at 102 Park Terrace, Hartford, Conn. White boys, especially welterweights and featherweights, are popular around here at present.

SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH
By RAY M. TODD

BILLY CONN had an easy night with Buddy Knox at Forbes Field. Conn scored three knockdowns then stopped the Dayton heavy in the eighth round of a scheduled fifteen-round top bout that drew a record crowd of 27,042 fans. The show drew a gross of $68,154 and was promoted by the Rooney-McGinnley fight club.

Harry Bobo, local heavy, got sort of a gift decision in his ten-rounder with Lee Savold of St. Paul, a very good fight that should have really gone the other way at the end. The fans showed their disapproval and wouldn't let the announcer, Harry Klass, go through with his introduction of a group of celebrities. Bobo weighed 202 pounds, against 190 pounds for Savold.

Pat Comiskey stopped James J. Johnston in the second round after he had given the colored lad a good going over. Comiskey weighed 216 pounds against 186 for Johnston. An eight-rounder saw Red Cregan win over Pete Spotti. Cregan weighed 149½ pounds and Spotti, 145. The opening four saw Marcus Lockman win the decision over Mike Lucas of Aliquippa.

Charley Burley trounced Ossie Harris, then stopped him in the ninth round of the ten-round main bout at Jake Mintz's Hickey Park Bowl. This was the opening show of the Millvale open-air arena. Burley weighed 150 pounds and the Toy Bulldog came in six pounds heavier. The eight-round semi-final saw Ernie Derho of Minneapolis, who looked so good in trouncing Carmen Notch recently, take a sound thrashing from Sammy Adragna of Munhall. Adragna weighed 142 pounds and Derho came in at 146 pounds.

Johnny Dean of New Castle stopped Steve Kulich of Leechburg with the very first blow in the opening round. Dean weighed 165 pounds, and Kulick came in five pounds lighter. Bobby Comerene of East Liberty won the referee's decision after four rounds with Buddy Samuels of New Kensington. Comerene weighed 140 pounds and Samuels weighed 148 pounds. The show drew $2,393 at gross.

Harry Bobo won the decision after ten rounds with Gus Dorazio at the Gardens.

Pick up your Ring Magazine at Fogel's Cut Rate, corner Tenth and Followfield Avenue, Charleroi, Pa. Any information regarding the fight game around Pittsburgh can be obtained, but only if you enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. My address is 1208 Lower Meadow Avenue, Charleroi, Pa.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

BOBBY McINTIRE, Detroit's leading lightweight, made the long trip to the Pacific Coast, but was unsuccessful in his attempt to bounce Jackie Wilson, California's colored sensation, off the high pinnacle he now holds in lightweight ratings. Wilson, truly a great fighter, had the better of the milling, although the pugnacious Detroiter wasn't out of the running until he suffered a cut eye in the fifth round, and Referee Benny Whitman decided to call a halt.

Jolting Joe Sutka, rough going Wyandotte middleweight, made his second trip to Billings, Montana, losing a hard battle with R. J. Lewis of Denver. Sutka and Lewis fought a very close bout and a rematch is in the making.

Harvey Dubs, the Windsor Spitfire, turned in a couple of wins the past month. In Chicago he outpointed the veteran Tony Petroskey, and in a Windsor bout, kayoed Bobby Doerr of Toledo in one round. The Windsor show was for the British War Relief and many Detroiters donated their services.

Irish Pat Carroll, the pride of Corktown, stopped Kippy Dumas in four rounds. Bobby Creed outpointed Harry Goodrich, Eddie Scott whipped Joe Sears, Jimmy Edgar outpointed Tom Glaspy, and Kayo Morgan stole the show with his superb exhibition with Young Patrick, a Boystown, Neb., boy serving in the Canadian Army.

Dempsey McPhail, rough, tough middleweight who thrilled Detroiters with some splendid showings last spring, is back in his home town of Glace Bay, N. S., and expects to box for the Canadian title soon.

Chuck Robertson, heavyweight protege of Johnny McIntyre, showed plenty of ability in his Flint headliner opposite Floyd Gibbons. Injured hands caused Robertson's downfall in this melee, but his powerful punching gave Gibbons worried moments before he hurt his hands.

RHODE ISLAND NEWS

By DANNY NARDI

CONGRATULATIONS to Joey Archibald, little fighting Irishman from Pawtucket, R. I., who in his 21st consecutive victory in the nation's capital, regained part of his lost laurels by winning over Baltimore's Harry Jeffra, and also relieved Harry of his claims to the featherweight championship of New York, Maryland and other states not affiliated with the N. B. A. After a hard, close fight at Griffith Stadium in Washington, D. C., in which Joey had to stave off a late rally by Jeffra, Archibald won a split decision, thus regaining the crown that he had lost to this same opponent in Baltimore last year. This was their third encounter inside the squared circle and shows Joey out on top with a two to one advantage over his rival. By virtue of his great victory over Jeffra, Archibald not only is one of the few fighters to regain a title, but also the first in this division to do so.

Almost a month after winning back the title, Joey Archibald came back to his home town to show his wares before the local folks at the Rhode Island Auditorium in Providence against that very popular gamecock and little edition of Henry Armstrong, Bob "Poison" Ivy of Hartford, Conn., in a ten-round overweight, non-title scrap. The affair was witnessed by a gathering of 2400 fans, who let the turnstiles click for the merry tune of a gross gate of $3979.25. The champ from Pawtucket lost a close and split decision to the Nutmeg Stater, who made it two in a row over Joey. The bout saw Ivy continually throwing punches from all angles, always coming forward with a relentless aggressiveness against the back pedaling, clinching tactics employed by the harder hitting champion. The decision was called a draw by the referee, but both judges cast their votes for Ivy. Joey scaled 124¼, Ivy 127.

In the preliminaries: Jimmy Gilligan, veteran featherweight campaigner from Hamburg, N. Y., and another highly popular favorite with local fight fans, bested Pedro Hernandez, that up-and-coming boy from Puerto Rico, in the eight-round semi-final. Jimmy was just too much for Pedro on this occasion and left-handed his way to an easy triumph. Gilligan weighed 127½, Pedro 125½. Ernie Forte, 142½, of Providence, who seems to improve with every start, won via T.K.O. when his opponent called it quits after two rounds of fighting. His victim was Silvio Bilodeau, 139, of Portland, Me. Bobby Allard, 134, Lynn, Mass., T.K.O.'ed Frankie Topazio, 131, of Bristol, R. I., in the fifth round of a scheduled six when the referee halted proceedings due to a bad cut over Frankie's right eye. In the opener, Bill Wilson, 159¾, Nashua, N. H., beat Amedeo Masi, 159½, of Providence.

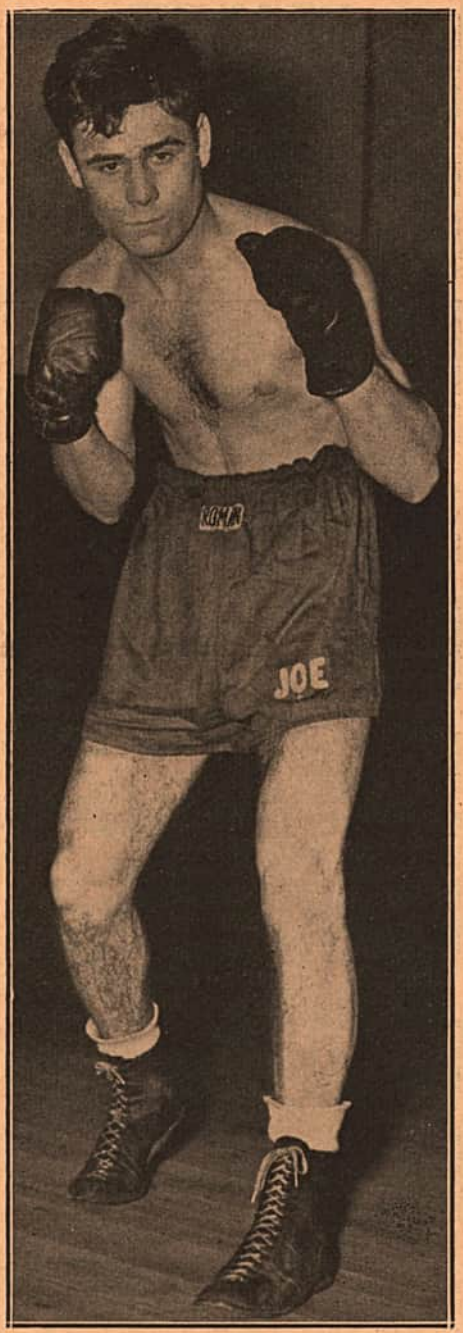
If any of you RING readers want a giant list of fighters' names and addresses, send me twenty-five cents in cash or money order and I will mail to you my Fighters' Directory. Write to Danny Nardi, 9 Canton Street, Providence, R. I.

The fight gentry was saddened by the death of Wee Willie Woods, Scottish bantam champ of a few decades back, who passed away after a brief illness at a local hospital in his adopted town, Providence, R. I. Woods was taken here by Billy Ames, that well-known sportsman. Wee Willie fought the best in his division and showed all over the country. The funeral arrangements were taken care of by his faithful friend and ex-manager, Billy Ames. Almost everybody of importance connected with the local fight picture attended, and Jack Sharkey, ex-heavy champ, and Al Mello, welterweight great of a few years ago, acted as pall-bearers. Woods had been employed at local race tracks in his last few years.

Ralph Zannelli, local welterweight, who had been idle while waiting for his broken arm to mend, is busy working and hardening up with the laboring crew employed at the Quonset Point, R. I., naval base government project, along with Al Mancini, another local boy and good going featherweight, who has met and defeated the best in his division.

Pete Zollo, local heavyweight, who is now in Uncle Sam's army, is back around town on a fifteen-day furlough from his Fort Bragg, North Carolina, training camp.

Tony Almieda, Bristol, R. I., middleweight, is on the shelf with a bad right hand, sustained in his winning fight against Oscar Suggs of Newport, R. I.



Joey Iannotti, pleasing New York featherweight.

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BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

ED (DON) GEORGE and Bill Hansen put on a sensational grapple-fest with George going down to defeat after 29 minutes of give and take. George loomed as a victor until Hansen suddenly pinned Don's shoulders to the mat, stunning a big crowd of almost 7,000. George had won over Hansen in a bout staged by the Great Lakes club on May 24 and wrestling devotees believed Ed could turn the trick again. Match No. 3, which is sure to come, hasn't been announced as yet. Results of other bouts on Jack Herman's card follow: Wladyslaw Talun, Poland, threw Roland Kirschmeyer; Bobby Bruns tossed Cy Williams; Earl McCready and John Musowich wrestled a draw; George K.O. Koverly defeated Lee Henning; Jack Clayboune won from Jake Patterson.

Jackie Donovan and Andre Jessurun boxed ten rounds to a draw at Charlie Murray's Queensberry club. The bout was full of action but many were not pleased with Donovan's work. They thought he should have defeated Jessurun quite handily. Your correspondent doesn't share this view. It is my personal opinion that Donovan is meeting tougher game in tackling boys like Jessurun, who is nobody's fool in the ring. Donovan is not punching any too hard. He seems to have lost some of his power. The officials were divided in the decision. Referee Luke Carr voted for Jessurun; Judge Harry McCoy voted a draw; Judge George Needham found for Donovan.

Joey Perrone of Cleveland proved a sensation when he knocked out Jimmy Winters in less than a round. The hard-punching Clevelander was far too good for Winters.

Promoter Charlie Murray did not make a lot of money with his $3,500 house but he didn't lose any, which is encouraging. The fight game would pick up if bouts were staged oftener.

FISTIC MISCELLANY . . . . The Grim Reaper has been busy hereabouts during the past few weeks . . . . Harry (Hogie) McCall, a good featherweight years ago, passed on suddenly . . . . Tom Couhig of Dunkirk, near here, who was a great welterweight in the time of Frank Erne, died after a short illness . . . . Norman (Red) Murray, well known second and man-about-town, died by his own hand. Red was well known in Toronto, Erie, Rochester, Pittsburgh and other cities besides his home town of Buffalo . . . . Frank Erne got a big hand from the crowd when he worked in Jackie Donovan's corner with Eddie Borden . . . . Erne was Buffalo's greatest contribution to boxing. He was champion lightweight of the world in the days of real fighters and was one of the cleverest men ever to don the gloves . . . . Jack Singer is hopping around here, there, and everywhere with fighters, both amateur and professional . . . . Jack never loses hope that boxing will soon do a comeback locally.

Charlie Murray would like to get an outstanding attraction for the Civic Stadium this summer . . . . Plenty of talk about a new club starting but nothing seems to crystallize . . . . Frisco Grande, former Filipino star bantam, is living in Buffalo and working for the City Buildings department; Frankie Schoell, once a candidate for world's welter honors, is an employe at the municipal auditorium . . . . Clarence Jones seems to keep on winning fights but doesn't draw 'em in . . . . The Negro has a lethal punch in his right hand.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

AT last a move has been made in the right direction concerning the long-awaited erection of Syracuse's much talked about Civic Center. Recently, Civic Center, Inc., promoters of the planned public auditorium, announced they had filed deeds for the land on which the building will be erected. They have only to wait for Mayor Rolland B. Marvin to present them with deeds to additional property needed, which the city has offered to give them if they will build. This, we understand, will be done by the time this reaches the press.

Clarence M. Schindler, owner of the Syracuse Chiefs baseball club of the International League, has offered the Olympic Boxing Club, Inc., the use of Municipal Stadium for three outdoor fistic shows this summer. Schindler, who used to demand $1,000 guarantee per fight, has decided to give the boys a break. The Stadium is now available for three shows for $2,250, with a privilege of 15 per cent of the gross!

Billy Shaw, Jr., son of your correspondent, is doing his bit for Uncle Sam. Bill, Jr., who is only 18 years old, enlisted in the Army Air Corps, and is located with the 84th School Squadron, at Gunter Field, Montgomery, Alabama. Our youngster is taking up the mechanical end of flying. Naturally we are quite proud of our boy, who writes that he loves his selected vocation, and promises to go places. We know he will!

LEFT-HOOKS: Gabe Genovese is still anchored on the coast with Tony Musto who drew with Turkey Thompson in L.A. . . . . Hear Gabe is traveling around with movie star George Raft . . . . Practically all of Syracuse's home town boxers of draft age are in the Army now . . . . Offside to Joe Monroe, Indianapolis, Ind.: "Rent or borrow a 16mm. camera to photograph the two fighters you mention, in training . . . . Then splice this on the film, 'Monarchs of the Ring,' suitably titled, and you have your buildup . . . . Get titles from Filmack, Wabash St., Chicago, Ill. . . . . Great publicity stunt for advance bally on a hometown or any other natural" . . . . Lots of short end money on Conn in Syracuse . . . . Irving Robbins, industrious local amateur mitt maestro, tells us the prospects of summer amateur boxing here are nil and void because of the expense . . . . Joe Netro now resides in Governeur, N. Y. . . . . Marc Buckland, local sportsman, has clinched the Olympic license and will go with at least three shows, he said . . . . Red Kantor, Marc's partner, likes to watch fights from a ringside chair, but doesn't want any part of the promoting end . . . . Johnny Garro and Gil Sweeney, the latter *Post-Standard* artist, are two of Syracuse's classiest dressed guys . . . . Gus Lampe, away up there in Gloversville, where he pilots the Schine Motion Picture Theatre circuit, moans the lack of upstate boxing has him down . . . . Gus is a great fight fan.

BOXING IN MAINE
By DAVE SILVERMAN

PORTLAND—Coley Welch jumped right back in the middleweight picture by winning a ten-round decision over Ernie Vigh at the Exposition Building in Portland before 3500 fans, who cheered him on to victory. The fight was a hard-fought one, with Welch piling up an early lead with a rapid fire left, and he was credited with winning six rounds, with two even, and two for Vigh. Vigh tried hard to pull the fight out of the fire in the last two rounds, but Welch fought off his rallies with hard right crosses that stopped Vigh right in his tracks.

A good preliminary card preceded the main event. In the semi-final, Paul Herrick, Portland's young bantam star, knocked out Eddie Brooks of Cambridge in two rounds. The Brown Bomber of Boston won a decision over Tiger Lambert of Biddeford, and Eddie Latourneau defeated Jimmy Duval in a fast six-rounder. In the fours, Clarence Portas won from Pat Walsh of Boston, and Eddie Maloney of South Portland won from John Harrington of Fort Williams.

South Berwick—Jimmy Cook of Rumford won a six-round decision from Norman Cloutier of Suncook, N. H. Honey Driscol of Portland knocked out Young Nedoue of Suncook in three rounds, and Everett Ladd of Westbrook kayoed Curley Johnson of Epping in three.

Biddeford—Frankie Burley of Dover, N. H., and Willie Hagan of Haverhill battled eight rounds to a draw. Duke Demers of Sanford won from Al Coutier of Lewiston in six. Johnny Green of Lewiston and Raymond Ladd of Westbrook went four rounds to a draw, and so did Norman Gagnoe and Eddie Gallant.

Rockland—Tiger Lambert of Biddeford knocked out Salem Thomas of Waterville in five rounds, and K. O. Briely of Rockland won from Nap James of Biddeford in five.

Portland—John Henry Eskew of Brockton won a ten-round decision from Eddie Guerra of New York. The Brown Bomber of Boston won a six-round decision over Tiger Lambert of Biddeford. Lefty Lachance of Lisbon won from Blackie Warren of Boston in six, and in fours, Pat Daley of Boston and Al Cloutier of Lewiston went to a draw, while Jimmy Duval of Portland defeated Young Challifoux of Lewiston, and Norman Villenauve of Berlin, N. H., scored over Johnny Thomas of Portland.

South Berwick—Billie Lancaster of Portland and Tommy Reagan of Bangor battled six rounds to a draw. Jimmy Cook of Rumford knocked out Young Morgan of Manchester in two rounds. Johnny Thomas of Portland won from Curley Smith of Boston in four.

Biddeford—Billie Fogarty of Dover knocked out Mal Smallwood of Boston in five rounds. Duke Demers of Dover won from Blackie Warren of Boston in eight. Norman Harvey won from Johnny Caron of Dover in one round. Young Josephs of Biddeford and Willie Corbin of Boston went four rounds to a draw, and Eddie Butts of Portland decisioned Nap Jones of Biddeford.

Rockland—Billie Lancaster of Portland and Tommy Reagan of Bangor battled their second six-round draw in the past month. Jimmy Cook of Rumford won from K.O. Brieley of Rockland, and Battling Dick of Rockland knocked out Lee Anderson of Portland in one round. Eddie Butts of Portland won from Young Reynolds of Rockland in four.

Rockland—Tiger Lambert of Biddeford won the decision from Mal Smallwood of Boston in eight rounds. K. O. Brieley knocked out Nap James of Biddeford in three rounds. Bob Harvey of Biddeford knocked out Eddie Phelps of Rockland in two, and John Marshall of Old Orchard knocked out Willie Cole of Boston in three.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

HARRY HURST, sensational Montreal lightweight, looks to be well nigh unstoppable. After battling the Canadian lightweight king, Dave Castilloux, to a draw in a thrilling ten round title match that drew nearly $8,000 at the Montreal Forum, Hurst journeyed to Toronto, scene of many of his triumphs, and stopped Joey Bagnato in four rounds of a scheduled ten round headliner. The Castilloux clash evidently sharpened Hurst up considerably as Bagnato, Toronto's best lightie who has licked plenty of good battlers and has engaged in keen contests with fighters like Dave Castilloux, Charlie Gomer, etc., was expected to stage a terrific tussle with the heavy hitting young Montrealer.

However, the issue was never in doubt shortly after the bell clanged. Hurst stepped right into Bagnato with his two fisted bombing barrages and the Toronto boy was thoroughly outclassed. Only the sturdy Italian's gameness and ruggedness enabled him to survive until the fourth heat when Hurst flattened him for the count with a terrific short right hook to the jaw. It was the first time Bagnato was ever kayoed and Hurst's savage punching awed the spectators.

The semi-final to the Hurst-Bagnato fight caused quite a surprise with Nels Broadhead, an inexperienced lad from Hamilton, stopping Eddie Petrin, who is designated as Canadian bantam champ. The bout ended in the final heat of their eight-rounder. Broadhead, a southpaw who had only three or four bouts previously, didn't cut loose until late in the fight and had Petrin reeling groggily when the referee called a halt. The title didn't change hands however, as the bout was a non-title affair, Broadhead not rating as a challenger even in this weak division, but the victory entitles him to a title battle now.

Boxing in Montreal has been dead since the Hurst-Castilloux struggle though that fight set the stage for a big boxing boom. Jimmie McKimmie, who promoted that bout and made a nice profit, too, was laid low by illness and no other promoters stepped in to fill the breach. At this writing, McKimmie has just recovered but plans seem to be vague. Meanwhile, the time for striking while the iron is hot seems to have passed. It may not be such a hot fistic summer locally after all.

STRAY SHOTS . . . . Dave Castilloux took a few weeks' rest after a long and lengthy campaign which saw him going steadily stale . . . . his last fight was with Sammy Angott and he was way below form against the N.B.A. titleholder . . . . Castilloux is eager to meet Angott again, preferably in Montreal . . . . he only got about $360 out of that bout from the Louisville, Ky. promoter, plus $100 expenses . . . . supposed to have been guaranteed $1,500 . . . . very unfortunate . . . . Toronto is the site for the Maxie Berger-Dave Castilloux bout which will probably be at 140 pounds . . . . they figure to do $10,000 . . . . Oliver Shank, who dynamited Larry Bouchard in two rounds in semi-final to Hurst-Castilloux bout, resumed training a week after returning from his honeymoon . . . . he married Betty Campbell, formerly Eddie Quinn's secretary . . . . the lethal punching heavyweight is more ambitious than ever and rarin' to go . . . . his brother, Al Shank, former middle star, married a couple of weeks later.

Kenny Lindsay going great guns on Pacific Coast under Arnold Bertram's handling . . . . the Maritimes had their biggest fistic event for some time when the Al Delaney-Tiger Warrington fight was staged at Glace Bay, Nova Scotia . . . . the fight was for the Canadian heavyweight title with Nat Fleischer refereeing and donating one of his famous belts to the winner . . . . Delaney won in clean-cut fashion according to press reports and there seemed to be indications that Warrington was rusty and off form . . . . however, the chief, Nat Fleischer, who was closer to the fight than anyone else, undoubtedly describes the fight elsewhere in this issue and whatever is worth knowing about the fight will be chronicled therein . . . . a match between Oliver Shank, ranked for years as the No. 1 challenger, and the new champion, is now a logical development . . . . Desse Greene, Canadian flyweight king, has retired and is now manager of Louis Perreault's tailor shop . . . . Desse, a natty dresser, is a walking ad for the shop . . . . amateur boxing in pretty low gear due to enlistments and war work . . . . best prospects are Sammy Jacobs, Wilfred Shank and Joey Alter . . . . also Moe Gordon . . . . conjecture about future pro fights here include talk of Fritzie Zivic coming here to fight Berger or Castilloux, or Joey Archibald taking on Harry Hurst.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

SANTIAGO SOSA, Cuba's promising lightweight, in the pro ranks only a year, looked great up against Carlos Malacara, the seasoned Mexican windmill, in a good ten-round contest. Though Malacara was awarded the decision, most of us thought that Sosa deserved a draw at least.

Luis Castillo, Mexico's mighty atom, in a return go met Small Montana, the Filipino ring artist. These boys met a month ago, and lots of arguments were caused when the Mexican got the decision. However, this time there was no mistake about it. Castillo weighed 112½ and Small Montana, 110½. Castillo won easily, flooring Montana for an eight count in the fourth. The little Mexican is a deadly puncher, and a very colorful scrapper.

Claudio Villar, Spanish heavyweight, put the K.O. sign on Federico Malibran of Cuba in the second stanza. Villar, 204, against Malibran, 197, looked like a promising ringster. He will be given a test soon, when he will meet some good American talent here in Havana. Angel Pino, 130, easily won from Juan Villalba, 128, in six fast rounds.

Indian Gomez, as we predicted, is Cuba's newly crowned middleweight champion, by virtue of his eight-round knockout over Angel Ruiz. The bout was scheduled for 12 rounds. Gomez is a fast, two-fisted puncher, and has a string of knockouts to his credit. Guillermo Barrios, 135, was kayoed by Toby La Rosa, 135, of Mexico in the fourth round, and Ramon Yera, 117, easily defeated Joe Alvarez, 115, in a four-rounder. Soldier Serrano, 156¾, outpunched Jose Fuerte in another four to win the judges' decision, and David Plumas defeated Honeyboy Finnegan by the T.K.O. route in the sixth and last round.

Manolo Sanchez, Cuba's runner-up for welterweight honors, was signed to meet Larry Anzalone of New Jersey, who broke one of his mitts while training. Too bad, Larry, because the Havana fans sure want to see you back here again. Pepin Prieto, who manages Sanchez, did not get a break, as he had his boy in fine condition, and a victory over Anzalone would have meant a shot at Legon's title. On the same card, Pablo Roca, featherweight champion of Cuba, also managed by Sr. Prieto, was to meet Red Guggino, rugged lightweight.

Carlos Malacara, Mexican lightweight star, undefeated in Cuba, finally left for his home town. He is a big card here, and should come back soon. With Carlos went Pancho Malacara, his brother, Toby La Rosa, and also Luis Castillo, the Mexican fighting machine, who left a big following here.

Juan Oliva, Cuba's globe-trotting manager, writes us from Panama, where he is having success with Rene Cantero, Saturnino Rico, Baby Chico and Young Vazquez, all Cuban boxers. Oliva reports everybody doing aces high, and we are mighty glad to get such good news, as Oliva is a fine fellow and knows his business perfectly.

Aramis Del Pino and Kid Chocolate finally returned to Cuba after their trip to Puerto Rico and Santo Domingo with the Cuban team of Golden Glovers who all did splendidly in defending Cuba's colors. Calixto, Calderon, Prieto, Sierra and Aguilera obtained gold medals for their meritorious work in both countries.

Sergio Napoles, alias "Guarina Kid," is Cuba's hardest punching flyweight, and should be given a chance to meet Kid Espinosita, the champion.

Golden Gloves Results: Bebo Fernandez, 118, beat Angel Martinez, 120; Manuel Herrera, 118, beat Ignacio Torre, 116; Chino Ofarrill, 105, beat Joe Tudino, 104; Armando Vales, 110, beat Clemente Morales, 110; Ramon Cardenas, 85, beat Pedro Costa, 86; Martin Rivera, 137, defeated Antonio Leon, 140; Pablo Rodriguez, 127, beat Felix Pedroso, 128; Jorge Lazo, 92, beat Jose Bedero, 95; Damaso Collazo, 112, beat Rufino Jimenez, 112, and Alfredo Castro, 139, beat Raul Moreno, 146.

Antonio Olivera, 129, beat Felix Pedroso, 127; Alfredo Castro, 139, beat Jorge Valdez, 137; Frank Castellano, 146, beat Ciro Vega, 149; Julio Pedroso, 144, beat Pedro Sierra, 147; Albert Portu, 110, beat Alfredo Bolivar, 110; Rolando Delgado, 112, beat Pedro Bonilla, 115; Jorge Lazo, 92, beat Raul Hernandez, 95; Miguel Caceres, 118, defeated Manuel Herrera, 116; Luis Brioso, 126, beat Casper Nunez, 124; Miguel Pena, 111, beat Tomas Valdes, 106; Juan Alvarez, 110, beat Robert Ondares, 110; Angel Herse, 121, beat Julio Rock, 122; Alberto Santana, 120, beat Alejandro Fuente, 121; Antonio Leon, 138, beat Martin Rivera, 138.

Antonio Salinas, 137, beat Melquiades Diaz, 139; Ramon Cardenas, 85, beat Pablo Alfonso Mena, 84; Alfredo Castro, 139, beat Raul Moreno, 146; Rafael Diaz, 123, beat Conrado Quinto, 128; Frank Castellanos, 146, beat Amado Vaquero, 147; Pedro Martinez, 129, beat Fco Casamayor, 132; Manuel Herrera, 116, beat Manuel Tabla, 115; Rene Camacho, 109, beat Jose Sosa, 113; Angel Lorenzo, 141, beat Mario Valdes, 141; Armando Labarre, 100, beat Mario Ramirez, 102; Mario Griffin, 156, beat Esteban Campo, 149; Damian Hernandez lost to Genaro Estrada, 138; Baby Pancho, 141, beat Cecilio Gilbert, 147; Antonio Olivera, 126, beat Francisco Castaneda, 128.

Frank Castellanos, welterweight, is the outstanding Golden Glover for the month of May. Castellanos has scored eight consecutive victories.

FLASH—Juan Antonio Herrera, Cuba's former featherweight champion, is now teaching the youngsters how to handle their mitts . . . . Herrera is a popular man in boxing circles and is well liked . . . . Modesto De La Torre is a real boxing fan . . . . he never misses a fight . . . . and can always be seen at the ringside smoking the famous Consuegra Cigars . . . . Sr. Giraldo Hierro, wrestling promoter, is giving the game a little rest . . . . he'll open up on a bigger scale some time in June . . . . with a good number of imported mat stars . . . . Marianao Oval has reopened its doors and is doing good . . . amateur fights are held there every Tuesday night . . . . Hugo Cabarco is the referee . . . . combined with Enrique Quintana . . . . Johnny Cruz is still the popular kid in the squared circle . . . . Fernando Rios, Cuba's best referee, should be seen working more often . . . . Wilfredo Benitez, referee, is Cuba's handball champion . . . . and how he can hit that ball.

NEW ZEALAND NEWS
By DAVE BALLANTYNE

MAURICE STRICKLAND tripped across the Tasman Sea and did battle with Carmen Barth, American middleweight. The New Zealander was knocked from the ring in the second, after having put Barth on the floor for the count of seven, and decided to call it a night, thereby giving Sydney fight fans good reason for the ensuing round of abuse.

The lads of the American Fleet who visited Auckland during their cruise of the Pacific received a big hand from the public down here, but unfortunately we were unable to tag onto a ring enthusiast. Most of the visitors appeared to weigh in the vicinity of the welterweight limits.

Australian Results—At Melbourne: Tod Morgan outpointed Ron McLaughlin . . . . At Sydney: Al Woods won the Australian flyweight title by outpointing Jackie Deakin over 12 . . . . At Sydney: Vic Patrick gained his 16th consecutive win by knocking out Harry Summers in the first round of a lightweight bout.

Victor Caltaux, New Zealand's welterweight champion, is at present in Sydney but as yet has received no impression that his arrival has occasioned any great interest over there.

Eddie Borden's rating Izzy Jannazzo as No. 1 welter in the April issue recalls Izzy's visit Down Under three or four years ago.

Towards the end of 1937, Jannazzo arrived in Sydney and was provided with contests with some of Australia's leading ring men of the time. He extended Jack Carroll and even succeeded in drawing blood from that great welter. He also lost to Dick Humphrey, but impressed scribes by his pleasant manner and to no less extent by his record, which included a loss to Barney Ross and a draw with Ceferino Garcia.

Incidentally it may be recalled that early in 1938 the proprietors of the Sydney Sports Ground invited Barney Ross to defend his world's welterweight title against Jack Carroll but the champ's demands were too much in the up and up.

FROM THE PHILIPPINES
with JACK STEVENSON

LUIS LOGAN'S double main event in Rizal stadium proved very successful. There were sixty rounds of hard fighting. The top fight was for the bantamweight championship of the Orient, with Star Misames weighing 128 pounds and Ben Jimenez coming in at 127. The fight was one of the best seen at Rizal stadium in a long time. The judges voted the fight to be a draw, but the crowd thought that Star Misames had won the fight. Misames is the best fighter in the Philippines today. Misames is built in the order of Ceferino Garcia and hits with either hand. In another fast ten-round fight Little Villaneuva defeated Little Albert. By winning the fight Little Villaneuva was declared featherweight champ of P. I. (The title was vacated by Eddie Paco, who went to the states.) The rest of the card was featured by some good preliminary fights.

The monthly smokers held at Nichols Field have started now that the hot season is over. Some of the boys are working out now in Nichols Field gym. Seen daily working out hard is Wild "Kid" Kern who hails from Allentown, Pa. Wild "Kid" Kern is not only one of the roughest and toughest fighters on the field, but is the best showman. "Tuffy" Bowers, the Asiatic service champ, has had his hands operated on and will be seen in action soon.

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IN MINNESOTA RINGS
By DARWIN GOMER

I RAN into Tod Williams, wealthy Atwell Coffee Company official and WTCN newscaster, the other day. Tod, who was crazy enough over Solly Stark and Wayne Armstrong to have them on his early morning show, now is all agog over little George De Gidio, current state featherweight king. De Gidio, incidentally, is the only one with prospects of going anywhere . . . . Gene La Scotti, handsome lady-killer middleweight slugger from St. Paul's Frogtown, who makes up in ruggedness what he lacks in finesse, has a year to go before he's eligible for conscription. Wavy-haired Gene is waiting to show the boys in camp, and the popular former Willerney hero may do just that.

Received a letter from Laurence Gelbmann, known in local amateur heavyweight circles as Larry Gilbert, and states that he enjoys the soldier life at Fort Sill, Okla. . . . . I ran into Charles Johnson, blond amateur St. Paul welter, former Washington High School student, for the first time in over three years, and he says he's working at the Great Northern Railway Co. and hasn't boxed for over a year . . . . Merv Tretter, older brother of former welterweight amateur Cretin High School star, Gene Tretter, is a poultry salesman for Swift & Co.'s St. Paul branch market house . . . . Two years ago Kelly Ward, present state light-heavy monarch, was just a tall, lanky, green kid, who turned pro without the formality of simon-pure seasoning, but he was willing and hit hard. Then Max Winters and Ernie Fliegal picked him up and carefully have brought him along—he's a clever boxer now, and don't let anyone tell you he doesn't know how to jab with his left! . . . . He's one of the most promising kids in the state now . . . . I ran into Marv Wason on Rice Street one rainy night. Friend Marv is working for the Hamm Brewery yet as truck driver, and going to night school taking up a vocation. He's still a hero with Frogtown and Rice Street fans, and is one of the best dressed of local athletes.

Jack Gibbons recently sold his downtown bar, and appears to be a salesman for the Seven Up Bottling Company, for we see him driving this concern's sales cars . . . . Jackie "Tiger" Reynolds, colored St. Paul welter, who was kayoed two years ago in his only pro fight, then started in boxing amateur again, is now serving time at the State Prison at Stillwater for possession of marijuana and assault . . . . Tommy O'Loughlin was again awarded the Minneapolis pro franchise, and Harry Lennon renewed his St. Paul interests. Pat Carr was reelected chairman of the State Boxing Commission and Jimmy Waters was retained as secretary . . . . Billy Smith's win over George De Gidio last month goes to prove that Smith is the best boxer in the state between 130-140 pounds. If he could punch he'd be in the first ten, but his cleverness, bobbing and weaving, may yet upset some big shot . . . . Billy Colbert, local amateur middleweight, is now a soldier at Fort Sill, Okla., reports Private L. J. Gelbmann . . . . I had the pleasure of formally meeting Jack Cecil, a former Cincinnati welter vet of seven years, now a resident here, and his pretty wife, and also Pug Barron and his family. Cecil, a brother-in-law of Barron, is employed at the Ray-O-Laq Co., while Barron is a welder at the Stainless Steel Co. . . . . Tom Shaughnessy, local welter, is now in the army.

JABS—Johnny (Butch) Egan, flat-nosed Sauk Centre Indian amateur light-heavy, and Eugene (Red) Cokeley, scrappy Sauk Centre amateur welter, are with the National Guard at Camp Hahn, Calif. . . . . In the June RING, an omission was made by the printers in eliminating the complete card at Duluth featuring Kelly Ward vs. Gordon Palmer, and the Sam Stupor-Bob Morin card at Clearwater, Florida. Ward beat Palmer in eight for the state light-heavy title, while Stupor kayoed Morin in the fifth . . . . Bobby Marshall, Negro G. G. light-heavy ace, is in the army air corps now at Chanute Field, Ill., enlisted for three years' training . . . . They say Harley Coleman was a speed-ball as a featherweight pug years ago.

SHORTS—George (Chief) Wabasha, Morton Indian welter veteran, pulled a big upset with his win over G. G. champ Walter Diedrich of St. Cloud at Redwood Falls. Five hundred fans saw the first show there sponsored by the American Legion . . . . Sauk Centre business men are planning a huge Fourth of July celebration, with two boxing shows, one in the afternoon and one in the evening. Gene Harvey, high school athletic coach, and Ed Bartylla, both of Sauk Centre, are in charge with yours truly in the matchmaker's role . . . . Plans are afoot to feature G. G. stars from the Twin Cities, with broad-shouldered Buddy Gomer, St. Paul middleweight, headlining against some well-known local pro. Gomer is a former Sauk Centre resident and is a big favorite and drawing card there . . . . Jackie Fields, ex-world's welterweight champion, is here training Tony Martin on "How to fight and lick a southpaw" . . . . George De Gidio, present state feather champ, has quit his job and will leave this month to fight on the West Coast this summer.

Minneapolis Armory—Reversing a previous decision, Tony (Cianciola) Martin, 154½, sharp-hitting Milwaukee ace, knocked out the veteran Dick Demaray, 148, Tappen, N. D., bronco-buster, in the third of a slated 12-round scrap. Demaray was floored three times in the first, twice in the second, and once in the third for the count. In the semi of 10, tough Solly Stark, 170, Deadwood, S. D., pleaser, hit Johnny Trotter, 170, Chicago Negro, as tough as shoe leather, with everything in the books, but the dusky one just kept coming on with snappy lefts and hard rights that cut Stark's eye and bruised him to the extent the fight was halted in the ninth. Tito Taylor, 145, Windy City darkie, had an edge on Ernie Derho, 146, South Bend, but the judges decided otherwise in a six. In fours, George De Gidio, 125½, state champion from Minneapolis, did the expected with a one-round kayo over Billy Day, 124, Chicago, while Tony Yates, 149½, Mill Citian, outmauled the veteran Johnny O'Hara, 152, Chicago. The fight gate was only $1200. Max Winters, a co-manager of Tony Martin, became a proud daddy the same night.

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NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

BACK in 1936, a gangling, awkward looking country lad, wearing an old pair of denim overalls and a faded blue shirt, strolled into a Houston gymnasium and seeking a secluded corner, watched various fighters go through their paces for a couple of hours. It was the first time he had ever seen the inside of a gym and as a result was somewhat awed by the goings on therein. Eventually he summoned courage enough to seek out the promoter and announce that he "was some sort of a fighter, but not very good." His name was Marlin Owens, but they called him "Cowboy."

His clumsy efforts in the gym quickly convinced the promoter that as a fighter, the boy was probably a good cowhand. For several weeks he hung around without obtaining even the smallest spot on a card. Then one night a break came. A substitute was needed to fight one Al Salbano, a better than ordinary middleweight who had just fought a good 10-round bout with the then world's champion, Babe Risko. The green but willing cowpuncher jumped at the chance but the wise ones winked knowing eyes as he climbed through the ropes with the experienced veteran.

What happened that night is now ring history. Owens electrified the vast throng with one of the greatest displays of sheer punching ever seen inside the squared circle. In less than two rounds, he had floored Salbano half a dozen times and left his prostrate form limp on the canvas while the referee tolled off the fatal count.

That was the beginning of a short but brilliant career. For more than three years Marlin was the toast of Texas boxing circles as he scored sensational knockout after knockout over the best men this section had to offer. Fans like to recall how he went into the tenth round of his bruising bout with tough Battling Burroughs, nine rounds behind and with less than thirty seconds to go, pulled it out of the fire by knocking Burroughs dead with one of his famous rights.

His great fight with Joey Parks when he came off the floor twice to put handsome Joey in the resin. His mighty effort against the cunning of Kenny "the great" LaSalle.

The most dramatic fight in the annals of Texas boxing history, his sensational comeback, a 100 to 1 shot against the up and coming Tony Bruno, when he picked himself off the blood-stained canvas to flatten Bruno five times and win going away. And there were many others too numerous to mention, in compiling what is probably the greatest knockout record of all time, with more than 250 opponents having been counted out before his devastating fists.

His courage and punching ability made him tops as a drawing card. He probably pulled more dollars through the turnstiles of Texas boxing clubs than any other fighter who ever plied the trade in the Lone Star State. His popularity was tremendous with the cash customers. For instance, in his fading career, he was knocked out in Houston no less than eight times, yet his last fight there was a main event with the current light-heavyweight contender, Jimmy Webb.

He fought them all, never asking questions about whom they were, what they weighed nor what he was getting paid. Never weighing more than the middleweight poundage, many of his victims were full-fledged heavyweights and good ones at that.

It is generally agreed by boxing men who knew him that only poor management kept the Cowboy from a high place in fistiana's hall of fame and possibly a world championship. He had everything but proper handling, of which he probably had the poorest.

Now the last bell has rung and Cowboy Marlin Owens is dead. The fistic faithful who had loved him both in and out of the ring were shocked and deeply moved to read in the newspaper headlines that the amiable Cowboy had, in a moment of despair over family troubles, shot and killed his estranged wife, his father-in-law and himself.

Preferring to forget his tragic finish, this writer, along with his many admirers, wishes to pay humble tribute to one who was every inch a real fighting man, whose courage was unsurpassed and whose place in the hearts of Texas boxing followers will be hard to replace, Cowboy Marlin Owens.

Manuel Azteca, sensational young Mexican lightweight, who possesses one of the most devastating punches seen hereabouts since Lew Jenkins left, promises to keep the famous fighting name as well regarded as his popular namesake, Kid Azteca. The younger of the Aztecas turned in a pair of brilliant knockout victories during the month, the victims being Sergeant C. O. Wiley, classy and previously unbeaten Brownwood 135-pounder, and Carlos Morales, rugged Corpus Christi slugger. Manuel, besides the ability to win with a punch, has class and finesse that stamp him as definitely top flight timber. Keep an eye on this lad!

Punching Paul Altman showed that Eddie Borden made no mistake in naming him as the outstanding prospect of last month, as he turned in a T.K.O. victory over another promising youngster, Felix Montalvo, Port Arthur puncher. Paul hits with terrific power with both hands and his ring knowledge is amazing for an 18-year-old kid.

Galveston's promoter, E. A. Lacey, and his hustling matchmaker, Ralph Smith, have really returned boxing to popular favor on the treasure island. As a matter of fact the Galveston club is the only club in the state, at present, drawing sufficient patronage to show a profit for the promoters. Matchmaker Smith is desirous of contacting colored heavyweights, and the writer suggests that any big duskies desiring to box down this way contact Mr. Smith at 2302 Ave. E, Galveston, Texas.

Corpus Christi appears on the verge of drawing well. After a lapse of several months, two clubs started simultaneously, with the result that both lost money. However, Promoter Charles Woods seems to have survived as the other club has announced that they will run no more shows. Parties interested may reach Mr. Woods at 2008 Water St., Corpus Christi, Texas.

Sam Slotsky, San Antonio promoter, has pulled stakes and moved to Louisville, Ky. His many friends in Texas wish him all the success possible in his new undertaking.

Other results: Eddie Ownby beat Jack Rodriquez . . . . Calvin Benefield stopped Jeff Armstrong and Lyndell Harrison . . . . Chic Sanchez defeated Jackie Page and Baby DeGrasse . . . . Carl Banta has a stable of pleasing fighters at Port Arthur. Among them Felix Montalvo, brilliant lightweight who beat Tiger Clance and Charles Surnson . . . . Both Surnson and Clance are bright prospects . . . . Clance flattened Ruben Guzman and Cecil McKinney . . . . Surnson defeated Martin Flores and drew with Johnny Hernandez . . . . Flores beat Babyface Santana and Baby DeGrasse.

Bernie Peterson, hard hitting young Houston light-heavy, served notice that he is about to bloom out of the fistic horizon as a real "white hope," when he stopped Leon Foucart, a lad who has plenty on the ball himself . . . . Johnny Hale, Corpus Christi middleweight, looks like a comer. Six victories in as many starts . . . . The writer's address: 1133 West Bell St., Houston, Texas. Any information regarding boxing in the state gladly given.

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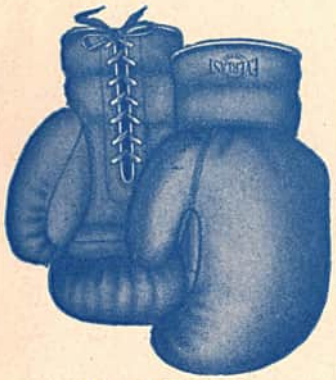

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